Damaged Books
physical verification
by B.V.P.S.M.C.G.
28/6/2000
Lot No:- 60

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
CLASS

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018

The late Henry Handley Esq.
(one of the founders of the Royal Agricultural Society
& President of the Bristol Meeting)

SADDLE AND SIRLOIN

OR

ENGLISH FARM AND SPORTING WORTHIES.

BY THE DRUID.

95387

"JOHN GREY OF DILSTON"

[PART NORTH.]

LONDON 1870

00098387

DEDICATION.

TO

GEORGE PARKER TUXFORD,

WITHOUT WHOSE KIND ADVICE AND SOLID AID

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE FACED ALL THE WEARINESS AND

ANXIETY OF AN AUTHOR'S LIFE,

THIS WORK,

WHICH DEALS WITH THOSE COUNTRY SCENES

THAT WE BOTH LOVE BEST,

IS DEDICATED BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE title of this work should pretty well explain its nature. "Sirloin" speaks with ponderous emphasis for itself, and "Saddle" has a triple bearing on horses, sheep, and pigs. It is, in fact, simply the record of what I have seen and heard during the last eleven years in the course of my summer rambles from Cumberland to Cornwall. My business among the leading breeders was in connection with The Herds and Flocks of Great Britain for *The Mark Lane Express*, and sundry Prize Essays in *The Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, the main points of which are briefly re-produced. A large share of attention has been given to coursing; but racing and foxhunting have been passed somewhat lightly over, as I have already devoted three books to them.

Looking back on the friendships of the last eighteen years, I remember sadly that hardly three of the older generation with whom I then began to take counsel as to "the brave days of old" are left among the living. To have known them, and to

have in a measure travelled over their minds, is no slight pleasure now that I can have no more "quiet evenings," listening to and noting down their experiences.

In compiling this book I have endeavoured to relieve the general reader by throwing mere matters of flock and herd detail into the notes. I could do no more than touch on what appear to be leading points in a county, and as these matters are appreciated differently by different minds, I shall no doubt be found guilty of many dreadful acts of omission. It is, however, a comfort to think that one enthusiastic purveyor, who painted "Saddle and Sirloin" over his sign as soon as the title was announced, and has amused himself ever since by listening to the comments of the passers-by, is bound to stand by me and my selection for better for worse; and I trust that those who have not committed themselves after this fashion may not find much to condemn. The second part "South" will (D.V.) see the light in the course of the present year.

H. H. DIXON.

59, *Warwick Gardens, Kensington, W.*
January 25th, 1870.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Over the Border — Professor Dick — Mr. Hall Maxwell — Mr. Ivie Campbell — John Benzies, the Herdsman — John White, the Gamekeeper — The Master of the Teviotdale — The Earl of Glasgow . . . . . 1—32

CHAPTER II.

The late Sir James Graham, his farming tastes—Recollections of Carlisle—Meeting the Judges—Old Posting Times—Loyal Tom King—Jack Ainslie and his Gretna-green tactics . 33—47

CHAPTER III.

The Mail and Coach Days—Shap Fells—Drivers, Regular and Amateur — Guards — Horses — Carlisle Races; the late Mr. Daley—The Wrestling Ring—Cumberland Wrestling Champions 48—80

CHAPTER IV.

Whitehall — Killhow Sale of Shorthorns — Scaleby Castle—The Western Plain of Cumberland—Mr. Watson's and the late Mr. Brown's Pigs—Mr. Curwen's Agricultural Gathering at the Schooze Farm—Champion Bulls—The late Captain Spencer's Greyhounds 81—96

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Unthank—Old Cherry and Captain Shaftoe—Nunwick Hall—Among the Herdwicks—Mr. Crozier's Hounds—Wetheral—Farlam Hall and its Greyhounds—The Brampton Coursing Meeting 97—122

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Mr. John Grey—Recollections of the Booths and Mary of Buttermere—Sir John Sinclair and his Merino Wool—The Turbulent Bull—Lord Althorp and his Shorthorns—A Downing-street Interview—Newcastle Races, the Slipping Race—Sir Charles Monck—Woodhorn—A Felton Festival—From Morpeth to Belford—The Wild Cattle of Chillingham—The Border Leicesters . . . . . 123—141

CHAPTER VII.

Bakewell's Longhorns—The Holderness and Teeswater—Great Shorthorn Breeders—Mr. Bates—Mr. Fawcett's Recollections of him—Show of Terriers at Yarm—Shoeing Contest—Hound Show at Redcar—Photographing the Huntsmen—The Neasham Hall Stud—Sparkler of the Hurworth—Mr. Wetherell's Herds . 142—175

CHAPTER VIII.

Eccentric Sporting Characters—Mr. Bruere's Herd—His Booth Tree—John Osborne—Mr. Anthony Maynard—Killerby and Warlaby Recollections—Mr. John Jackson—Lord Feversham's Herd—"Old Anna"—Mr. Samuel Wiley—Mr. Borton's Leicesters 176—225

CHAPTER IX.

The late Sir Tatton Sykes—Life at Sledmere—Old Bob Ramsden—Market Weighton Trotters—A Visit to Givendale—The late Mr. Etty, R.A.—A Morning on Langton Wold—Blair Athol 226—264

CHAPTER X.

A Word on Knavesmire—Sir William Milner—The Hunting Tragedy on the Ure—Drax Abbey—Warping—Harrogate—Yorkshire Stock and Hound Show at Wetherby—Captain Gunter's Herd—Farnley Hall . . . . . 265—298

CHAPTER XI.

The Pig Show at Keighley—Celebrating a Victory—Mr. Wainman's Pigs—Pig Scenes Abroad—Mr. Waterton at Home—Mr. Gully, "The Squire," and Mr. Tom Hodgson—Doncaster Moor—Parity's Five Heats—"Martingale" . . . . . 299—336

CHAPTER XII.

The Towneley Herd—The Sale—Great Sales of the Century—Old Favourites—Mr. Eastwood's Herd—Mr. Peel's Herd—The Lonks 337—365

CHAPTER XIII.

Manchester Race Courses—Heaton Park—Thomas Godwin—Mr. Atherton's Farm—Mr. Dickinson's Farm—Great Coursing Grounds—A Visit to Chloe—The late Mr. Nightingale—The Duke of Devonshire's Herd—Mr. Bolden's—The Duchesses and Grand Duchesses—Sketches of Great Greyhounds—A Waterloo Cup Day . . . . . 366—413

CHAPTER XIV.

Cheese-making in Cheshire—The late Captain White and Dr. Bellyse—Mr. D. R. Davies' Herd—Cattle Plague in Cheshire—Penrhyn Castle—Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds—Mr. Naylor's Herefords . . . . . 414—445

CHAPTER XV.

Shropshire Sheep—Lord Berwick's Herefords—Sir Bellingham Graham—Coursing at Sundorne—Mr. Corbet—Old Bob Luther 446—463

CHAPTER XVI.

Clayton and Shuttleworth's Works at Lincoln—Lincoln Flocks—Tom Brooks and John Thompson—Aylesby Manor—Tuxford and Sons' Works at Boston . . . . . 464—486

SADDLE AND SIRLOIN;

OR, ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been;
And all along the Lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr;
And far as Aberdeen.

"And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum,
And he had been where Lincoln's bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell—
His far renowned alarum!"

Wordsworth.

Over the Border—Professor Dick—Mr. Hall Maxwell—Mr. Ivie Campbell—John Benzies, the Herdsman—John White, the Gamekeeper—The Master of the Teviotdale—The Earl of Glasgow.

ELLMAN OF GLYNDE loved a day with his lemon-and-white beagles. If a hare beat him at nightfall he would mark with a stick the spot where they last spoke to her, and return there first thing next morning. How he dealt with "the situation" in the early dews we know not. This we do know, that when another summer found us in cannie Cumberland, to take up our "field and fern" tale for England, our first impulse was to cast back over the Border.

Some good friends live only in memory. Professor Dick, "the old white lion," as his pupils called him, sleeps in Glasnevin cemetery. We always found him as kind as he was quaint. Ask him what we might about Clydesdales or anything else, and he never grudged us oil from his cruise. Write to him, and five or six words were our portion in reply. He liked to be paid off in his own coin; hence our joint correspondence about his photograph comprised some thirteen words on four square inches of note paper. You saw the man best when he was trying a roarer on "Dick's Constitution Hill," or when he admitted you by the side-door on to the stage of his theatre, and placed you in shadow during a lecture. He would then grasp the thigh-bone of a horse, or whatever else he was about to illustrate, and speak in the same tone, without check or cadence, for an hour. If he did pause, it was only to rebuke with a stony British stare some foolish "interruption and laughter." We are told that he rather prided himself on quelling such offenders by the unaided power of his eye.

He was in truth, a fine, rugged, old fellow, with

"a skin of copper,
Quite professional and proper,"

a rambling, half-corpulent figure, shaggy white tresses, and thoughts full of marrow. He had a large stock of spare activities, whereon to use them; as public matters, both political and civic, had always a great charm for him. A more sturdy Liberal never drew breath, and in 1852 his friends thought of putting him up for Edinburgh. He never entered very heartily into the idea, but it suited his humour to put out an elaborate and searching analysis of the great questions, which "must be considered settled," and those which belonged to the future. Among the latter he gave special prominence to the Irish Church and a Second Reform Bill. He never married, and

he left the whole of his money, subject to the life-interest of Miss Dick, who had been to him a sister indeed, to endow the Veterinary College, where he had lived and laboured for two-and-forty years.

Edinburgh seems still stranger to us without Mr. Hall Maxwell, of Dargavel, and those pleasant half-hour chats at Albyn Place, when he was quite the moving spirit of the Highland and Agricultural Society. His object, as he once said to us, was "to hold Scotland in one great Society's net-work, and never let a mesh be out of order." In this he was most ably backed up by his confidential clerk, Mr. Duncan, and they both seemed to have the power of laying their finger in an instant on the most minute spring of the vast system they had reared. None were kinder and more ready to assist us on every point within their range. No matter how intricate the search for it might seem in prospective, Mr. Maxwell would ring his bell: "Mr. Duncan, would you please find me, &c.?" and in five or six minutes his fidus Achates would return with all the particulars tabulated, as if by magic.

In 1846 Mr. Maxwell succeeded Sir Charles Gordon, who died at his post, and he held office until the 9th of May, 1866. His first meeting was at Inverness, in 1846; and there, nineteen years after, he made his farewell speech. He was pressed not to resign; but Glasgow, where the business of the meeting is always unusually heavy, stood next on the list, and his heart-symptoms had long given him no uncertain warning that he must seek rest. But for the ill-health of his successor, Mr. Macduff (who died without taking office), his connection with the Society would have ceased some months earlier. He was bred to the law, and practised regularly, previous to his acceptance of office; and those in the profession who knew his powers and remembered his speaking, more especially in a great murder-defence,

believed that he would have infallibly risen to be a Lord of Session. With commanding sense and marvellous shrewdness he combined a perfect mastery of tongue-fence, and he was as quick as lightning in his thrust or parry.

No one was more jealous of his own or his Society's dignity, and his eye would flash and the colour would mount to his cheek at a word. He delighted most in marshalling statistics and annexing districts at his desk, but still he was supremely happy in the show-yard. Everything was done there with great dignity and order, and the Scottish bench would sometimes chaff their coadjutors from England overnight, and tell them that Hall Maxwell never admitted a judge into the show yard unless he presented himself in full court-dress. On the opening morning he might be found in the pay-box for a few minutes, helping to gather the crowns, and exchanging a word or a nod with each member as he came in; but he soon retired, and for the rest of the week the saddle was his throne. He would be galloping here, there, and everywhere, as field-marshal, on his bay cob, setting lords, baronets, and lairds to work as "attending members" to the different sets of judges; and he was a plainish speaker, sometimes, if things did not go just to his mind.

In short, both there and at Albyn Place, he was quite the autocrat of the Society; but, although they somewhat felt the bondage, they were very proud of him, and quite content to set off the marvels he had wrought for them against what many thought, and some termed "dictation." If any of the latter were unduly captious, he caught them without more ado and made directors of them, and they soon ceased from troubling. This mode of bland absorption was very transparent, but was never known to fail.

Public business often took him to London, and no one could take charge of a Parliamentary bill better.

If he appeared in a Committee-room to support or oppose on behalf of the Society, it was with such a well-marshalled and serried mass of facts and witnesses that it was always odds on him. At Battersea and Paris he was quite in his element, looking after Scottish interests. When in '61 he led the hundred-and-twenty herdsmen and shepherds to Battersea-fields, he lodged them in Edgington tents, and furnished them with beds borrowed expressly from the Tower. They had regular night-watches like soldiers; certain detachments of them made holiday at the Exhibition or the Crystal Palace, and on Sunday they were marched to Westminster Abbey. This was the only time that we ever saw him in complete sympathy with the stock classes. He seemed to care nothing about the very finest show animals or their points, and to merely regard them as necessary links in his system. Neither Belville, nor old Charlotte, nor Colly Hill, nor Loudon Tam, "that very Blair Athole among Clydesdales," had made any impression on him. He only wished to see the classes worthily filled; the cracks he left to his friend, Mr. Gourlay Steell, "to be translated."

As a private companion none could exceed him, and to us his stories were all the more salient, when they turned on his recollections of his own Society. He loved to recount the Parisian speculations and observations of "Boghall," who did him such yeoman service as cattle manager on that famous international trip; and he unconsciously gave us a delightful specimen of his best official manner in his recital of "Duncan's Arrest at Perth." It seems that the late Duke of Athole, who was then president of the Society, went to Mr. Duncan the night before the show opened at Perth and demanded a stock catalogue. With unswerving fidelity to his chief, who had given express orders to the contrary, Mr. Duncan respectfully declined to hand over, and

the Duke (whose Highland blood was very easily roused) ordered him forthwith into a cab, and taking his seat beside him, drove straight off to Mr. Maxwell's inn. The latter was summoned from dinner, and, on going into the lobby, heard the indictment which the Duke delivered with immense emphasis, holding the accused by the collar. Then Mr. Maxwell struck in, appealing to the Duke as one who had been in the army, and knew the value of rigid discipline, and showing his Grace that "my orders are only your orders—even a president cannot break his own rules;" and so the upshot of it was that the Duke doffed his bonnet, and made a most gracious bow—"*Mr. Duncan, I humbly beg your pardon.*"

Such was Hall Maxwell; and Scotland did not let one who had served her so well and so long retire without a substantial reward. On January 17, 1866, he was presented with 1,000 gs. and a handsome service of plate, and was also requested by the directors of the Society to sit to Mr. Gourlay Steell, for his portrait. They little thought how soon that portrait (which is hung, among the few that have attained such honour, in their council-chamber) would be all they could look upon. He was still in the very prime of his mental vigour; and, if health had been granted to him, he might have reasonably looked forward to another twenty years of usefulness in his county. It was not to be. He held up just so long as the connection between him and the Society was unbroken, and then his friends saw with sorrow that Edinburgh would soon know him no more. About the middle of May he quitted it, in very feeble health; his fainting-fits became more frequent as the summer sped on, and on August 25th he died, at his own house, Torr Hall, Renfrewshire, in the 55th year of his age.

A quiet evening with some really good coursers is

no light privilege, especially if the kettle is singing a pleasant winter tune, and a greyhound that has "done the state some service" lies stretched in dreams on the hearth-rug. We have listened with delight as Mr. Nightingale recounted the points of each crack course at the meetings where he wore the scarlet; and though the cold February wind whistled loud and shrill round the Ayrshire barn-tops, and away to the moors behind, what cared we as the servant lassie brought in tea, and fresh logs to the fire, and the late Mr. Campbell, with Canaradzo at his feet, dwelt fondly on the race of Scotland Yet. In his build Mr. Campbell would remind us of the late Mr. Kirby of York—a man of burly frame, in a capacious black tail coat from which he had rather shrunk. He was good-tempered, but always able to hold his own, with incisive Quaker-like retorts, against a host, when he was chaffed. He sold all his greyhounds, save Coodareena, in the spring of '65, Canaradzo for £100 to Mr. Knowles, and Calabaroono for £200, to the late Lord Uffington, with a view to the Waterloo Cup, for which he came, after the frost, far too fat to the slips. Few men began coursing so late, and none have made such prices; but his dogs were always well placed, and well trained by his son and "Jock o' Dalgig."

He was much "exercised" in the manufacture of greyhound names, and was wont to say that it often relieved him from severe fits of toothache. The pursuit had its origin as follows. He had a red dog, Cromwell, winner of the Biggar (Open) Cup of sixty-four dogs, in 1853; and shortly after another "Cromwell," to his intense disgust, started up in the English entries. Then he called a brace "Scotland Yet" and "Highland Home" after favourite Scottish songs, and when the Ridgway Club entries came out, Mr. Sharpe had a Scotland Yet as well. After that he would have "no common names," and followed up a

limited use of Ossian, by making them for himself. His first-born was "Coomerango," of which Boomerang was the key-note. "Crested Lochiel" and "Cam Ye by Athol," were the only names he would ever accept from his son. He said that his dogs had no luck unless they were named by himself, and as the above two died from injuries at a fence, he had some grounds for his prejudice.

His son really began the family coursing in 1841, when Mr. McTurk gave him a puppy. After that "Young Dalgig" always kept one; but his father took no notice whatever of the sport until 1847, when he saw him with Kenmore, the dam of Dido, and conceived a violent admiration for her. He then learnt to love coursing at private meetings round home, and his maiden win was a farmer's stake at Closeburn—five shillings entrance and thirty runners. Dido won, and followed suit at Closeburn public meeting the next year.

He first tried Canaradzo in the Dalgig meadows with Mr. Hyslop's Forty-Six. If he was anxious for a trial he would walk from morning till evening to have one. On one occasion he and his son walked all Monday and Tuesday on the hills, and did not find a hare. On Wednesday they began again, and at two o'clock those plucky pilgrims at last "spied her sitting." He did not feel it a martyrdom, and no amount of wet would make him put back. The only alloy, in his mind, to these private trials was when "Jock" proclaimed the death of a doe hare. Occasionally, he took an odd fit, and would run a dog three or four trials in a day. Much as he loved Coodareena, he would sometimes try the whole team with her, and he was "as deaf as Ailsa Craig" to every expostulation on the point. She was the stoutest hearted of all the Scotland Yets—a sort which is either very game or very soft; and but for these severe trials she would have won more than she did.

As it was, she was left in among the last eight with Meg in Mr. Campbell's last Waterloo Cup essay; and she ran well at Kyle last winter, after having had three litters.

Dalgig* was not far from the springs of Nith, and every Edie Ochiltree and Madge Wildfire who wandered among those moors was sure of a night's shelter and plenty of porridge and milk. Mr. Campbell was a great student of human nature, and he loved a bit of character wherever he could find it, especially if it indulged in unshackelled Scotch. He made a point of asking every tramp their name, and they invariably said "Campbell." The outlying members of the clan seemed to increase in a most marvellous manner, but still he was content to ask no more questions. "Campbell" was not the only key to his heart. On one occasion he had some words with a vagrant, and denied him bed and board, but when the cunning fellow told him that his name was "Bruce," everything was forgiven and forgotten. They repaid his kindness by very seldom stealing from him. One of the worst of the lot was once heard to say to his child behind a hedge—"*Nah what you can, laddie, but no at Dalgig for yer life.*" His charity was once rather chilled by learning that two married couples had enjoyed his hospitality from Saturday till Monday, and occupied their barn leisure in negotiating an exchange of wives. The arrangement was carried into effect, and "Old Dalgig" was so scandalized when he heard of it, that for a long time he housed no beggars but aged ones.

He seldom changed his servants, and looked upon the seniors as quite family standards. "Sandy Dun" was with him and his father for fifty-seven years, and died at eighty-four, without redeeming the matrimonial promise which he made annually to his

* For a visit to Dalgig see "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 219-66.

master, under the influence of ale, at Auchinleck Lamb Fair. Another of them, Willy Wilson, delighted to tell how a rough drover tried to prevent him and his master from passing a certain point in the fair with their lambs, and how the latter laid the fellow prostrate in the mud, and when he had extracted an apology, assisted him to rise and gave him sixpence to drink his health. If he scolded his servants or any one else he seldom got beyond, "*You Saucester!*," (a Scotch word for a kind of pudding); but when his preface was "*My—Good—Sir*" he was felt to be in earnest indeed. Hugh Wyllie, who has been thirty-five years about Dalgig, was often "had in" for a chat at night. He was full of all the country news, and knew many curious stories, two traits which exactly suited his master. The finest scenes took place between "Old Dalgig" and his negro-Black Geordie. At one time, Geordie was a sailor, then he cruised about the country selling pebbles and curious stones, and when that game was up, he became a sort of groom to Mr. Campbell, for five-and-twenty years. He was very lazy, and nearly as bad tempered as old Pluto of Gibbet Island, and scenes, rich and rare, took place between him and his master, if the gig was not ready in time. Geordie would think outloud upon these occasions, and it was upon this aggravating habit that issue was joined.

Mr. Campbell was very fond of reading, but confined himself principally to religious works, and more especially to Edward Irving's and Dr. Cumming's. He kept several terms at Glasgow University, where he studied Greek and Latin, and attended the Divinity Hall with no small zest. With a view to going out to China, he began to learn the language, but he was prevailed upon, in consequence of his father's advanced years, to cease from gathering "the

blossom of the flying term," and to assist him in his farm duties.* Still amid Ayrshire cows and arable, he always yearned after his first love—his college cap and gown. Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," was a fellow student in the Divinity school, and many of their Glasgow evenings were spent together. Their friendship

* As a breeder of Ayrshires, horses, and sheep he had great experience; few men were in higher request as a judge at shows in Scotland, and, in 1864, he made his third and last journey to Ireland on the same errand. Whatever he did, he did with all his might. For instance, when Lord James Stewart, as principal trustee for the young Marquis of Bute, offered four silver medals for different classes of farm stock, he felt sure of being first for the "Dairy Stock," and anything but sure of the "Single Ayrshire Milch Cow," the "Clydesdale Brood Mare," and the "Two-year-old Ayrshire Quey." Defeat was not to be thought of, and (like the late Duke of Hamilton when he determined to be foremost among the best at Battersea) hebought one in Dumfriesshire, another in Lanarkshire, and the third in a distant part of Ayrshire, and kept the medals together. In 1833 he reclaimed 570 acres of waste hill land by ploughing and liming, and then sowing it out in first-rate pasture, and for this improvement he gained the Highland and Agricultural Society's gold medal. Three years after that, he commenced with his brother-in-law, Mr. Richmond (of Bridgehouse), as his mentor, breeding "Superior Ayrshire Stock," and they bought between them the celebrated "Tam" from Mr. Allan, of Dalry. Tam's cows and queys carried almost everything before them from 1843 to 1854; and were first on five different occasions, when the competition was open to all Ayrshire. His next purchase, Cardigan, from Mr. Parker, gained twenty-seven first prizes, and was never beaten while at Dalgig, and it was for this bull that he refused £100 in 1856. Mr. Parker's stalls also furnished him with Clarendon, who fined down very much after his arrival, and was first both at Ayr and Glasgow in '60.

With all this good milk material, do what he might, he could never get to the top of the tree in cheese-making. His dairy could win at New and Old Cumnock, but they were never even commended in the county competition at Kilmarnock. He spared no expence to have his dairy-maids instructed in the Cheddar system, and both Mr. Harding and Mr. Norton from Somersetshire set up their cheese-presses for a time at Dalgig. Still he never succeeded in making a first-class article, and he attributed his failure to the wet soil and the cold, damp air.

Blackfaced sheep were also his fancy, and he won prizes with them, but never showed after Mr. Richmond's death in '44. He began his horse-labours simultaneously with his assault on waste land, and

knew no change, and the very year that Pollok died, he had promised to spend part of the summer at Dalgig.

Curling and draughts were his chief amusements until he commenced coursing, and he kept up the former for fully forty years. He would drive seventeen miles to Sanquhar to play, and although he never won the Picture, he held the New Cumnock Challenge Medal for several seasons. As a director of the game he was first rate, but his temper not unfrequently went if any of his own players were careless. However, the anger was soon off him, and he always said he was sorry for "blowing them up." Into draughts he entered with the same devotion, and on very special occasions he and a neighbour would be at it till three in the morning. For two or three years he had been very poorly, and six months before his death he was stricken with palsy. After that he grew weaker and weaker, but he was able to ride out in his gig until the October of '67, when a great change for the worse took place, and a peaceful end soon followed.

Mr. McCombie's late herdsman, John Benzies, was another character whom we always liked to meet by the side of his heavy blacks, either at Islington or in the Vale of Alford. Owing to a constitutional infirmity in his legs, he was not always able to compass his thousand miles each December, but in 1867, when he came South with the Black Prince Cup ox and swept everything he could try for, both at Bir-

Kleber and Lamartine, both Lanarkshire bred Clydesdales, were his best sires. Still much as he might like good draught horses, he liked good saddle horses better, and by the purchase of Revolter (a son of Grand Turk, "the Cumberland coacher" and Merrylegs, a trotting mare) which he put to six or seven nearly thorough-bred mares, he achieved a great success both for himself and those who sent mares to "the old lame horse." For a man of his weight he was a very fearless rider, and he never cared what sort of savage he had in a gig, as he would soon teach it how to go.

mingham and London, we never saw him more active. His appearance "by special command" with his ox before Her Majesty at the Windsor Home Farm was a grand event, and of course he was pretty often waylaid as he went smiling down the Islington avenues, and was requested to stand and deliver a *Court Journal* account of himself. Despite all this notice in high places, John did not lose his head, and when a celebrated English feeder put a chaffing question to him as to his ox's dietary, he had his guard up in an instant, and wouldn't allow that it ever ate anything but "*Heather bloom! heather bloom!*" He seemed very well, but when he was met at the station on his return, he told his fellow servant, as if with a sort of sad prescience, that he had now won all he could win, and that he didn't care whether he ever saw the South again. Then came two quiet days to recruit him after his journey, and some long, two-handed cracks with his master about the black he had left behind him, and then to work once more in his nice, cheerful way among the prize beasts for '68. Still his treacherous complaint knew of no lengthened compromise. Another short week and his labour was done, and this true-hearted servant was borne up the valley to his grave.

We have also lost our honest, downright friend of many years standing, John White, or "Hawthorne." No more each August shall we hail his forecast of the grouse on the Grampians, so often prefaced by the lines which told of the muircock's crow, the eagle's haunt in the glen, the sweet moss where the roedeer browse, and all the other delights of his heart, and ending up with an exhortation to his brother-sportsmen to "on wi' the tartan, and off wi' me ride." He was head-keeper to the Earl of Mansfield, in whose service he had been for nineteen years. His command extended over the Lowland

shootings round Scone and Lynedoch—one on the banks of the Tay, and the other of the Almond. Lynedoch, which is some six miles out of Perth, is a lovely wild spot, and he lived in the heart of it, not much more than a hundred yards from the now-ruined cottage where the venerable General Lynedoch, as long as his eyesight lasted, spent three months of his summer. Pheasants, partridges, roe-deer, "fur" in abundance, wild ducks, and a sprinkling of capercailzie composed John's charge. The graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray are by the rocky stream of the Almond in those grounds, and drew many picnickers with leave and without. Sometimes these outlaws would let themselves in by a key at the great gate under the cliff, and we often laughed to hear the rout when the "lion of Lynedoch" bore down upon them with dishevelled mane, and exacted ample apologies and submission, when they thought that all was serene.

He learnt his game-lesson well with his father, who was head keeper at Arniston, near Edinburgh; and when quite a lad, he was constantly out coursing with Sir Walter Scott. The bard liked his enthusiasm, and had many a chat with him as he led his dogs, and thus indirectly fostered the taste which he always had for a bit of verse and prose on field sports. After this he was fifteen years at Abercairney with Mr. James Moray and his brother, the major. The former kept a pack of hounds in Perthshire, and John was a keen preserver of foxes, and had lots of good mounts for his fealty. As "Brushwood," he used to send *Old Maga* many a line about them and when they were given up, he had plenty to tell of "Merry John" Walker, and his great doings in Fife. He was a much lighter weight in those days, and generally there or thereabouts, not unfrequently on Walker's own horses.

In later days he took to coursing, and he won, and then divided the Cup with his Duncan Gray at the Carse of Gowrie Meeting. He was also a great fisher, and there was scarcely a stream or loch in Scotland where he had not cast his fly, and to good purpose. He landed many a noble salmon on the banks of the Tay, and preferred it before all other sports; but when he told us (who had never seen him perform) of his agility, and his 'playing a fish for more than an hour we could only gaze in wonder at his burly figure, and congratulate him upon being "got so fit" for the Derby week with a salmon to "lead work" all spring. He was out deer-stalking with the Prince Consort in Glenartney Forest, when H.R.H. first came to Scotland, and he had some capital stories of his keeper's experiences, "owre the muir amang the heather." The frost always found his eye true and his hand steady for the curling stones, and he won a prize not many winters since at that game. He was also a capital rifle-shot, and he especially cherished a silver medal which he won in 1829 at the Border Club, when a stripling of twenty, as "the Ettrick Shepherd"—with whom he had often lived and fished and shot near the Braes of Yarrow—hung it round his neck in public, and made a short speech in his honour. Few better game shots went into a cover; he delighted in his profession, and in such a retired spot, among the laurels, "where once a garden smiled, and still where many a garden-flower runs wild," he had fine cover for his pheasants close round his lodge, which was almost hid in jessamine and honeysuckle. We often stayed with him there and listened to his good stories, amplified rather at times by the repetition of his pet phrase, "*I said to Mr. —— says I,*" but very amusing, and full of character, for which he was a keen watcher.

As each Derby began to loom, he was anxious to be up and on the Downs, but he said every year that he should "never come again." If there was a great pigeon handicap, he would go and load for his young master, Lord Stormont, and the North Countrie men always delighted to see John's honest, hearty face among them. He had known lots of them as children, but he had hardly a grey hair in his head. He also knew a leading book-maker, and from him he received tips, but to judge from the state of his book, when he arrived in the metropolis, John was not very constant to his Derby love during the winter. At Perth he was a well-known character, driving through in his trap to Scone, or in Paton the gunsmith's shop, up to his crupper in fishing-rods and breech-loaders, or talking to Speedie about his salmon takes. He died after a very short illness at Scone, and he was buried at Moneydie Church, about two miles from Lynedoch, on the banks of a little stream which falls into that Tay he loved so dearly, near the salmon-breeding ponds at Stormontfield.*

Time has wrought some changes at Dr. Grant's since we first wrote of the doings of the Master of

* A local paper, the *Crieff Journal*, has the following lines to his memory, which shows that in his humble walk, he has left some "foot-prints on the sands of Time," in both the places where he lived and did his duty so well. They run as follows: "Weeping echoes in the Braes of Lynedoch and Abercairney,"

"Alas! he's gone. Who's gone?
Honest John White gone;
Neither laird nor statesman he,
Nor boasting of high pedigree,
But proud of country and of home,
A leal true-hearted Scotsman, gone;
Firm in duty, sportsman rare,
Constant friend, man everywhere."

the Teviotdale.* First and foremost, the Doctor has foresworn celibacy, and has found a helpmate as fond and as beloved of the hounds as himself, and as daring in the saddle, when she dons her blue habit on a fox or otter-hunting morning. The Liddesdale Hunt remembers well how five or six seasons since she won the brush on her grey pony. In fact the Doctor has consistently reversed George Herbert's saying of "a horse made, and a wife to make." The step quite took Hawick by surprise. The Kirk Session clerk thought it was a hoax, when the Doctor handed him the guinea and the proclamation for kirk next day, and he positively refused to handle the one or believe the other till a mutual friend solemnly vouched for it. Even when he read it out in kirk, he was in fear and trembling, and "thought the Doctor might be getting himself into trouble with another of his odd tricks." The great fear among the Hawick "lads" when the secret came out that Sunday, was that the days of the Teviotdale pack were numbered. No such thing. The whole of the premises in Hawick were knocked down, and new ones of a very different stamp grew out of the same spot in their place. Horses and dogs lived *pro tem.* just where they could among the *débris*. The brown pony of the fair "first whip" (Mrs. G.) was located in a little boarded corner of the barn, with Frank, the terrier (a staunch badger dog, but unentered at otter) in perpetual attendance. The grey half-Arab mare, a rare goer on the road, and a wonderfully steady one when you come to a wade in "silver Teviot's tide," and the bay—whose life was spent between the rubbish cart and professional tours in the gig—were stabled in a house without a gable end, where three "families" used to live. The pack found

* See "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 171-201.

shelter in the old hunting-break shed, and the break was poked away behind divers roof beams and laths. Slash, the big black Labrador of 108lbs. weight was tied up in the back surgery with the turtledove of apocryphal age, which has followed the Doctor's fortunes from three houses in Hawick. The black had been so accustomed to watch for poachers, that before he fairly understood "Hints on Etiquette" in the house, he was suspicious when he winded a patient after dark, and on one occasion he made a well-meant effort to eat a flesher, who had come to have his tooth drawn.

Billy and Bobby generally lived with two cats in the garret, and the latter, when he was in an ill-humour, kept the tabbies in strong exercise. Billy paid off a servant-girl, against whom he had a slight grudge. He would share her bed every night; but once when she had to get out and go down stairs to fetch something he took a surly fit, and would never let her in again—at least, under the blankets—and that long-suffering woman had to sleep in her shift on the outside. Teddy and the cat were mostly in bed-partnership with the boy; but Billy stuck to the girls, and old half-blind Stormer, who fights everything in kennel, roamed about at will. After trying in vain on a pouring night for a settlement in some parish, he discovered a happy hermitage, in this brick-and-mortar waste, at the bottom of an old chimney, and, having laid the coals in order, entered into residence at once. My Mary, by Shamrock, is independent of alterations and resides entirely in the gigs—at least, the one which has the apron on—and makes sundry sallies during the night on to the rats, which hold holiday in the yard. On one occasion, she was found with five which she must have carried up, step by step, through the wheel spokes, and then borne, Blondin-fashion, along the side-shaft to her lair. As the Doctor says, she "lies

with them in her arms, as if they were puppies—the darling wee thing!" She lives well among the patients in her daily gig rides, but cream and meat don't make her idle. Occasionally she enlivens these professional rounds, by taking the drains after a rabbit, and she has carried one alive into the gig. Like her, the Doctor does a good deal of sleeping in the gig, but to ensure peaceful repose he must have two pair of reins, and hold the one while his wife drives with the other. Gouty old Malakhoff's white skin is in the best bed-room, and you now tread over "old John Peel's" and Fairplay's somewhere on the landing. Shamrock's is in the big room, and gives you the notion, as you first look and recall the little grey-and-tan warrior of eighteen seasons, that a quarry stone has tumbled on him, and flattened him out. His is indeed a precious memory with the Doctor. "When Broadwith could find no vermin for him he killed collies on the spot—he had such destructive power—he suffered very much at last; I tapped him twice and took away about 160 ounces of fluid in all." He left more daughters than sons behind him; and the former more especially followed him in colour. Teddy, his son is quite as determined with otters, and by dint of practice as artistic as himself, though he is not quite so heavy.

The badgers needed no close borough of their own amid all this yard confusion, as they were all poisoned that summer on one and the self-same night. They would catch rats like a dog, as the vermin stole to their feeding trough in "the sweet moonshine;" but they killed and ate one too many. A poisoned rat came among the rest, and all three seemed to have partaken of him, as they were found curled up stiff and dead in one tub. The Doctor had no idea that poisoning was in process next door, or he would have adopted his usual preventive of feeding up the out-lying terriers and the badgers, so that they would

not eat their spoil. He mourned sadly over the big badger, as nearly every terrier in the place had been highly tried with him in his time. This badger maintained the very pleasantest relations with the stable-boy and servant-girl, who cleaned him out and fed him. Let but the Doctor appear, and he growled fearfully, and as often as not tried to break through his iron poker guard, and have a touch at his learned legs. He was quite different in attitude and expression when one of the Doctor's wire-haired brigade went in, and he would at once entrench himself in a corner, "to receive cavalry," knowing right well what to expect. If it was merely a stranger he scorned such work, and went in for a merry ding-dong, which soon settled matters. A very expensive brace were so heavily beaten in their trial, that their disgusted owner packed them off that night, and said he thought they "would be good enough for London." Teddy nailed him at eleven months, and got bitten through his nose and shoulder, but he went in at him a few days after, as resolute as ever. Badger-baiting is in the blood, as Shammy's grandsire, "The Patriotic Pep," killed a badger in a drain when he was quite old and blind. This was at William Broadwith's, who used often to turn out a badger on Longnewton Forest with one-and-a-half hours' law, whenever Sir George Douglas's pack were unusually short of otters.

The performing chesnut horse was put down early in '67, and was generally supposed to be rising twenty-seven years, of which he had spent eleven with the Doctor. As a jumper, whether of stone walls, banks, or timber, he had few to touch him, and with the Doctor's leaping-pole on the top of it, he cared nothing for a wire fence. He would follow his master over any jump, and never separate from him when he was over, however good a head hounds might be carrying. For some time past he had been

troubled in his wind, and was found, on a careful *post mortem*, to have aneurism of the heart and malignant disease of the liver. In fact it was about time for him to render up his flesh to the hounds he loved so well, and his "flag," skin, and hoofs (the latter in the shape of polished snuff-boxes) serve as adornments to the big room of 30ft. by 15½ft. above the stables. His carcase was pickled for the pack and was "as good beef as ever you saw; but perhaps not so fat as some we've known." They put a sack over his head, and the poor beast began to waltz with his fore feet, as if he was expecting to be taught his 101st performance, when down he went with No. 5 shot through the forehead. The Doctor cannot bear ball in such a crisis, as his five-barrelled revolver once failed with a Birdcatcher mare, and he only killed her by opening a vein, and blowing into it, when she died with a hearty nicker in her nostrils. The one-eyed thorough-bred mare has been disposed of long since. Her original price was thirty shillings, because no one could get on her back, and the Doctor consistently reached that proud elevation up to the day of her death by a series of flying jumps on the blind off-side. At present he has a capital harness mare, looking like a hunter, which won't ride a yard, and never will. It once took three-and-a-half hours to do two miles on her, and her rider only effected that by sitting down on her, and working the journey tail foremost—the only way in which she will go under a saddle, although she will kneel, and take quite naturally to hanky-panky tricks. The Doctor takes the precaution of having his harness made throughout with spring hooks so that if he has an accident he can hold the horse with the left hand, and set it free with the right.

There are about five otter hounds, eight Dandies, and Billy in the pack at present; but there is nothing the Doctor relies on more than Slash the

Labrador, with his jet-black coat and his fine grey muzzle. This warrior came from Broadwith's, and hunted with the Doctor for many a season before he was "reduced into possession." He was helping in night-work at the same time; but it became at last dangerous to take him out, as he could wind a poacher at any distance, and his growls of linked sweetness long drawn out, when they held him "for fear of murder," told too much. Hence the Doctor, to his great joy, was allowed to take him home, and he has become a groom of the bed-chamber. Slash believes in no dog—not excepting Ringwood—unless he has felt at the spot for himself. Hunting alone is his delight, and he is always questing either up and down stream, yards apart from the body of the pack. He quarters the stream just like a setter dog after partridges—sometimes with his nose right under the water, and his head on one side, as if listening, and sometimes with it flat on the surface. When there is a worry he takes care to have his back nip; whereas old Stormer only tugs away at the tail, and Ringwood is quite open to let up Billy and the terriers at such a crisis. Slash was the only dog which ever beat the Doctor when he wanted to save his otter. That devoted man had the rest at bay under an elder bush on the Ale, and the terriers would not act on account of the heavy stream; but Slash would not be denied, floored him in the mud, and took the otter from him then and there. The "auctioneer," which Malakhoff dreaded so much, was no use whatever against such a "Molyneux the Black." The Doctor remarks "that he does not know pain. Look at the thumps he got from that iron hook of Bill's:—his nervous system is not like other dogs—he's a dog of metallic nerves."

The long room above the stables is now finished, but not furnished; a fox has been kept there since it was a cub, and ere long the trick training will commence. A

badger again forms one of the establishment, to the great delight of Betsy; and a man hunted a buck foulmart for six weeks as a consort for the ferrets, which had grown slack in the Doctor's eyes, and required a fresh strain of blood. It was run to ground several times, and made such an example of its pursuer's fingers, that the latter was perpetually under medical treatment till he conquered. The Doctor has made a platform nine feet from the ground round his yard, and stocked it with all kinds of British flowers. This is what he understands by sitting under his own fig-tree in years to come, and what cares he even if the otter-bites in his hands do become "the seats of rheumatism." Above the long room he has a shooting gallery of twenty-five yards finishing in his extra bed-room, which commands a view of Chapel Hill, Borthaugh, and Gala Law covers. Through an artful tube in the wall, he commands the illuminated face of the Town Clock as he lies in his bed, which saves all candle reference to his watch on an otter-hunting morning.

Some of the otter hounds have been working with Sandy in the Carlisle pack; but Royal, Collier, and Ringwood are still in kennel with Teddy, Piper, Tom, and the other terriers, who "get round the otter like a collar of leeches." Two greyhounds (one of them old Artful), Slash, old Major (who is almost blind), Judge (the setter), and Stormer have now tickets-of-leave in the stable; Billy, Bobby, and Ragman are a trio by themselves; and Black Jack, who will fight any mortal thing, occupies the boot of the break. There is also a magnificent bitch, Melody, from Mr. Stonehewer's which has no superior in a cold scent, and Little Pod, a puppy of The Dwarf's, is quite a character.

The Doctor's deposition touching the attempted capture of Billy is worth preserving: "I saw the man at the head of Baker's Close, coquetting with Billy,

and marked him as a stranger, with an eye to the dog. The two disappeared. I got into position at the other end of the Close, and took him by the throat; he threw down the rope, and I made him pick it up again. He tried to break my arm; but I knew the old dodge. He seized me by the wrist, and ran under it. I stopped him with one on the larynx; he opened his mouth wider than any otter hound—he was nearly asphyxiated. It was such a nasty trick trying to put out a gentleman's arm for claiming his own dog. Billy was quite conscience-stricken at finding himself in such low company. He knew he had done something wrong. The man had to stand in the yard with his back against the wall, and hold the rope as evidence against himself, till a serjeant of police came. The rope was the link of union;—it kept them all nicely connected together. The man began in a most piteous way. He told me he had only just finished his two years in Perth Penitentiary for taking a mouthful of flesh out of a policeman's leg. I had some pity on him, and I wouldn't value Billy at £10, so he couldn't be sent to Jedburgh. He had the full benefit of ten days. The baillie would have given him more for Billy's sake, if he could. As for the man, he was gratitude to the mast-head. *'I'll never steal another dog from you.'* I thought he would come and call; but I am glad to say he didn't. *'I've got a good dog at Dalkeith; you can have it if you like. If you ever want one, write me.'* That is what he said: it showed his heart was in the right place. It was a tremendous undertaking stealing a public character like Billy—a dog that everybody here knows and respects—a privileged dog—goes round the town every forenoon, and visits on his own hook—not a butcher's shop he doesn't know, and he's very fond of confectionery too. He may well be fat."

The Doctor "took a notion" shortly after our visit,

and sallied forth with Ringwood, Royal, Collier, Stormer, and Melody to look for an otter at Shieldswood, where Jack Deans the keeper had several fox litters. The otter had been a great night-traveller, and between Ashkirk and Shieldswood loch the scent was as hot as fire. Mrs. Grant commanded the terrier contingent, of Teddy, Tom, Piper, Vixen, and My Mary; while Slash the Labrador, Billy, and the five otter hounds were the Doctor's aid-de-camps as usual. Jack was in a dreadful fright when the Dinmonts went to ground, lest it should be a vixen fox, but it was "the right stuff," a regular thirty-pounder, and out it came through the pack and into the loch. There was plenty of music, and when it had swum a ring it earthed again, and was drawn out by the terriers. It was nearly off the second time, but the Doctor dashed into the loch, seized it by the hind legs, and fell trying to swing it up the bank. As the Doctor fell, some of his dogs, whose blood was regularly up, caught him by the hip in the *mêlée*, and bit him so severely that the leg became benumbed down to the foot, and he could not get up again. Jack then slipped and went down in trying to land him, and was bitten by one of the dogs in the hand. Mrs. Grant, as reserve corps, then flew to their aid, and the Doctor was got out of the loch, still holding on to the hind legs of the otter, which just prevented his coat and vest from being pulled right over his head. There was a most fearful battle on the bank, and but for Slash and his tremendous "back nip," the otter might have won the day. Poor Billy was of no use; he hung on "like grim death," and tried to chew, but he seemed to do no harm. On examination it was found that he had struck two of his long tusks through his upper-lip, and had thus fairly muzzled himself. There never was such a bloody death, and the terriers, to use the Doctor's noble simile, "looked as if scarlet nightcaps had

been drawn over their heads and necks." Billy was in high fever next day, with a head so fearfully swollen that the Doctor thought he could not recover, and carried him perfectly blind to the photographer, for a parting reminiscence.

His head when submitted to the photographer was just as broad as it was long, whereas in health the length is about twice the width. He is now quite well again and ripe for duty, and another photograph was taken of him; so that his friends at a distance might see, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, what a tremendous jobation he received during his "lock jaw." The doctor firmly believes that the dog owes his life to the tender nursing and devotion of his mate, the ex-pugilist Bobby, who took possession of him that night, and never left him till all his face-wounds were healed up. He lay with his patient on the kitchen sofa, and never ceased to lick the raw spots. If Billy went into the yard he accompanied him, and would not let him out of his sight for an instant. His tongue was in fact a perpetual poultice and antidote to inflammation. The Doctor tried hard one day to get him to dress the wounds of the Dandies, but he would not even look at them. Some years ago he and Billy fought till they were exhausted, and ever since they seem to have been quite content to look upon it as a drawn match, and never quarrel about victuals or anything else.

"Well, den! Hard Koppig Peter ben gone at last," said the Dutchmen of New Amsterdam, as they puffed the pensive pipe, and gazed into his grave. Now that his beloved Newmarket will know him no more, turfites have a still warmer remembrance of their "Peter the Headstrong," or "Old Glasgow!" The Dutch and Scottish heroes were of the same kidney. One prorogued a meeting of the burghers *sine die* by kicking it bodily downstairs with his silver-mounted wooden leg; and then posted

himself in full regimentals and cocked-hat, with a blunderbuss at a garret window of Government-house, rather than sign the surrender of his town. The other looked upon the Press much from the same point of view as Peter did on the troublesome tribes of Preserved Fish and Determined Cock, and did nothing on the turf like anybody else.

He went to sea at a tender age, and he never lost the salt flavour. To the last he was a true descendant of the old Norsemen in his manners and in his blood. Grafton, Rutland, Exeter, and Jersey were courtly models to which he did not care to conform. Under the auspices of his one-armed tutor, "Sir Wolly," who, for lack of more worlds to conquer on his proud St. Leger Eve, thrust his walking-stick through the pier glasses of the Rein Deer, the young lieutenant soon became seasoned to life ashore. They would sit at the window of the Black Swan at York with magnums of claret before them after midnight, and hand it out in tumblers to the passers-by. Old racing men first remember the pupil jumping on the table at the Star in Stonegate, when Mr. Gully entered and offered 25 to 1 in hundreds against Brutandorf for the St. Leger, and repeating the offer in thousands. Having once begun to "plunge," he won £17,000 on Jerry, and lost £27,000 on Mameluke at Doncaster; and trusting in Bay Middleton, and Bay Middleton alone, he offered £90,000 to £30,000 against Venison for the Derby, "each man to post the money." Of late years he had made some big bets, and offered bigger, but be the issue what it might, no one could tell by his features whether he had won or lost. It was dangerous for a trainer or jockey to advise his lordship to put £100 on a horse, as he was sure to multiply the advice by five. Very often he would take no advice, and with a colt at least two stone better in the stable he characteristically enough

backed Dare Devil to win £50,000, and put his first jockey on him in the St. Leger. Combined with all this off-hand daring, there was the fine, simple faith of a Jack Tar, and the most rugged honesty. Finesse or generalship, such as letting the worst horse finish first in the trial when a good "taste" had been taken a quarter of a mile from home, was a thing he could not understand. Hence, he never fairly mastered the fact that Actæon was much better than Jerry; and Purity's hollow defeat in the first two heats out of five at Doncaster, despite Croft's assurance that "the fun of the fair is only beginning, my Lord," seemed a purely Chinese puzzle to him.

As Lord Kelburne, when his racing aspirations did not often range further south than York and Doncaster, he lived a good deal in Scotland, at his seat of Hawkhead, near Paisley. That daring soul, Lord Kennedy, was then in his zenith, ready to shoot (at grouse or pigeons), or walk, or drive, against any mortal man, for any conceivable sum, and, as may be imagined, his lordship found a foeman, with a long purse, ready for him at any hour of the day or night. The later the hour, the wilder the bet; and it is on record that they had a driving match after midnight, and that Lord Kelburne lost by choosing the wrong road, and nearly plunging his team among the breakers off Ardrossan.

In sturdy emphasis of speech, whether at Jockey Club Cabinets, or addressing his trainer, he was the same "Downright Shippon" to the last. For him the Presbytery of Strathbogie had lived and laboured in vain. To discuss a subject of turf polity with him was about as hopeless as to ask his opinion respecting the new veterinary discovery of a small supplementary muscle in the eye of an ass. He once ordered a handicapper to put 7lbs. more on his own mare. When, as Lord Kelburne, he hunted

Ayrshire, if anything went wrong with the sport, he immediately turned upon the huntsman, and chased that devoted man, thong in hand, half a league over hedge and fallow. Fashion and Usage could forge no fetters for him.

> Hodgson in a pair of gloves,
> Shades of Meynell and of Mytton!
> Vainly Venus sent her doves,
> With a pair of her own knitting,

expressed a home truth about a Master of the Quorn, which would have equally applied to the old Earl. He never appeared in such modern knick-knacks as knickerbockers. To the last he stood by the side of the cords, with low shoes a world too wide, white trousers, in which T. P. Cooke himself could have conscientiously danced a hornpipe, and not unfrequently in a blue coat with gilt buttons. See him when you might, there was the same nervous irritation, which ruined all natural rest, and made his span of nearly seventy-seven years, eked out as it was nightly by chloroform or laudanum, very little short of miraculous.

He was not exactly, as Aytoun said of Lord Eglinton, "one of the heroic stamp of Montrose and Dundee," but still a grand Turf patriarch, whom no defeat could quench. He had spent hundreds of thousands during nearly half a century of racing life, and yet not one of the three great events fell to his "white body, crimson sleeves and cap," in which Harry Edwards on Actæon, that most ungenerous of finishers, defeated by a head the terrific rush of Sam Chifney on Memnon. This York Subscription Purse was, after all, *the* victory of his life. "Lord Glasgow wins," was heard at the Two Thousand finish in General Peel's year, and no shout was taken up with greater zest by the multitude. "Old Glasgow always goes straight to the winning-post," and

"Rogues can take no change out of him." Like Lord Exeter, he could furnish his "surprises," and none greater than when Rapid Rhone defeated Lord Clifden for the Claret Stakes. Cheered on by the warmth and high spirits of a Jockey Club dinner, he would match anything in his stable, and when he could come to Newmarket no longer, he wrote and desired his trainer to turn his attention that way, so that while absent at Hawkhead, he might still be doing something. To one or two of his most wary opponents he was as good as an annuity; but on a memorable Houghton Saturday he laughed them all to scorn, and won six matches in succession. No one was so wayward and difficult to please, or so munificent when he was pleased. His trainers "came and went like the simoom," till at last men of standing in the profession would not engage themselves to him without a guarantee for at least three years. When he had gone the round he would come back to the old ones, although he had vowed, by all his gods, that they had ruined his horses. Every trainer did that. Still, his cheque was always there to the moment, and that was like wine and oil to the wounds he inflicted with his tongue. As for his favourite jockey, Tom Aldcroft, he had nearly as many "reconciliations" with him as Tom Sayers had with Heenan at the Alhambra; but he could never quite forgive John Scott for "leaving him alone so severely," when, in his thirst for controversy about his colt General Peel, he shot quite a sheaf of arrows at Whitewall.

Above all things he hated naming his horses, and preferred to leave the public—which never really took any trouble in the matter, as it dare not back one out of fifty on its merits—to grope helplessly among the Miss Whip, Physalis, or dam by Gapeboy sorts, from which sprang the noble race of Flutter and "the tight'uns by Barbatus." It had

been the selfsame story in earlier days, with Jerry, Retainer, Albany, and Retriever. Half the evenings at the Club, when Lord Derby led the revels, with the Earl of Strafford, General Peel, Admiral Rous, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Payne—friends who could always touch the right chord in that testy old Scot—were spent in trying to name his horses for him. Getting the "royal assent" was the real difficulty, and once "the rich relics of" what promised to be "a well-spent hour" only resulted in the registration with Messrs. Weatherby of "He has a name," and "Give him a name." The Black Duck Stakes of 1,000, h-ft, jumped so much with his humour, that "The Drake," and "The White Duck"—which had a double aspect, bearing on the above stake and his own seafaring trousers as well—were readily adopted; but "Light Bob," by Voltigeur, was hardly expected of him, except, perhaps, in the light of a cut at the rival profession. Tom Bowline, one of the few yearlings he ever bought, came to his hand at the hammer ready named, and there were melting moments when he could not resist the offers of his friends to be sponsors for his best. "Knowsley" was but due to the genial earl who had made many a match with him in his day; "Strafford" and "General Peel" might well have a pleasant sound; a chesnut with such a peculiar white mark under the knee was of course Knight of the Garter; and "Rapid Rhone" was a sterling compliment, such as that roan tribe might not know again in the course of the century. Both Knowsley and The Drake have repaid breeders well in different lines, and The Earl was one of the results of that "nick" of Orlando mares with his Young Melbourne, which General Peel made so fashionable. Hence, thanks to old Clarissa, he could turn the laugh against stud critics at last.

The more they jeered at his stud tribes, the more he stuck by them, and the more assiduously he

matched the produce. He cared nothing what he spent out of a reputed £60,000 a year. If a privileged queen of the card-women hit him a little too hard with her chaff, he would rub his neck or back, as was his nervous way, a little more vigorously than usual, and throw her a sovereign to get rid of her. He liked having his racing blood to himself, and therefore he put his sires' fees at a pretty prohibitive figure. In fact, he would rather lend than let, and infinitely sooner shoot than sell. He has been known to go down to Middleham out of the season, summon four or five resident jockeys over-night to ride a score or more of trials for him the next morning, and finish up by shooting half-a-dozen of the worst twos and threes, without benefit of clergy. Stern of mood as he might be when he was crossed, "his hand was ever open, his heart was ever warm." It was said that he once fed half Paisley in a time of distress, and that yet not even a baillie dare thank him on behalf of his brother-townsmen, for fear of being assaulted. A £10 note or a "pony" was the very least he would pull out of his pocket, if the hat went round, and good cause was shown for some Turfite who had fallen behind the world. For forty years after their connection had ceased, he would send one of his earliest jockeys a £50 note, if he had won a good event, simply "for auld lang syne." With all his foibles, he was a glorious old land-mark to the Turf; and while he was still among us, defying the roll of the ages, with his quaint garb and blunt speech, some may perchance have felt that his presence was a wholesome corrective to the modern spirit, which has lowered "the sport of kings" into a doubtful trade—a contest for honour into a lust for long odds.

CHAPTER II.

"He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves and trumpet sounds
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist
And mighty warriors sweep along;
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song."

Longfellow.

The late Sir James Graham, his farming tastes—Recollections of Carlisle—Meeting the Judges—Old Posting Times—Loyal Tom King—Jack Ainslie and his Gretna-green tactics.

FROM Longtown to Land's End is our allotted journey. When our Scottish travels on the Cheviot side of the country were ended, and we were once more in the Border land, we tied our mare to the church wicket at Arthuret, and sought the grave of Sir James Graham. There he rests from his toil, beneath the ash and the sycamore on the north-east side of the chancel. Nothing is placed over it save a red sandstone flag with the inscription "*J. R. G. Graham, Bart., born June 1st*, 1792, *died Oct. 25th*, 1861." It was his last wish that he should have this simple burial among his tenants and neighbours.

Sir James's stay at Netherby depended very much upon his engagements in London, but he generally contrived to come down for different periods twice a-year. He would always spend the first fortnight

after his return in riding about the farms with his steward, the late Mr. Yule, and then with Mr. Brown, seeing and suggesting improvements, till at length the whole estate bore unmistakable impress of his practical knowledge and broad aims, and became quite a proverb of good farming in the North. Farmers, whose only account-books were their right and left pockets, might well take a lesson from the Netherby tenantry. Croft Head—where he lived during some very happy years, as Mr. Graham, after his marriage—and some additional fields, or about 1,000 acres in all, made up his home-farm; and he also from time to time took other farms in hand to improve. Green crop fallows were latterly a special point with him, as a preparatory measure of permanent improvement. Hence in his leases the outgoing tenant was bound not to have more than one-fourth of his fallow-share in bare fallow.

In many districts, but more especially the low-lying ones of the Netherby estate, he recommended the culture of green crops and grass, as, owing to the almost periodical rains in July, which raised the rivers Esk and Liddle, the water was backed up through the porous soil to the roots of the wheat, which at once retarded its growth, and produced a rough sample. In the valleys of these rivers there is a good alluvial soil, a small portion is on a strong clay and well adapted for fallow wheat, and fully a half consists of what is called black topped land, with mostly a good red clay subsoil, or, in some cases, a hungry white, sandy-seamed clay, which is the worst soil on the estate. Good farm-houses and farmsteads were his delight. After his father's death he subdivided and remodelled his farms, put all the buildings in order, made good occupation roads, and commenced an extensive system of tile-draining, which is still being carried on. He was equally given to woodcraft, and spent

a great deal of time with his foresters, advising them as to judicious thinning. He planted 1,000 acres in addition to the 1,500 he found on the estate. Larch was his favourite as regards profit, and oak, beech, and lime as ornamental trees.

Of Shorthorns and Galloways Sir James was an excellent judge. He began with the former and soon established a good herd, but experience convinced him that they were not suitable to the soil and climate of the bulk of his estate, and they had, therefore to give way to "a black dairy." He did not declare himself in favour of any particular breed of sheep, but he introduced sheep-farming on to his estate. It is a noteworthy fact, that all the old Netherby leases which were in existence when he became baronet in 1824, contained a clause prohibiting the farmers from keeping sheep on account of their being destructive to the fences. Few men knew better about a horse's points, and he liked the cross between a blood sire and Cleveland mares, but he never made any high prices.

In 1821-25, before he entered on public life, he hunted a good deal in Yorkshire, and generally stayed with his old friend Mr. Starkie, near Goldsborough. In after years he gave his mind more to shooting; like most tall men, he was a good, steady shot, and during his session labours he always looked keenly forward to the Twelfth, and the ten days among the grouse at The Flatt in Bewcastle. It was in defence of his rights as lord of the manor of Nichol Forest, that he had to fight the case of *Graham* v. *Ewart* through the Exchequer, the Exchequer Chamber, and the House of Lords, before it was solemnly decided that he was entitled to hunt, shoot, fish, and fowl over Bailey Hope, a stinted pasture within that manor, under the preamble of the Enclosure Act, which reserved his right to "other rights, royalties, liberties, and privileges in

and over the same." Lord Stanley and Mr. Sidney Herbert both joined him at The Flatt, and Sir Robert Peel shot his covers with him at Netherby, where Mr. Gladstone was a frequent summer visitor. The party roughed it considerably at The Flatt, as the house was small, and some of them had to adjourn to shepherds' huts. They always shot over dogs, as driving was not then the fashion. Occasionally Sir James would try his hand at salmon-fishing in the Esk with old John Wilson as henchman, but the gaff which John shouldered was not often brought into requisition. John still "minds on" how when Sir James had had an unlucky day, he handed over the rod to himself. After a further trial of the game of patience, a salmon was hooked, and Sir James resumed the rod, and John the gaff, but "the speckled monarch of the tide" escaped to the Solway after some nice play, and John said, in sly allusion to election matters, "*I never seed Sir James look sae blue afore.*"

He was singularly punctual in his habits, and very abstemious, tasting very little between a light breakfast and a late dinner. Sir Benjamin Brodie once said to us of him that when he was working hardest, he only took meat three times a-week. We cannot recall a finer election sight than when he and Mr. Blamire were borne, side-by-side, through Carlisle, one in a dark blue and the other in a light blue chair; but Sir James's height and weight made the task rather difficult to the bearers, and they changed so often that in Castle-street we once thought that the baronet would have descended more swiftly than agreeably from his calico and laurel throne. A handsomer couple than Lady Graham and himself were seldom seen in a ball room, and a few Carlisle people still remember how every other dancing group was suddenly broken up, and how one and all crowded round to look, and never forgot that rare quartet of

beauty, when the present Duchess of Somerset, Lady Graham, Lady Vane, and Mrs. Johnson of Walton House were partners in a quadrille with Sir James, Sir Frederick Vane, Mr. Johnson, and Captain Campbell.*

As years went on, there was sterner work than this for Sir James to do both in Downing-street and St. Stephens, and Cumberland might well be proud of her "Bright Sword of the Border." No county had ever sent, not once, but twice, such a pair of home-breds as "Sir Jamie" and "Willie Blamire" as their members. The one had mastered the great problem of Tithe and Enclosures, perhaps, with the exception of the Irish Church, the most delicate and difficult that has perplexed the century, and the other was for nearly thirty years "a potent voice of Parliament," and the friend of Sir Robert Peel. There was a long severance, it is true, between him and his county, but "The wanderer," to use his own words, "came home at last." After fifteen years of political exile, he showed himself once more at the windows of the Coffee House, and then came that carefully-studied combination of close reasoning, playful local illustration, and magnificent irony, which gave his speeches such a peculiar edge, and which again bore all down before it both on the hustings and at the poll. Every shaft told, and it went ill with the man who tried to parry his chaff, upon fingers and toes in potatoes, or any other topic. Two points in his political life were especially marked, to wit, his wish to play a strong second rather than to lead, and his utter indifference, if he believed himself to be in the right, how much he might cut public opinion against the grain. The one might indicate lack of nerve, but the other proved its possession in the very highest degree.

* Our informant, who was a looker-on, is sure as to seven out of the eight.

On the Carlisle hustings in '52 he said that he might "now claim to close the book," but he was bound to take his place by the Earl of Aberdeen that winter now that Sir Robert was gone. He had begun to fail very much after his grand climacteric in 1855, and went down gradually until his death. Still, the well-known words, "*Sir James is up,*" which, to the last, never failed to empty the library and the smoking-room, were heard in the May before his death, when he spoke upon the question of a tack to a Bill of Supply. We happened to be in the Speaker's Gallery, and painfully noted the ravages which a few years had made, since he and his colleague for Ripon, the Hon. Edwin Lascelles, two of the handsomest men in England, were listening to a Protection debate in the House of Lords. Earl Derby then adjusted his eye-glass and glanced up at his old colleague, as he sat with a look of half-indifference, half-scorn on his face, and his finely-moulded hands folded on the top of his stick. When he made that last great speech in the Commons the political poet might still have written of him,

> "So cute and cunning he of fence,
> We count him worth a host;"

but he said when he rose from the last bench behind the ministers, that his days of conflict were gone by, and that he claimed an old man's privilege to lift the question out of a mere party arena, and deal with it strictly as a constitutional one. He spoke leaning on his stick, and though his measured accents lacked the fire of the days when he bade the House at least to "get out of *Nisi Prius,*" or made "he knows the reason why" the key-note of a speech which recounted the blessings of Free Trade, there was the same beautiful precision and flow of language which so distinguished him in his prime. The house sat in

rapt silence so as not to lose one word, and all seemed to feel that his voice would be heard again no more. He alluded to his growing weakness, and there was that in his manner when he met his friends on the hustings, and on the show-field at Carlisle, which pointed too truly to the end. The two-finger salutation was exchanged for the hand-shake, and those with whom he had any political difference felt from his tones, how anxious he was that all should be forgotten.

Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying was his constant companion on his death-bed, and when he knew that he was very near the entrance of the dark valley, he calmly laid it by and conversed upon the symptoms of death, as one by one they gathered round him in the twilight of that October morning. Cumberland might well mourn for him.

> "The sower stayed his hand to hear,
> The honest "grey coat" sighed,
> The message seemed so strange and drear,
> That Friday when he died."

Not many months before, he had travelled, feeble as he was, many a weary league, to stand by the grave of Sidney Herbert, as he had done by Peel's and Goulburn's. The Secretary at War was the third of that band of Peelites who had fallen, and there were none of them that Sir James loved more dearly. Writing to the Duke of Newcastle, only a week before his death, respecting a Sidney Herbert memorial he said: "I think a statue of him in Salisbury will be a most suitable monument, under the shadow of the cathedral spire, which points to that Heaven where his hopes were centred, and where I trust he has received his great reward." We too may trust that they are not divided.

Old Fuller tells us that St. Alsike, whose name is now only had in honour as a grass seed, was born in a wood near Carlisle. He adds that pearls were

found in the Irthing, a point which "Sandy" in all his otter hunts has never been able to verify. These notes of two hundred years ago have much less interest for us than our own recollections of Stanwix Brow, when six mail-guards were "sounding the cheerful horn," and the little mail (as the girl said of the ghost) "went by like a flash." Great were the cricket struggles in that meadow on the right, when the 34th Regiment played the county. Private Allen, who was supposed to live by suction, was invariably taken out of the Black Hole for the afternoon, and he sometimes rose to the occasion with "50 not out," while Lieutenant Simpson and Corporal Moss played a good and a much safer game. Blues and Yellows united most harmoniously in the County Eleven—Colonel Lowther,* with his slow

* Of the once familiar faces absent at the Smithfield Club Show, none are more missed than Colonel Lowther's. His Barleythorpe ewes and wethers could always come into a front place, either at Oakham or Islington. It was to attend the show at the little Rutlandshire assize town, that he left London early in the December of '66, and never returned. He was born in '90, and entering the 7th Hussars at 17, saw active Peninsular service under Sir John Moore and The Duke. His fine horsemanship, health, and heart carried him well through every peril. During the retreat of Corunna he was exposed to sleet and snow for nearly sixteen days, without shelter; and on one occasion he rode, or rather "nursed" one horse eighty miles with despatches, without change or rest. Few men had a finer hand on a bit, and old sergeants of the W. and C. Yeomanry Cavalry love to tell how he would ride up to a yeoman, if his horse was too much for him, and beg to "let me try him," and soon send him back perfectly quiet to the ranks. He was a first flight man in the palmy days of the Quorn and the Cottesmore, of which he was field-master, when his father, the late Earl, became blind. Dick Christian used to speak of his ride with Sir James Musgrave, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Gilmour, and Captain White, as "the finest bit of jealousy I ever see from Glaston pasture to Ketton village; you could have covered them with a sheet." The hounds were kept in great style at Cottesmore; but Lambert, the huntsman, latterly became rather slack, and they did not kill their foxes as they had once done. Such an establishment, situated in the heart of such a country, had an old English flavour about it, which hunting-men declared to be without rival elsewhere. "The Master of the Cottesmore" seemed to hunting what "The Master of

round-handers, at one end, and Mr. Howard, of Greystoke, with a unique species of throw, so to speak, at the other. For neatness all round, no one excelled Mr. Ripon; and his daring catch, as he followed up his ball mid-wicket, and held it with his right hand close to his side, when Mr. Foster had "opened his shoulders," and returned it with compound interest, made the lookers-on almost tremble. Mr. Orridge, the Governor of the gaol, and a very tall and handsome man, with the exception of rather high shoulders, was a most remarkable bowler. He took his sight, with the ball to his eye, at an angle of some 60°, and fully six or seven yards on the right.

Trinity" is to the scholar, and hence the Meltonians for many a year have earnestly desired to see a Cottesmore Hunt once more, with a Lowther at the head of it. Such a rare sportsman as the Colonel never quite fell in with the modern style of hunting, as he loved, like Sir Charles Knightley, to see hounds puzzle it out, without being over-ridden. Not many days before he died, the Cottesmore brought a fox at a splitting pace from Ranksboro' over some beautiful country, and raced into him after a quarter of an hour, on the very door-step of Barleythorpe. That was the last sight he had of hunting. As a *J.P.* he was well known by the poachers in the Lowther district, and woe betide those "fly-by-nights," if they were caught trying their hands on those wonderful hares the "Shap Beckers," which know Mr. Warwick in his scarlet and old Baggott so well. When Lord Palmerston died, he became the Father of the House, which he entered in 1812, for Westmoreland. For 55 years he sat for that county, and yet his speeches during the whole period would not fill two columns of an ordinary newspaper. We believe that he never spoke in the House. Sir James Graham, who was never at a loss for a simile, described his politics as of the "old long-horned breed," an allusion which the Dale farmers caught up with great gusto. His hardest Westmoreland fight was with Harry Brougham, then in the excellency of his strength. The Blues objected to two brothers standing for one county, and desired "not to eradicate the old family tree," but to have "a laurel of our own planting." The Colonel did not see it, and said that Earl Lonsdale was nothing to him. "I have no connection with him; I will stand whether he pleases or not." And so he did, and won, after a seven days' fight, by 1,412 to 1,349. The present Lord Lonsdale was at the head of the poll, and duly made his acknowledgments; but when it came to the Colonel's turn he would say nothing but "Least said is soonest mended—I point to the poll."

of his wicket, and then made a very straight delivery, and with a most remarkable wrist-screw.

The carriage horses were better in those days, and the Corby Castle blacks, the Harker chesnuts, the Rickerby greys, and the Warwick Hall bays, whose regulation allowance for the four and a quarter miles to Carlisle was five-and-twenty minutes, were dear to "the stable mind." Three of these pairs, with leaders to match, did good service in their owners' High Sheriff year; but Harker was not true on that occasion to its original colour. Meeting the judges was then a most stirring ceremony. Their lordships did not merely descend from their first-class carriage, and robe in the waiting-room before they opened the commission, but approached from Newcastle, preceded or followed by a cloud of barristers in chaises, and "General" Watson on horseback. The high and under sheriffs, the cassocked chaplain, the footmen and the postilions (the family coachman generally on the wheeler, if his figure suited), and Mr. Rooke, of the Cathedral choir, with his trumpet, were kept for hours in a sort of transition state that day; and as for the javelin men—bar the one or two who were generally disabled by ale early on, and walked with

"A short, uneasy motion,"

if they walked at all—they never put their javelins in rest after noon. One of the most trustworthy of their number acted as mounted scout, and might be seen tearing back all dust or mud on a very tired horse, like a defeated standard-bearer from Marston Moor. The news he brought was that my lords of assize were rapidly approaching from the East. The Under-sheriff in a chaise-and-pair, attended by two mounted javelin men, set out from Carlisle early to meet them, and took a luncheon with him. Roley Boustead was always in attendance,

mounted on his favourite cob, and it was his task to gallop forward to the top of Windy Law, and catch the first glimpse of the legal cavalcade. When Temon Bridge, six miles beyond Brampton, was reached, their lordships lunched and robed at Temon House, a farm in the occupation of the late Mr. Wright, a very extensive and hospitable carrier and farmer. The High-Sheriff generally met them, in great state, at Rule Holme Bridge. Mr. Justice Coleridge would have had no opening for his joke in after-years, when a lot of little urchins crowded on a dismal night round the station-door: "*Are these, Mr. High-Sheriff, your posse comitatus?*"

Posting was a sad mockery to the briefless; but it gave the Queen's Counsel importance when they drove into a town with their own carriages, and an Attorney or Solicitor-General coming down special with four horses was an event indeed. Lancaster saw a good deal of this during the eternal *Tatham Case*, in which by degrees nearly every judge on the bench was retained, till the choice of Northern Circuit judges had to be made specially with reference to it; and at Carlisle you might see Cresswell's and Alexander's carriages drawn out when the assizes were over, and packed with law reports, &c., before an admiring audience in front of their lodgings in English-street. As for the former, he took matters so easily that, even when he was leader, he never seemed to do any work out of Court hours; and we used to look at him with boyish awe loitering along Etterby Scaur, and trying to hench stones over the Eden.

Coachmen and guards could endure much fatigue, but the post-boys of the great north road were quite their equals in this way. Jack Story, of the Crown at Penrith, once rode at a pinch 108 miles—twice to Carlisle and back, and once to Keswick—in a day, when he was past seventy. It was a very "throng

time," as parliament had just risen, and tourists were flocking to the lakes, but such a ride made no difference to him, and he ultimately died at the age of eighty-five. He was full of odd tales about those he had driven, and considered that on the whole barristers were more devoted to their dinners than any of them. He based this on what he saw of Sir Gregory Lewin, Mr. Blackburn, Q.C., and one or two others, learned in the law, who, if the assize at Carlisle extended over a Sunday, generally posted down after their consultations to Penrith, and dined most sumptuously at the Crown. The story of the brace of wild ducks lingered for many a year about the Crown bar. To the horror of these men of eclectic appetite, they had been stuffed by mistake with sage and onions. Upon ascertaining this violation of all true art, the president nearly pulled the bell down in his indignation, and ordering in a kettle of water, scooped out all the stuffing, and carefully rinsed the birds' interiors before they were re-consigned to the cook. The waiter, however, bid the cook to be of good cheer, and gave it as his opinion (without fee) that those lawyers need not have pretended to possess such very delicate appetites, as, when he came back with the ducks, they had eaten all the ejected stuffing, and a small loaf of bread along with it. Jemmy Anderson of Shap was another great character, and quite equal to any crisis. He was once driving a carriage from there to Penrith, when the hirer put out his head and roared, with quite Harry Brougham emphasis, "*Postilion, I shan't give you a farthing for your horses or yourself; you've driven like a snail.*" Jemmy pulled up immediately, and turning half round in his saddle, faced the foe. "*You won't pay me a farthing, won't you; then I've come far enough for nowt,*" and so saying, he descended swiftly, and began to take out his horses. Jemmy was a man of his word, and

nothing but the offer of a handsome compromise—"money down"—induced him to put them to again.

The postboys never seemed to have a holiday, and if they had, it would have been a source of deep difficulty to them how to spend it. One of their Southern brethren, Tom King of the Old Crown at Amersham, spent his in a most peculiar manner. He had the honour on one occasion of driving "Farmer George," after hunting with the Royal staghounds, from Amersham to Windsor. To the end of his life that loyal subject would do no work on the anniversary of that day; and after breakfast he repaired to the same yellow post-chaise, and sat in it till nightfall, on the side where his sovereign had been. He refreshed himself liberally with pots of ale, and if he took his pipe from his lips at intervals, it was only to replace it with a key-bugle, and play "God save the King." His master humoured his fancy, and visited the post-chaise with many others during the day, to see Tom indulging in these quaint Pleasures of Memory.

The Gretna Green marriages were a fruitful source of revenue to postboys at this period; as the fugitive lovers paid on a higher and higher scale in their fervour the nearer they approached the shrine, a sort of private clearing-house had to be established, and if there was anything like a good paying "love job," the fees were passed down the road and equalised. They were seldom better than when the Prince of Capua espoused Miss Penelope Smith.

A parlour at the Crown was the scene of a curious fracas. A happy pair had arrived from Lincolnshire for Gretna, and were lunching, when the father and the rejected lover drove up. The latter thought that the very sight of himself would be sufficient to create remorse, and yet took no active part for fear of "setting" the girl; but the father promptly essayed a passage of arms, first with his umbrella and then

with his fists, and was finally seized by the collar, half throttled, and forced on to the sofa. His son-in-law elect (who was above his weight, and of a theatrical turn of mind) then turned the key on both of them, and got a rare start with his love, more especially as the old gentleman would drive to Captain Hebson's to try and get a summons for assault. Somehow or other they squared matters, and the four came back that evening in two post-chaises, with white favours, and dined together in great peace.

It was said of the first Duke of Cleveland, who loved life in a post-chaise, that his orders to the post-boys were always, "*Now, drive like the devil!*" If he gave them the word at Catterick Bridge, Mr. Ferguson, the landlord, was wont to say out loud, and with much apparent feeling, "*Now, lads, you'll attend to his grace's orders,*" and then under his breath, to the lads, "*Don't overboil the eggs.*" It would have been no use for Mrs. Holmes to give any such second orders, if a runaway pair dashed up to the Bush and it happened to be Jack Ainslie's turn for "*Horses on.*" Jack was a sworn foe to parents and guardians at such seasons, and believed with Mr. Toots's "Chicken," that, if everything else failed, doubling them up with a dig in the waistcoat was a move in the right direction. He would have recommended precisely the same treatment in the case of a Lord Chancellor, if he had come,

"Racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,"

after some fair ward of his high court. Jack was perpetually signing his name as witness to marriages, and was in fact quite a consulting counsel to love-lorn knights and damsels. To have him, in his yellow cord jacket on the near wheeler, was worth as many points to them as it was to an attorney for the plaintiff to retain Garrow or Follett. If he was

pushed hard, Jack knew of cunning bye lanes and woods to hide them in, and had lines of gates across farms, and all that sort of geography, in his eye, for an emergency.

On one occasion, he quite "outdid his own outdoings." He had driven a couple, who had forgotten to "ask mamma," early in the day to Longtown, and as he thought they were taking it rather easily, he strongly advised them to cross the Border and get married before they dined. They were weary and would not be advised, and he took his horses back to Carlisle, and thought them just "poor silly things." He had not been back long, when the mother and a Bow-street officer dashed up to the Bush. There was not a second to lose, so Jack jumped on a horse, without asking anyone, and galloped to Longtown. He had barely time to get the dawdlers huddled into a post-chaise, take his seat on the box as commander-in-chief, and clear the "lang toun," when the pursuers loomed in sight. The pursuit was so hot that the only way was to turn sharp down a lane, and Jack and his party had the satisfaction of watching, through a leafy screen, "the maternal" fly past towards Gretna, and so on to Annan, where she came to a long and hopeless check, and finally gave it up. When she was got rid of Jack would stand no more nonsense, but saw his couple married, and witnessed, before he went back to Carlisle. The signatures of that marriage were always looked at with a certain sad interest, as the bridegroom was killed next year at Waterloo. This was quite Jack's leading case, and he is still remembered by many warm admirers of talent and generalship in a peculiar line, as "a civil old fellow, perhaps five feet seven if he was stretched out, and with such nice crooked legs."

CHAPTER III.

"Ah! sure it was a coat of steel
Or good tough oak he wore,
Who first unto the ticklish wheel
'Gan harness horses four;
Nor shuddered, as he rolled along,
To tread the mazy, whirling throng
Of furious coach with sluggish dray,
Contesting every inch of way
Through Holborn and the direful strait
Of Temple Bar or Bishop Gate."
Sporting Magazine, 1832.

The Mail and Coach Days—Shap Fells—Drivers, Regular and Amateur—Guards—Horses—Carlisle Races; the late Mr. Daley—The Wrestling Ring—Cumberland Wrestling Champions.

SUCH was part of the ode, modelled after "Sic te Diva potens Cypri," which was addressed to the driver of The Times in 1827, when corn-chest poets only sang of steam as "a demon foul," and "better make a railroad to the moon" was a witty retort, not to say quite a settler for the question, which was stirring a few far-seeing souls. After all, the horrors of Holborn or Temple Bar were far below those of Shap and Stainmoor on a winter's night, when coachman, guard, and passengers battled along in the blast, or bore a hand with the snow shovels, and then looked out anxiously for that tavern sign of "Welcome into Cumberland," which told of deliverance from the wilds of Westmoreland, and that snug little Penrith was nigh.

There were not many amateur coachmen on the road, and the guards steadily set their faces against the system, except in very particular instances. Any passenger could object, and if the reins were not given up at once to the regular coachman, the General Post-Office authorities came down hot and heavy upon the guard when they were appealed to. A traveller was most indignant on one occasion, and actually seized hold of the reins, because, when Mr. Teather, junior, was driving his own horses, the guard would not interfere. He achieved nothing by his letter to "the powers that be," as there was a change of cabinet about that time, and Mr. Teather's request to know which Postmaster-General he was to address in his defence, was allowed to remain unanswered. Mr. James Parkin was one of the privileged ones, and his favourite ground was out of Penrith to Carlisle. He gave it up when the railways encroached, and the horses became worse, as he did not care to be "a screw-driver." He was a very steady coachman, but rather too slow for the mail, as he had not the energy to slip it into them over the galloping ground, and make up his time. In fact, the guard was perpetually holding up his watch, and admonishing him to send them along. Mr. Ramsay,* of Barnton, was "good enough, when the cattle were good," but he liked to choose his ground. Mr. Nightingale, the great coursing judge of that day, was the man to "take a coach through the country." He took the horses as they came, kickers or jibbers, and thanks to very fine hands and strong nerves, he kept his time to a second.

Parson Bird was also well up to his work, and he was such a good-hearted fellow, that when the regular coachman from Keswick to Kendal broke his

* For particulars of the late Mr. Ramsay's coaching career in connection with Captain Barclay and The Defiance, see "Field and Fern" (North) p.p. 195-210.

leg, he took his place for six weeks, and collected the fees for him. A lady gave the parson half-a-crown, and going to a ball at Kendal that night, was introduced to her coachman of the morning, who at once asked her to dance. She was highly indignant; but, on the matter being explained to her, she became so gracious over it, that she ultimately became Mrs. Bird.

Among the regular coachmen, John Reed took a very high place. He was a stout and very silent man—in fact, "all for his horses." He drove the Glasgow mail from Carlisle to Abington, never tasted ale or wine, and never had an accident. This was the more remarkable, as Mr. Johnstone of Hallheaths, the owner of Charles XII., horsed one stage with nothing but thorough-breds; and if they did take off, even Reed, strong-wristed as he was, could hardly hold them. John Brydon was, in one respect, the very reverse of John Reed, and full of jollity and good stories on the box. The two Drydens were more dashing in their style. One of them had the art of teaching his horses to trot when most men would have had them on the gallop, and his brother was a wonderful singer. Whenever the mail reached a long ascent, and he had to slacken speed, he would beguile the way with "She wore a Wreath of Roses," or "I know a Flower within my Garden growing," in a rich tenor, which would have secured him a good concert-room engagement. Little Isaac Johnson was going for thirty-five years, and never had an accident. He was supreme with a kicking horse, and always took care to make him his near-side leader. When they were put there, he could punish them more severely, and they were not in the way of the coach. He liked to hit them inside the thigh, and he could fairly wale them up if they continued to rebel. The Telfers were good coachmen of the same school, and were well known over Shap Fells.

Jem Barnes was rather fat and lumbersome, and lacked fire. People did say that he had his sleeping ground as well as his galloping ground. There was, however, little chance of sleeping one night going north over Shap. He had not only to gallop at all the snow-drifts, but to put a postboy and pair on in front. The pole-hook broke, and the hand of Jim Byrns, the guard, was almost frozen to the screw-wrench, when he brought out a spare pole-hook, and fastened it on. The snow fell in flakes large enough to blind them, and the only comic bit was the voice of a heavy swell issuing from beneath a perfect tortoise-shell covering of capes and furs on the box-seat: "*What are you fellows keeping me here in the cold for, and warming your own hands at the lamp?*"

George Eade was very deaf, but still he had hearing enough left to be cognisant of a great many objurgations from Mr. Richardson of the Greyhound at Shap for taking it out of his horses. One day Mr. Richardson came out and was peculiarly bland, but George concluded that he was on the old subject, and had his back up in an instant, "*Hang you! I'm not before my time; I'll bet you £5 of it, look at my watch!*" Jack Pooley was a great character, and drove in earlier days over Stainmoor. When he retired he joined the Yeomanry Cavalry, and entered his horse for a cavalry plate. Two of the principal conditions were that it must never have won £50, and, also, be half-bred. Some objections having been raised to Jack's nomination, it became necessary to examine Jack before a committee of the regiment. To the first question, whether his horse had ever won £50, he replied, "*No, indeed! but he's helped to lose many a fifty—he ran three years in an opposition coach.*" The next question was, "What is he by, Mr. Pooley?" "*By?*" said Jack, "*I should say he was by a shorthorn bull, he's such a devil of a roarer,*" and Jack's answers were

considered eminently satisfactory. Jack Creery was a good coachman, and drove a pair-horse mail from Lancaster to Kirby Stephen. He had a guard, Joe Lord, who had been with Van Amburgh, and the pair got lost one night between Kirby Stephen and Kirby Lonsdale. Jack was so sleepy that he crept inside. Lord drove for him, and being sleepy as well, turned right off the road down a lane in the snow. Things got from bad to worse, so Jack had to be roused, and Joe was pushed up the side of a sign-post on Jack's shoulders, to "try and read the address." There was not light enough to decipher much, and when they reached a village (according to the song which Jim Byrns wrote to their confusion), they "knocked long and loud at a village church-door" by mistake for a public-house.

The coachman's fees were generally two shillings for fifty miles, and some of them made £300 a year. It was, however, "light come, light go" with them, as they were very fond of betting and card-playing. One of them, who was rather a Malaprop in his speech, accounted for losing all his winnings of one evening, by saying that he was "*positively discompelled to play the last ensuing game.*" They were strictly the servants of the contractors, and looked after the passengers' luggage, whereas the guards were the servants of Government, and in full charge of the mail and the bags. The appointment was obtained through members of Parliament, who made interest in due form with the Postmaster-General of the day. An inspector of guards travelled four days a week on the mails, and reported weak harness and bad horses, and other shortcomings, to Government, and the guards, who had half-a-guinea per week, made all their private reports through him. For a long time safety-drags were a subject of dispute between the contractors and the Post-Office, and they were not adopted until the former made a very

decided stand on the point. Three guards were especially well known and esteemed for their courtesy on the road—Skaife, who was a great musician, more especially on the bass violin; Adam Burgess, who died landlord of the Graham Arms, at Longtown; and Jim Byrns, who was for many years the station-master at Preston. Jim's forte was verse-making rather than music, and if any little thing happened during the journeys that tickled his fancy, he would drop Mr. Teather junior, not a line, but a few rhymes, describing it. Those who were up in mail-coach politics, used to have many a roar over the songs which he wrote, whenever anything very good came off; and Jack Creery and Joe Lord never heard the last of his touching description of their sign-post and church-door troubles. According to it, they must have been in as strange a jumble as the Keswick man and his sow, when they tumbled out of Brundholme Wood down a steep bank into the Greta below. The man was asked to describe his sensations as he fell, but he could only say, "*Varra queer. First it was sow o'er me, and then I o'er sow; then sow top o't me, and I top o't sow—rum start a' thegither.*"

Jim Byrns was a very handsome and well-educated man, and no one understood his business better. For many years he was on the Edinburgh mail from Derby to Manchester, and afterwards from Preston to Carlisle, over Shap Fells. the most difficult mail-road in England. Those who slip through it now in half-an-hour, snoozing on comfortable first-class cushions, can never compass the weariness of Hucks Brow, or guess what a guard had to endure, standing up for miles together through those dark and dismal fogs which infest it on a winter's night, and eternally blowing his horn to prevent a collision. Sometimes snow would bring the mail to a dead lock, and then the unhappy guard would have to wade, or get out his

saddle and ride one of the leaders to a farm-house, and rouse the labourers to come with their shovels. Jim was the right man in the right place, a rare hand at the head of a fatigue party with shovels, and a perfect master of his carpenter's tools, in case there was a breakdown. The heaviest night, as regards correspondence, was when the American mail had come in. On those occasions the bags have been known to weigh above 16 cwt. They were contained in sacks seven feet long, which were laid in three tiers across the top, so high that no guard, unless he were a Chang in stature, could look over them, and the waist (*i. e.*, the seat behind the coachman) and the hind-boot were filled with bags as well.

The best teams went out of Carlisle, where eighty horses were once kept for eight mails and seven coaches. The Carlisle teams always looked well, as the contractors principally lived there in the midst of their own ground, and hence the coachmen tried if possible to make up their time before they got to it. "The little mail," as it was called, was on for a short time. It had only two horses, and they always seemed to be running away with their load. Its owners professed to do the 96 miles between Carlisle and Glasgow in 8 h. 32½ m., and it pretty often came to time; but there were so many accidents, that passengers wholly shunned it at last. It was established to let the Glasgow people—who were jealous on the point, and thought that their London correspondence was delayed by coming through Yorkshire—have their letters an hour or so earlier from Carlisle than by the regular mail. The route of the London and Edinburgh mail was by Derby and Manchester, and it and the old Glasgow mail so arranged their time, with a view to the Glasgow mal-contents, as to meet in the Crown Inn Square, at Penrith, at four o'clock in the morning,

and come on to Carlisle together. Up mails, which left Carlisle at six in the evening, reached London at five o'clock on the second morning. The fare was £6 6s. inside, and £3 5s. out; but fees to coachmen and guards, with refreshment on the road, brought it up considerably. Well may those who are rightly informed about things as they were, not grumble at things as they are, when—instead of being cramped and sleepless for nearly thirty-six hours, with every hair standing up like a porcupine's quill, and with rain and dew and hoar-frost as your dreary portion—you can leave Euston Square at a quarter to nine, and see the summer sun "shine fair on Carlisle wall" before six o'clock.

Mr. Teather was the principal mail contractor; but he gave up working the south side of Carlisle in 1837, and his son (who very often tooled his own teams) took it, as well as the Carlisle and Longtown stage. When the rail was completed to Carlisle, the latter entered into the northern contract with Mr. Croall, and when the Caledonian Railway reached Beattock Bridge, the plant was removed there, and the horses had for a time to be stabled under canvas. Some five years before steam became lord of all, there was a curious dispute about the Government contract, and Mr. Barton, who had been in partnership with Mr. Teather, senior, claimed the ground from Hesketh to Penrith, and sent his horses and helpers to Hesketh. It was a regular fight between the men, day by day, which set of horses should be put in first. Parson Bird favoured the Bartonians, whose chief had never really signed the Government contract, and Mr. Parkin invariably rode down from Greenways, and sat watching the faction fight from his saddle. It went on for several days, and then the Bartonians gave in.

The mails were chocolate-bodied, picked out with scarlet, and wheels, perch, waist, bars, and pole all

scarlet. The harness was perfectly plain, with the exception of the initials and coach-bars on the blinkers. Hucks Brow was a severe pull of a mile, and the seven miles going south from Shap to the Brow were also all on the collar. Accidents were wonderfully few, and the principal one befell a country mail, whose horses shied at a water-wheel just as they crossed Kirbythore Bridge. The drop was eight feet, and one horse was killed; but there the damage ended. A stalwart Yorkshire wool-stapler performed a somersault quite equal to the Keswick sow-leader, and just as he lighted on his legs, he "caught at mid off" a parcel, which shot with wondrous velocity out of a woman's arms, and proved on inspection to be her baby. He said, in his dry way, when they congratulated him on his fine fielding, "that a stray baby isn't generally a good catch for a man."

None of the contractors cared to get their teams of a colour, as it was too expensive. A wheeler must measure fifteen one at least; but anything that would keep straight, and get out of the way of the bars, was generally thought good enough for a leader, and if it had not what Mr. Murray calls "pretty manners," John Reed would undertake to turn it out "complete in six lessons." The average price for a leader was £17, and for a good wheeler £22 to £25, but never more than £30. Ireland furnished the greater portion of them, and they were picked up at the Rosley Hill fairs. None under five years old were ever purchased, and the average of service in a fast mail was three years, although there were some brilliant exceptions. The worn-outs were sold back to farmers at £5 or £6, and mares of course commanded the best price. Occasionally a horse was purchased with rather a doubtful title, and to prevent his being claimed, he was always worked in the night-mail. They got very few beans; but two-

year-old hay and the best of oats were made especial points of. Tapster, a dark chestnut stallion, was the most remarkable horse on the road. For some offence or other he was condemned to be a near-side leader, when he was only rising four, but he "went off like an old cow" from the start. From Penrith to Shap was his bit of road, and he worked for ten years. When he became slow he did duty as a wheeler for a short time, but he was too small for the place, and a blacksmith got him for £4, and put him at the service of his country. The Waterloo mare was of a very different disposition. She was one of Mr. Contractor Buchanan's lot, and she had stopped with every coachman in turn at the end of two miles. At last they all wearied of her, and the orders were, if she rebelled again, not to bring her back alive. She accordingly left Penrith, and got a few miles in the Glasgow mail, when, according to her wont, she suddenly sulked, and sat down upon her haunches like a dog, with her fore-legs straight out before her. The coachman got down, took a rail out of the hedge, and struck her nine times below the knees with the flat side of it. Such energetic treatment brought her to, and she and her drivers "lived happily together ever after."

It was once a regular money contest between the London papers which could spend most in posting so as to beat the mail, and each other, when they reported a great dinner or trial in the country. At the coronation the *Sun* was printed in letters of gold; and when the Reform Bill of 1832 was proposed, it had expresses to catch up the mails with a second edition containing Lord John's speech to the latest hour. When Sir Robert Peel spoke at Glasgow, its outer-form was printed off and taken down to Kendal, where the reporters from Glasgow met it, with their speech notes all ready written out. The inner-form was printed off there, and thus the people in Glasgow

read the speech printed in a London paper before, by ordinary calculation, it had time to reach London. When Bolam was tried, one London reporter left Newcastle by the mail without the verdict, while another waited for it, and caught up the mail by hard galloping, after bribing the postboys to hold their tongues. The two reporters went on side by side all the way to London, and the *Times* never murmured its secret in dreams.

Our Recollections of Carlisle Swifts go back some three-and-forty years. Springkell and Fair Helen's day was over, and the Maxwell family had ceased to have perpetual seisin of the massive gold cup. Mr. Houldsworth's green and gold jacket was occasionally seen, and The Earl was a great hand at four mile heats for the Queen's Plate. He liked to have his ugly head first in heats one and two, whereas some used to wait away entirely for the first heat, and just save their distance. The man with his flag in the distance chair was an absolute necessity in those heat days, and one of the most vigorous protests we remember against his judgment was Jem Mason's at the Kensington Hippodrome, in '39. Capital horses arrived at Carlisle, year after year, from Middleham, each September, many of them *en route* to the Caledonian Hunt, but up to the present date there have been only two St. Leger winners among them. One of them, Caller Ou, won the Guineas, but Warlock's jockey mistook the winning-post, when he had everything beat in the Cumberland Plate. We remember seeing Theodore on "the sands" at an agricultural show, but Gregson, "that great swell of a grey," was there too, in his prime, and the St. Leger mouse-brown, with the corny feet, was hardly looked at by the judges, except for the interest which attaches to a horse who wins such a race with £100 to a walking-stick or a bottle of soda-water against him. Corinthian, who ran fourth to him, was, if we remember

rightly, not sent from Barrock Lodge that day, but Royalist came as usual from Holme House in his blue rosettes. He was a good-looking, light-boned horse, with a very strong neck, and Templeman considers him to be one of the slowest and gamest he ever crossed. "Sim," who was always very fond of Carlisle course, and formed one of a large Yorkshire party at Mrs. Tweedell's in Rickergate, won twice with him for Mr. Lambton, the first year he rode there. The pace was so hot in one race that Royalist was beaten a mile from home, but reached his horses, inch by inch. "Sim's" luck was not so great, when at a pinch he had to ride Lady Moore Carew in a big exercise saddle, and was beaten half a length. His feet slipped through the stirrups and he couldn't finish on her.

The Swifts are full of curious Turf recollections. The jockeys seemed much taller men then, and "wasted" to thread-paper. As for Jem Jacques,* he was promptly "transmuted" from a well-fed innkeeper at Penrith into a seven-stone skeleton, when poverty overtook him, and he rode successfully for Colonel Cradock again. Vinegar and poached eggs were his only support at times, and a lad who rode the rear horse, and drove the leader in the canal-boat, The Arrow, from Carlisle to Port Carlisle, tried the same fare rather than lose his place for overweight, and killed himself by it. John Cartwright was in immense force when he came out about 1829; and Mr. Aglionby engaged him three years in advance to ride a colt of his, Petterill, for a Cumberland Produce Stakes, which he won. Juba made a memorable level-ground jump near the last turn at exercise. It was measured to be thirty-feet; and the lad vowed that his black would have the Eden with a little more

* This old jockey became a jobbing gardener near Doncaster, and had a small pension from the Bentinck Club. He died in 1868 from an over-dose of laudanum.

practice, and advised his being turned loose in future. No two-year-old ever excited such interest as General Chassé, when he went to the post for the Corby Castle Stakes with his trainer Fobert leading him, and Bob Johnson on his back; and he showed the field his light tail from the start to the finish. Muley Moloch was a lion in those days when the Raby pink and black stripes were annually looked out for with Tommy Lye to ride, and burly John Smith in charge. That "fine black hunter" Inheritor, and "Lazy Lanercost," were both winners; and the wiry little Doctor galloped away from his field in the Queen's Plate through water and mud half way up his hocks. The course had been quite covered on the previous day, and lads were actually sailing in washing-tubs from tent to tent. On another occasion we are told that lanterns were tied to the posts, and the last heats, in which Ben Smith rode, were run off by their glimmer.

Harry Edwards, in his white kid gloves and ruffles, was quite a lion when he came out and won upon Naworth over the T.Y.C. This colt was a very difficult one to ride, as he had mastered his lad, jumped a wall, and chaced a mare from the High Moor at Middleham to Dawson's stables. Hence he turned rebellious in public, and only finished fourth at Newcastle; but "Slashing Harry" paid him off, and steered him with an energy and leverage of arm, such as no other jockey, save Sam Chifney, ever seemed to us quite to possess. If his temper had been better he would have been a clipper. When Edwards rode him in an exercise gallop behind Pyramid 5 yrs. at Carlisle, the grey could not get rid of him, and the weights were as nearly even as possible. Lord George gave 500 gs. for him, and he ran for nine seasons, and then had a turn, by way of finish, at "The Liverpool Grand National."

Mr. Daley, "the Jacledon of the Turf," was not then Clerk of the Course. When he became a Carlisle notable and lived in the Corporation Road, his little parlour was quite radiant with pictures of our best actors, many of them presentation copies, and among them, duly framed, a very cordial letter from Mr. Charles Dickens. In his own photograph, the unfailing glass is in his eye, and he is supposed to be taking stock of his great opponent as they meet in English Street. It might have been truly said of either of them, that

> "Whene'er he walks the street, the paviours cry—
> 'God bless you, sir,' and lay their rammers by;"

so here was a double advantage. It needed but one more to complete the group—illustrious Aaron, who listened over his pipe for fully six weeks to discussions about the "Durham Letter," and then failing to master the matter in hand, asked a friend in confidence "*Whose this 'ere Colonel Wiseman they've been a talking about?*" Mr. Daley would occasionally take to the harefoot again, and bring down the house as Dennis Bulgruddery, Dr. O'Toole, or the first grave-digger in "Hamlet," when any good local cause required a benefit; and his Irish songs and recitations were often heard at the trainers' parties during race meetings, and the Albert Club at Carlisle. He was very fond of racing, but he never studied it vigorously, and always shrank from putting handicaps together. Newcastle, Chester, and Liverpool were favourite meetings with him, and we seldom "drew" the iron seats under the grand stand portico blank for him on a Doncaster Tuesday.

He began life in an attorney's office, but he "did not enjoy calfskin," and finding himself a baritone bird of song he wished to be a perspiring hero as well. For many years he scarcely made 30s. a week, and sometimes had "only my share of the candles," and

we have heard him recount how Mr. Sims Reeves was the companion of this soldier of fortune life, with a salary of the same dimensions and a share of his poor lodgings. Hopeless as matters then seemed, he was always telling his young friend that he should turn his mind to Italy and improve his "organ" there, and that he would certainly beat everything out. When that dream of Italy was fulfilled, he presented the *débutant* with the costume in which he first took the town by storm, as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." In his hot youth Mr. Daley had a notion that his own forte was tragedy, and he appeared as Othello once or twice and "got a hand" to boot. Still the manager didn't see it, and asked him if he couldn't be "a Lord Mayor or something of that kind in future"—"and, therefore, Mr. Chairman" (as he observed at the Shakespeare dinner), "I have to thank Shakespeare for making me a Lord Mayor." This pleasantry told all the better, because the Mayor of Carlisle would not attend that dinner, and had declared officially that Shakespeare was no doubt a talented but an overrated man, and might have turned his talents to better account. Hence curiously enough the Earl and the Mayor of Carlisle were in the front and the rear of the movement on the Tercentenary day. The one presided at the Stratford-on-Avon banquet, and told with noble emphasis of that great Quadrilateral, in which "Warwickshire Will" had entrenched himself against the assaults of envious Time; the other, although stupendous efforts, both clerical and lay, were made to convert him, hardened his heart and spake as above.

Mr. Daley was Clerk of the Course for nearly twenty years, and he left some £90 to their credit in the bank when he died. No one could look more anxious till he was quite sure that there would be a race for "The Queen's Guineas." He confided to

us as the cause of this passing cloud that the country people held a belief that if that race was walked over for, it was all his doing, and that he made much booty by such procedure. He was popular with all classes, always ready to help a good cause with his purse and his acting, and never said an unkind word of any one. A handsome testimonial was presented to him a few years before his death, which was very sudden at last; and now that he and poor John Sowerby (his C.C. predecessor) have gone, any amateur casual who wanders into Carlisle, and wants to hear the latest thing out in sporting, does not know where to bend his steps.

Both were alive in '64, and thirty-one horses had come to the meeting, which was opened by Woodbine running away twice round the course, with young Job Marson up. Not a carriage was to be seen, whereas "in the days of old Springkell" the course was lined on one side with them down to the distance; and there were only four men on horseback, where we have seen three hundred, some of whom would extemporize a hurdle race to wind up the day. But Grand Stand enclosures and railways are great levellers, and as the new fashion brings more added money, it has its uses after all. We have it on Judge Johnson's authority, that more women and children attend at Carlisle than at any meeting he knows of. The boys made a most remarkable bit of coping to the wall just beyond the winning-post; and the "Mr. Gamblers" outside the enclosure confined their operations to balls of different colours, which performed a curious course through pegs, and were backed most spiritedly for pennies. A half-witted fellow, absolutely in rags, fancied he was starter, and performed a sort of shadow-dance to Mr. Elliot, waving back the jockeys (one of them a little Scotchman between seventy and eighty and scaling 6st. 5lbs. with his saddle) and

lecturing them on his own account. The bye-play was too good to disturb, and Mr. Elliot just let him run on. Jem Snowdon rode a most beautiful stern chase for the Cumberland Plate on Royal John, keeping his top weight at it, and yet never oversetting him, and just "shot" Castle Espie, who forced the pace from end to end, by a head in the last two strides.

There was no lack of little scenes in the enclosure. A welcher was found to have £13 in his pocket, when he wouldn't pay, and being a boot-closer, his boots were playfully pulled off for a token and flung aloft, and he had to walk over the sands *minus* his coat, and hat as well, with Young Carlisle in close attendance, examining him as if he were an escaped racoon. Then a small betting man hinted a doubt as to one horse running on the square, within earshot of the owner, who landed on his nose "with such unerring instinct" (as Mr. D'Israeli observes of the Commons) that "Philip the Doubter" walked about snorting like a walrus for the rest of the afternoon. After that there was an elderly welcher, who had done a hardy borderer out of £3 three years before. The latter had been on his watch-tower at every subsequent meeting, and darting down upon him at last, and scorning to strike a man below his weight, he took out his dividend in a Cumbrian fashion by giving him the buttock and flinging him into the air. The welcher had tried to get in without paying and had been headed back by John Sowerby, and how his friends closed round him and got him out again no one knows. He went like a shadow. The jockey arrivals and departures were rather complicated. Snowdon left for Newmarket, and Challoner (who had ridden in the July Stakes the day before) came North to ride Caller Ou for "the Guineas." Mr. Daley's despondency increased visibly, as The Clown and "Back Kitchen Sarah"

(Backtchi Serai) had gone home, and Honest John's owner had no notion of giving us a match between the double winners of the Cumberland and Northumberland Plates. In the nick of time, Royal John, who had a face in him already, was ordered out at Mrs. Masterman's intercession, and the hairy-heeled old mare was led into the enclosure to meet him. Challoner was anxious to be at Newmarket again, and he soon looked up Loates and came into the weighing tent. *"We may as well be settling this little matter, Mr. Johnson;"* and settle it he did, pretty quickly, as the mare never went freer or better, with her head up in the "old, old style."

The wrestling begins at nine o'clock with the heavy weights, and goes on till the saddling-bell rings, and at six o'clock it begins again with the middle weights, to the music as before of the Brampton and Volunteer bands. Next morning the Committee resume their labours from nine to two with the light weights, and then the most energetic of white-waistcoated functionaries rests from his labours. It is no longer held in that fine natural ring under the hill, but in a boarded enclosure at the edge of the race-course, and 6d. is the entry fee. When we were last there, Jem Scott was quite the man of the hour, and the leading jeweller's window was adorned with a silver testimonial to his talent from his numerous "friends and admirers." Among the middle-weights he was still the nonpareil, and so was "lal Tiffin" in the light brigade. The latter was also quite the Beau Brummell of the hour in his mauve suit, with white stripe and garter.

As you enter the enclosure, there is a small space for the Committee, who sit with silver cups in front of them, a wheel for drawing out the couples, and two sand-glasses. The latter were perpetually travelling into the ring as a menace to men who would not take hold. The three umpires have gene-

rally two couples out at a time, and the audience sit and lie round the ring, while the policemen keep walking about to repress their exuberance, and keep them in position. C. 19 was most fussy. *"Sit ye doon, lad, or I'll fetch ye oot,"* was his style; but the sergeant was much more "saponaceous." With him it was *"Noo, tak' my advice, lad, and ye'll see just as weel,"* to a very ardent Scottite. With the above it was *"I'll tak odds Jameson don't get the Cup,"* and of course he was accommodated. *"Jameson's just worried him,"* said another at our side, when Dick Wright in the purple went down before the stripes, which must have covered a thick-set frame of fully sixteen stone. Maxwell (a blacksmith) and Jem Scott were a long time taking hold, as Scott was going away more than two stone, and was bound to be very leary; but Jem did his man with what they called an "under-click."

A tall young fellow, as fragile as an osier wand, and standing at an angle of quite 120°, was swiftly sent to mother earth by Jameson, with whom Scott had no chance at the weight, when they met for the final fall. Once the rush to seize on the victor, and bear him off shoulder high to some favoured tent, was quite the fashion; but crowds are not so demonstrative nowadays, and Jameson is not so very portable. There was therefore only a little cheering, and each man squeezed out of the narrow doorway as he could. The toilets of Scott and Jameson were pretty well attended by their friends and admirers, and then they walked up to the committee-table in the most business-like way. There was no crown of oak leaves—no ode by the Pindar of the wrestling committee. The secretary simply shook hands with Jameson, who squeezed the Cup with much ado into his inside-coat pocket, drew his £15, or whatever it might be, and returned a small portion to the fund. The process was alike simple in Scott's case.

"There, Jemmy, that will be £6 for you." "Thank you, gentlemen," and exit Jemmy.*

* WINNERS OF THE ALL-WEIGHT WRESTLING SINCE 1830.

	FIRST.	SECOND.
1830	W. Robinson, Renwick	G. Graham, Rigg
1831	J. Little, Sebergham	I. Irving, Bolton Gate
1832	J. Mason, Blencogo	F. Nichol, Bothel
1833	R. Chapman, Patterdale	J. Graham, Loweswater
1834	J. Thomlinson, Embleton	J. Little, Sebergham
1835	John Blair, Solport Mill	J. Elliott, Cumrew
1836	Robert Gordon, Plumpton	J. Nichol, Bothel
1837	Joseph Sergant, Brampton	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1838	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Pert, Torpenhow
1839	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1840	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1841	W. Jackson, Kennyside	T. Baty, Oulton
1842	W. Jackson, Kennyside	H. James, Bogside
1843	W. Jackson, Kennyside	R. Chapman, Patterdale
1844	W. Jackson, Kennyside	T. Longmire, Troutbeck
1845	I. Taylor, Wythmoor	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1846	R. Gordon, Plumpton	I. Taylor, Wythmoor
1847	R. Atkinson, Sleagill	J. Heslop, Paulton Mire
1848	J. Milburn, Weardale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1849	J. Milburn, Weardale	T. Todd, Plumbland
1850	J. Moss, Templesowerby	R. Irving, Church House
1851	J. Palmer, Bewcastle	T. Little, Thomas Close
1852	W. Roldaw, Egremont	J. Halliwell, Penrith
1853	W. Donald, Dearham	A. Miller, Kirkbride
1854	T. Longmire, Troutbeck	W. Dickinson, Calderbridge
1855	T. Longmire, Bowness	R. Williams, Egremont
1856	R. Wright, Longtown	W. Glaister, Greenah Hall
1856	T. Longmire, Bowness	T. Robson, Weardale
1857	W. Hawksworth, Shap	Benjamin Cooper, Carlisle
1857	J. Murgatroyd, Cockerm'th	Benjamin Cooper, Carlisle
1858	Noble Ewbank, Bampton	T. Davidson, Castleside
1859	J. Pattinson, Weardale	W. Hawkesworth, Shap
1860	W. Jameson, Penrith	J. Pattinson, Weardale
1861	W. Jameson, Penrith	T. Kirkup, Longtown
1862	R. Wright, Longtown	W. Jameson, Penrith
1863	G. Maxwell, Rockliffe	J. Fisher, Appleby
1864	W. Jameson, Penrith	James Scott, Carlisle
1865	W. Jameson, Penrith	James Scott, Carlisle
1866	R. Wright, Longtown	John Milburn, Weardale
1867	R. Wright, Longtown	Matthew Lee, Lynceside
1868	W. Jameson, Penrith	N. Ewbank, Bampton

I am indebted for this list and for much of the wrestling matter up to 1830, to an article in the *Carlisle Journal*. There were two sets of all-weight prizes in 1856-57.

Christopher North tells of a strange puzzle into which an old gentleman fell. A general election was pending, and he was all for the Lowther interest. As he journeyed through the lake country, he heard the name of fresh candidates mentioned with much apparent favour, for Westmoreland. Meeting with a friend at the White Lion in Bowness, he told him with a very downcast countenance, that Lord Lowther would be ousted, and that the struggle, as far as he could learn, would be "between Thomas Ford of Egremont, and William Richardson of Caldbeck, men of no landed property, and probably radicals." The conversations which had disquieted him, were really with reference to a great wrestling match, which was then causing as much doubt and searching of hearts in Cumberland and Westmoreland as any election could have done. Far more money is now given in prizes; but somehow or other these rival counties do not take the same pride in their champions as of yore. You rarely hear the sport mentioned, except about Easter or Carlisle Race time. Champions are not reverentially pointed out to the rising generation at market or on the road; and two young fellows having a bout on a summer evening, would seem nearly as strange a sight, even to a resident, as if a couple of the Yeomanry cavalry had suddenly mounted their uniforms and their chargers, and gone into a meadow or down a "green lonning," to practise the sword exercise.

The first prize, a purse with "five gold guineas" in it, was contended for at Carlisle races, in September, 1809, and was won by Tom Nicholson of Threlkeld. "Two purses of gold" were given the next year; and for three years in succession Nicholson was the champion. The prize on the third occasion was twenty guineas, and "all persons emulous of distinguishing themselves in these athletic exercises, so much excelled in by our forefathers, are desired to

appear on the ground at nine o'clock in the morning." This reference to antiquity was made in 1811; but the most diligent ghoul in the matter has failed to discover the existence of any records before the era of Tom Nicholson. Will Richardson of Caldbeck was second to that hero of 1810, and the science, which was gradually developed, brought matters up to fever-heat in 1813, when a ring, seventy yards in diameter, was enclosed by ropes, and about fifteen thousand people, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Queensberry, and Earl Lonsdale, stood or sat round it. "Barney" was not much in vogue. The buttock and the cross-buttock were the favourite chips, and "many of the men were struck from the ground upwards of five feet." "The Cumberland Shepherd" won the belt; and amongst those who went to grass was George Dennison, the bone-setter, who dislocated an opponent's shoulder. With a fine eye to business, he would not have him taken to a hospital, but set the shoulder then and there, amid loud cheers. Prize-fighting was introduced as a wind-up the next year; and Tom Nicholson, and a seaman called Ridley, *alias* "The Glutton," had a slogging half-hour; but the police interfered, and the Fist never again held a place at those revels.

For a few years the wrestling was removed from the old tryst under the hill, and not far from the T.Y.C. starting post, to a circus, and became a private speculation; but on September 6, 1821, it was restored, thanks to the late Mr. Henry Pearson, a Carlisle solicitor of great size, to its old haunts, and Will Richardson added another belt to his almost countless store. The entry was very large, and very few of the men were under fourteen stone. Weightman of Hayton, the second man, was more than a stone above this weight, twenty-two years of age, and 6f. 2in. in his stockings. He was second the next

year, and came first in 1825-26. Then the knights of King Arthur's Round Table were determined to be in the fashion, and gave two prizes at "The Table," near Penrith. The "Harry Brougham" of that day was a spectator, and the knights entered so much into the spirit of the thing, that as the term "Muscular Christian" had not then been invented, they drank the bishop's health, as "the tallest and handsomest man in his diocese."

From nineteen to twenty-five is the best age, and few men are really supple after that time. A school, near Bampton, in Westmoreland, was once the great nursing mother of wrestlers, and chips innumerable were put in by future "Belted Wills" upon its green; while the Cumbrians were especially keen of it about Sebergham and Sowerby Row. Dearham was also a stronghold of the sport, and Weardale has had three capital men in the ring during the last twelve years. Its great advantage over the Devon and Cornish mode is, that it is unattended with the same savage play, and therefore does not create any ill blood. Two men will come in a gig to Carlisle, and go into the ring; one will throw the other, if he chances to be drawn against him, and they will ride back together at night as good friends as ever. We do not read of "the dreadful execution of the toe" in connection with it, and how "some of the young Cornwall men are trying the toe, but whether they will for a long time be able to bear the punishment, and keep their tempers like the Devonshire men, is doubtful." Again, the practice of the rival counties is assimilated, and we have no involved challenges like that from Abraham Cann,* of whom

* Cann *wrote*:—"Polkinghorne, I will take off my stockings and play bare-legged with you, and you may have two of the hardest and heaviest shoes you like that can be made of leather in the county of Cornwall, and you shall be allowed to stuff yourself as high as the arm-pits, to any extent, not exceeding the size of a Cornish peck of wool; and I will further engage not to kick you, if you do not kick me."

the Cornish men sang, with more fealty than truth, that he

> "was not the man
> To wrestle with Polkinghorne."

Be this as it may, among the champions of the Carlisle ring who were still wrestling, or whose memories were still green in '30, Nicholson of Threlkeld, old Will "Rutson" of Caldbeck, Will Weightmen of Hayton, and George Irving of Bolton Gate—all of them Cumberland men—stood pre-eminent. Nicholson wrestled principally in Carlisle and at Windermere. His great chip was the click on the outside of the heel, and he always stood well up to his man. His stature was six feet, by thirteen stone; and old "Roan," or Rowland Long of Ambleside, who weighed fully five stone more, was, like the Dixons of Grasmere, of "no use till him." Will Richardson, or "Rutson," as he was called, was another old standard, and he and Tom Nicholson, Jonathan Watson (a rare buttocker) and "Roan" Long, were in constant requisition as umpires after they left the ring. Will won at Carlisle when he was quite a veteran of forty-six. He had not very high science, and used generally to hug his men down, but he could hype and strike pretty well with the left leg. Fauld's Brow, near Caldbeck, was his chief ring, and he won the head prize there nine or ten times. This gathering generally took place in October, about a month after Carlisle races—whose fixture has been changed—and its belt was quite as hard to win as that on The Swifts.

William Cass was a noted wrestler. He was a very thick-set, burly man, 6ft. 1in., and seventeen stone, and therefore very difficult to lift, and active withal. In his science he was not first class, though he struck well with the left leg. He had a match with George Irving at the Castle Inn and won.

Chapman also met him at Carlisle, and threw him in the two first falls out of three; but he was then past his best. Another noted wrestler was Thomas Richardson of Caldbeck, commonly called "Tom Dyer." His principal chip was the hype with either leg. Being almost 6ft. and a thirteen stone man, he was remarkably clean in his falls, and most men were afraid of him. As the Carlisle wrestling was discontinued for some years, the Crow Park ring at the Keswick regatta and races became the most important in Cumberland. The head prize, in 1819, was won by William Wilson of Ambleside, an active wrestler of the same build and size as Jackson of Kennyside. In 1821 the head prize was carried off by a young eleven-stone man from Torpenhow, and in 1823 by Jonathan Watson. The former day's wrestling gave great impetus to the art; it brought lighter men forward, and revived the wrestling that year at Carlisle, where it has been continued ever since. Crow Park before the time of Gray the poet was a grove of immense oaks, and when the Greenwich Hospital Estate at Keswick, of which it forms part, passed by purchase to the Marshall family, the races and wrestling were given up.

Weightman was a very tall and good-looking man, and won his falls by great power and length of arm, which made up for his lack of science. George Irving who was 5ft. 10in., and nearly fourteen stone, seemed quite small in the arms of such a lifeguard; but "Geordie" was a man of dauntless pluck, and did not care whom he met. His final fall with the gigantic McLauchlin—who was 6ft. 5in., and above twenty stone—was always a disputed one, and furnished food for discussion and edification in farm kitchen ingles for many a month. It seems that when they had "gat hod," and were wrestling for the final fall, Irving begged the giant "not to throw

yourself on the top of me," and McLauchlin, thinking that he was down and the bout over, quitted his hold. Upon this Irving nimbly lit on his legs again, and claimed the fall, and after a great scene round the umpires the belt was handed to him. His science was magnificent, and he liked to have a very tight hold of his man, and as a right-legged striker and a cross-buttocker with the left leg he was supreme. This favourite chip of his was as keenly watched for all round the ring as Jemmy Little's buttock and Chapman's right leg hype.

George Irving and Robinson of Renwick (a very cunning wrestler) were much of the same build, and two smarter fellows never entered the ring, but "Geordie was still maister of him." J. Little from Sebergham was a less and lighter man than Irving. The latter had got rather slow and stale when they met at Carlisle for the last fall in 1831. It was an anxious moment for the backers of the old champion. "Geordie" went in to do or die, and got his man up in the old style amid a shout which might have been heard at Crossfell, but just missed him when he struck with the right leg, and Little put in his unfailing buttock. Mason of Blencogo was a strong fellow, with no great science or action, and how he disposed of Nichol of Bothel, who was one of the best hypers of the day puzzled not a few. No one understood the art better than Nichol—whose big, curly head and a double-eyed squint made him "good to tell" in a ring; but he was generally rather big in condition, and turned nervous when he was pushed hard.

Richard Chapman,* who won the belt, like Jackson, of Kennyside, four times at Carlisle, was only "nineteen come Martinmas," weighed twelve stone, and stood five-foot-ten in his stockings, when

* Now landlord of the Ship Inn, Maryport.

he made his first journey, in 1833, to The Swifts. He had never been there before, and he and two others drove from Penrith in a gig, and didn't know a single soul in the town, or where they could put up. As it happened, Chapman and one of his gig partners entered the ring together, and just as the former and his first opponent were taking hold, he saw his friend "*flying over a man's head.*" The omen was not a very pleasant one; but he set to work nothing daunted, and disposed of Armstrong ("Little"), of Bushel Bank, who strained his shoulder in the tussle. In the third round he was drawn against George Irving. "Geordie" started with his right leg and struck quick; then he tried the cross-buttock, but Chapman slipped by both legs, and threw him right back out of his arms. The old champion was above bearing any malice to "the young lad oot of Lancashire," as he was generally rumoured to be, although he was born and bred in Patterdale. "Geordie" was then a publican at Bolton Gate—which never will forget him—and had a tent on The Swifts. Spying Chapman a few minutes afterwards from his tent door, as the lad was putting on his coat and waistcoat, he came up to him with a bottle and a glass—"*Here, young man, thoo mun have a glass of porter, I'll stand treat,*" and so saying, he creamed it up, and dismissed him with the cheering prophecy, "*Never a man threw me in Carlisle ring but he won.*" Chapman was rather shy at first, and he afterwards confessed that, living as he did in such a quiet place as Patterdale, he was not sure that he had ever seen porter before, or what its effects might be. They seemed to be rather invigorating than otherwise, and it was also something that the "Irving of Cumberland" should be on his side, and specially looking out for him. The eighteen-stone Messenger met him in the fifth round, but he struck him with his left leg, and cross-buttocked him very easily.

Graham, of Loweswater, was the last stander, and pursued the same tactics as Chapman had done with the "big un," but he was stopped, and thrown in very similar style to Irving.

It was a very fine opening to a great career, which produced about a hundred prizes in twelve seasons at Carlisle, the Flan, Fauld's Brow, and all over the north. "Chapman's chip" was hyping with the right and striking outside with the left leg, and always at a loose hold. He could hype with either leg, but thought it safer to use the right, as it was easier to keep hold. He always told the young wrestlers, "If you hype with the left leg, and miss, and don't throw your man, you are liable to lose hold, and then you are at his mercy. The left leg hype requires a very tight grip; and, in fact, the finest hype is with the right leg, as the slack hold gives you such a rare swing off." Since his retirement he has frequently acted as umpire, and those who frequented the Bridekirk coursing meetings will remember his directing the beaters on the 380-acre "Tarnities," as head-gamekeeper to Major Green Thompson, and always sweet on Beckford and Sunbeam.

Thomlinson, of Embleton, and Chapman had many a hard bout, and it was a very near thing between them. Jonathan was a strong and a desperate fellow, a leary man in taking hold, but a still worse one to deal with when he had taken it. His forte was left leg striking, and clicking inside the heel; and he never could tell how he was "*flung like a bairn at Peerith,*" by Joe Abbot. The latter was brought up a farmer; but had as much as would keep him, and loved wrestling better than mud studies. He was very clever when he put out his full powers; but "he required a little clapping on the back" when a champion was crossing the ring to meet him. Banks Bowe was a big one and a tough one, and

John Blair, of Solport Mill, a strong, good man. He threw in the final fall for the belt at Carlisle a great fell-side champion, Elliott of Cumrew, who had the credit of bringing up the hank chip. If he put in the buttock, and was stopped, he then tried on this hank, and, as it were, twisted his leg round his opponent's leg, and locked it. The old school thought it "about nowt." In fact, a man is generally beaten when he puts it in, and when it comes to a hug, he loses four falls out of five through it.

Few men are better remembered than Robert Gordon, who stood wide of his man, won twice, and was five times second at Carlisle. He was about five feet nine, and never more than twelve stone, and scarcely a man in England could throw him, if they missed him with their first chip. Those who wrestled with him said that he was *"nowt but a heap of bones,"* and he held his man so tight, that many of them lay down to him rather than be *"squeezed to bits in yon vice."* He could hold Chapman, although "Dick" threw him twice for the belt at Carlisle, and had the best of him on the balance of falls. "Bob," as it were, *wrought his man down,"* when the chip had missed, and pulled him quietly over his knee with almost a giant's thew. One of the defeated once graphically described to us his sensations during the period that Bob had hold of him. *"He reached his right arm over and wrought me, and clicked me and felt me almost before I took hod."* Science was a thing he did not trouble himself much about, but his hug was about equal in tenderness to that of an Arctic bear. He was in the ring for at least fourteen or fifteen years, and nearly as good as ever to the last, and then, like poor Jackson of Kennyside, he died of consumption. Sergeant of Brampton once deprived him of the Carlisle belt, and, as the Cumbrians put

it, he "*was owre kittle for him.*" Joe was a neat twelve-stone man, and could reduce himself sufficiently to wrestle in the eleven-stone ring. The middle-weights didn't care to see him there, as he had the swinging hype off to perfection.

He was not long in the ring; but no man has left a more enduring memory than William Jackson, of Kennyside. He won four years—1841-44—at Carlisle, and was in fact "a representative man" among Cumberland wrestlers, as Chapman was among those of Westmoreland. The pair met seven times, and Jackson had just the best of it; but Chapman belonged to an earlier period, and was not then in his heyday. Jackson was fully six feet one in his stockings, and weighed about fourteen stone. He had grand, open shoulders, and, in fact, he was beautifully made to the hips, but, like Tom King, the ex-pugilist, rather small across the loins. He was too tall to put in the buttock, but he could hype with the right leg, and strike as well as click inside the heel with the left, with marvellous quickness and precision. There was no finer and better-behaved wrestler, and never was such universal sympathy felt for a man, as when he was matched with Atkinson and defeated. Big as he was, he looked a mere stripling by the side of the Magog of Sleagill, when he came out to meet him for the best of five falls in that Flan ring, which has never had so many thousands round it either before or since. George Donaldson "stood the giant," and counselled him most strictly not to make play, or Jackson was certain to have him, and his word proved true enough in one round. After going to grass, Atkinson was more obedient, and gave away no more chances, but stood like a rock, and fairly crushed his man down The late Lord Carlisle, who was looking on, presented Jackson with £5, but no pulleys

could bring up the poor fellow's heart, and he was never the same man again.

Taylor of Wythmoor, who threw "Bob" Gordon in the final fall at Carlisle in '45, and had the tables turned on to him the next year, was a rare buttocker; and Thomas Longmire, a man of about Chapman's size, was all science, and equally great in buttocking, striking, and hyping. Todd, of Plumbland, was good for a year or two; and Moss, of Temple-Sowerby, wrestled well as a "colt," and went through his men in great style for the Carlisle belt. Palmer of Newcastle was also a good man, and took Gordon as his model; and Haliwell of Penrith, an eleven-stone man, was "full of chips." W. Donald of Dearham—the home of "lal Tiffin," the nine-and-a-half-stone hero, who "has everything off"—had a unique method of pulling men on to his knee. Dick Wright of Longtown, who keeps his wrestling year after year as well as Lord Wilton does his riding to hounds, also relies very much on a specialty. It can only be described as a peculiar and most effective jerk off the breast, which no one, save Mossop of Egremont, ever seemed to practise. Mossop threw Longmire twice out of three times with it, Chapman twice, and Jackson once; and they all said afterwards that they didn't know how to meet it.

Weardale has been fertile in champions. Its Pattinson was an eleven-stone man, and good enough to win and be second at Carlisle; and Milburn, after winning in 1848-49, turned up second to Dick Wright in 1866. Robson of Weardale was good; but he was overmatched when he met Longmire for the belt at Carlisle, where Ben Cooper, a man who could do anything, strike with either leg or cross-buttock, was second in successive bouts to Hawksworth of Shap and Murgatroyd of Cockermouth. The latter began wrestling when he was about

twenty, and has gone on for fully thirty years. Chips* were not much in his way; but his figure, fourteen stone, by 5 feet 7 inches, rendered him a difficult man to throw, and he "*has settled a vast of men*" at one time or another. Noble Ewbank of Bampton was hardly so good as his father Joseph, whose style of buttocking was almost equal to Little's. As for George Donaldson (one of three clever brothers), he was as cunning as he was clever, and though only an eleven-stone man, he was nearly a match for Jackson, and in fact threw him once. Like Gordon, he was a "varra slippery takker hod;" whereas Jackson stepped up to his man, and gave the umpires no trouble with either sand-glass or trumpet.

It was a matter of a few ounces between Donaldson and Whitehead; but Jonathan won the match

* A friend has kindly defined for us the principal chips:—

1. HYPE.—Formerly called striking inside, or getting your knee between your opponent's legs when lifting him, and striking his leg out so as to drop him down.

2. SWINGING HYPE.—The same thing, but swinging your man after lifting him, once or twice round and striking. When the motions are done quickly, these two are considered the crack chips of the ring, and when well done they are decisive.

3. BUTTOCKING.—Getting your buttock or haunch quickly under your opponent's stomach as a fulcrum, and throwing him bodily over your head or shoulder.

4. CROSS-BUTTOCKING.—The same thing, only getting your man into motion, and your buttock more under him.

5. HANK.—Getting your leg twisted round your opponent's leg, so that he cannot clear it, and by superior strength and height forcing yourself over him, when he must fall under.

6. BACK-HEELING.—Putting your heel behind your opponent's heel, and running over him.

7. CLICK INSIDE.—Clicking inside your opponent's heel, and forcing him back.

8. OUTSIDE STROKE.—Lifting your man, striking outside his knee with your's, and dropping him down.

The two safest chips, and, generally speaking, the cleanest, are hyping or striking inside with the right leg, and striking outside with your left leg: your right arm being under, gives you, with these motions, great command over your man.

when they met at Waverton. Jonathan was a great hyper and buttocker, as well as a right-leg outside-striker, and used the last chip with daring shrewdness, when more cautious men would have left it alone. There are very few good strikers with the right leg. Chapman and other cracks would never put it in, as, if you miss, it is mostly fatal. There has never been a more finished eleven-stone wrestler, both as a striker and a buttocker, and in fact all round, than Jim Scott. At Whitehaven he won the eleven-stone purse eight or nine years in succession, and stood twice second to Jameson at Carlisle. Of course, to adopt his friends' language, it was safe to predict that the big'un would "*worry him down;*" but Jameson is wonderfully lithe of his weight, both in pole-jumping and wrestling, and can both hype and strike with the left whenever occasion serves.

CHAPTER IV.

T'was Strafford raised his sand-glass, and Thornton held the pen,
When to a Windsor coffee-room flocked scores of Shorthorn men.
They crowded round the table, they fairly blocked the door—
He stood champagne, did Sheldon, of Geneva, Illinois.
They talked of Oxford heifers, Duchess bulls, and how the States
Had come into the market with another "Bit of Bates."
Their expression is so solemn, and so earnest is their tone,
That nought would seem worth living for but "Red and White and Roan."
All ready for the contest, I view a dauntless three—
The McIntosh from Essex, a canny chiel is he.
There's Leney from the hop-yards—'twill be strange if he knocks under,
When once the chords are wakened of that Kentish "Son of Thunder."
The Talleyrand of "trainers" is their 'cute but modest foe,
Him whom the gods call "Culshaw," and men on earth call "Joe."
He loves them "points all over," with bright dew on the nose;
And in his heart of hearts is writ, "*A touch of Barmpton Rose.*"
And, sure, it well might puzzle "The Gentleman in Black,"
When the three nod on "by twenties," to know which you should back!
And, sure, the laws of Nature must have burst each ancient bound,
When a yearling heifer fetches more than seven hundred pound!
Bulls bring their weight in bullion, and I guess we'll hear of more
Arriving from the pastures of Geneva, Illinois.

"THE GOLDEN SHORTHORNS."—*Punch.*

Whitehall—Killhow Sale of Shorthorns—Scaleby Castle—The Western Plain of Cumberland—Mr. Watson's and the late Mr. Brown's Pigs—Mr. Curwen's Agricultural Gathering at the Schooze Farm—Champion Bulls—The late Captain Spencer's Greyhounds.

WE have approached "Merrie Carlisle" by the North, and we must make note-book forays from it—west, south, and east—ere we leave it. Skiddaw had got her wonted rain-signal from Criffell that day, and we met with a curious student

of meteorology on our way to Mr. George Moore's. He got into the train at Wigton, and desired to communicate. His language was very dark, and somewhat on this wise: "Wind's in sou'-west; noo, it's gatting roond tit sooth ye'll see sun; be it dusk, ye'll see stars better; if there's nobbut fog, it's a job." With these observations he collapsed, and we changed trains at Aspatria for Whitehall, once "The Fair Ladies" in the parish of All Hallows.

There is a tradition that it was the home of the Misses Arthuret, of whose hospitality Allan Fairford speaks in "Redgauntlet." A skilful modern hand has been at work since then; but the old spirit lingers there in all its fulness, and "Welcome the coming—speed the parting Guest" may well be carved in stone above the door. There they come during the summer in one continuous stream—archbishops, bishops, clergymen, school-inspectors, M.P.s out of business for the recess, recorders, authors, sculptors, artists with the rich harvest of many a happy vale and mountain hour in their portfolios, devotees of St. Partridge, and brother-merchants *en route* from the lakes. Lord Brougham has left traces of his stay in a complete collection of his works, with his rugged autograph in each. London Scripture-readers and their wives recruit their strength with quiet strolls and fresh mountain air; and some bright afternoon the whole force of the establishment is brought to bear vigorously on tea for 1,200 school children and their teachers. If we look seawards down the Vale of Ellon, we are reminded how the Salmon-Fishery Commissioners, Mr. Walpole and Mr. Frank Buckland, issued forth one morning from those portals; and how they waded about all day like Newfoundlands, and conducted diplomatic negotiations with millers under their very water-wheels. Some of the Fantail, Musical, and

Charmer shorthorn tribes are tenants of the park, and the venerable white horse, which Mr. George Payne rode when he hunted the Pytchley, is still earning his corn in the carriage.

Mr. Foster, like his neighbour and old schoolfellow, comes back to the scenes of his boyhood in summer, and there for a while shakes off the moil and dust of the great city. The bulk of his estate is at Killhow, which is separated from Quarry Hill by the village of Bolton Gate, whose glorious limestone spring "flows on for ever." Hard by The Bow is that little cottage-ruin where "Blackbird Wilson" held his village-school seven-and-forty years ago, and employed his leisure hours in whistling and suction, *but not at the spring!* Bolton Church was "built in a night," and the ghostly masons in their hurry put the steeple at the wrong end. But we have to do here with the building up of Mr. Foster's pedigreed herd, which is always kept at Killhow, while Quarry Hill carries the feeding stock. When he took the six hundred acres into his own hands in '61, his ideas did not rise beyond Irish cattle. Mr. Drewry, who was born near him, was the tempter, and they went together to the Babraham second sale in June '63, and bought Young Celia (42 gs.) She won at Wigton and Ireby; but did him no good. White Lily (36 gs.) of the same tribe came with her, and helped her to win the first victory (in a pair) against Sir Wilfrid Lawson's, and had three heifer calves to boot. In process of time Mr. Foster treated himself to two Fantails at the Yardley sale, Polly Gwynne and Duchess Gwynne, at Middle Farm, near Brampton; Moss Rose (230 gs.) on that memorable May morning at Mr. Betts's; and Princess 2nd and 3rd at Mr. Macintosh's next day. Thus the "Bit of Bates" expanded, and in little more than five years his labours were publicly endorsed by an average of £67 7s. 9d. for sixty-six head.

The sale-ring had Art and Nature in aid, with the massive white stone turrets of Killhow in the background, and Skiddaw looking down upon many a deep valley and silent tarn in the distance. The quiet dalesmen, who don't care much about pedigree, but like a roan bull and a "sken at the dam as well," if they can get one, trudged merrily to the scene of action. After a sale luncheon, which was of a truth to the North what Mr. Macintosh's memorable one had been to the South, the agricultural worthies, headed by Tom Gibbons, might be seen cosily seated round the ring for four long hours, cheering whenever the biddings rose to fever heat for Moss Rose and the Princesses, and smoking their "churchwardens" in supreme delight. Mr. D. R. Davies, Mr. Brogden (who was then successfully wooing Wednesbury), and Mr. Drewry mounted a low platform, with Mr. Thornton as a "Herd Book in breeches" on the box of a drag at their elbow, and a very "hot corner" it proved, when business fairly began.

Mr. Strafford, who, as usual, held a commission for "the Kentish Son of Thunder," fought Mr. Davies by 10-guinea bids from 300 (where five bidders had dropped off) up to 400 for Moss Rose. This was her fourth appearance in a sale-ring. First she fell as a blooming. Cobham calf for 260 gs. to Mr. Hales's nod; then it was "245 gs., Mr. Betts," "230 gs., Mr. Foster;" and now 400 gs. for the Mere Old Hall herd completed her Tale of a Time Glass. Duchess Gwynne (180 gs.), Princess 2nd (300 gs.), and Princess 3rd (330 gs.) were fought out between Lord Kenlis and Mr. Brogden, and his lordship won the rubber. Nothing daunted, in went Mr. Brogden for Countess Gwynne (240 gs.), and got her. At this juncture, the platform could bear such heavy volleys no longer, and collapsed amid a roar of merriment; and when Mr. Brogden and Mr. Davies lighted on

their legs, and presented themselves again on a surer footing, they were greeted with the assurance that "*weight of brass brokt doon.*" Sir Wilfrid Lawson was not long in making up his mind for Royal Cambridge, a massive son of Moss Rose, and at 240 gs. the roan was booked for Brayton. His brother, Royal Cumberland, tempted Mr. Fawcett at 160 gs., and he and the wealthy Fantail 4th, at nearly the same sum, departed for Scaleby Castle together. And so did most of the company, cheered by the beams of a double rainbow, to buy the descendants of the Elvira or Princess sort on the morrow.*

The blacksmith at the Red Dial warned us that it was "an uneasy road," as we sought Mr. Watson's. The mist was on the Solway, and half veiled Wedham Flow (beloved of snipes) and those salt-marshes on whose edge the natives set fixed engines for salmon, and "stick it out" before the Commissioners that they only aspire to flounders. As we climb the side of Cattland Fell, the great north-west

* Scaleby Castle was built about the time of Henry I., or subsequently by the Norman Tilliolfs, who got a large grant of the adjacent county both as their residence, and also as a place of refuge from the attacks of the marauding Scots of that period. When the sentinel stationed on the "Toot-Hill" (now Scaleby Hall) sounded his horn, the people with all haste collected their stock within the precincts of the double moat, or, in case of greater emergency, within the quadrangular courtyard of the castle. The outer moat is still in perfect preservation; but the inner one has for years been filled in. An old donjon keep rises to a considerable height above the other parts of the building, and has long been an almost inaccessible ivy-clad tower, tenanted only by the bat or the moping owl, while the large black martins wheel in rapid flight, and chase each other with defiant scream round the battlements. The walnut-tree, which spread its lateral arms far and wide, and the gigantic elms which threatened to push the old walls from their foundations, have all gone; but still many a fine gnarled oak holds the ancient keep in countenance. Mr. Fawcett has kept shorthorns of the Princess blood, so famed for the pail, ever since he was under Mr. Bates's roof as a pupil. Of late years he has purchased some high-priced heavy-fleshed cows, chiefly of Bates blood, and he gave 155 gs. for Fourteenth Duke of Oxford at His Grace the Duke of Devonshire's sale.

plain of Cumberland lies at our feet. "This is the old border land, memorable alike for strife and song. The impress of its troubled history may here and there be seen in the massive square towers, which yet rear their time-worn walls, telling of many a storm and siege." We feel too on another score that we hold the keystone of a strong position. Beyond the Solway, we see the birth-place of Pride of Southwicke in a wooded spur of Criffell; Lady Solway, that great nursing mother of Cumberland ham, flourished at Solway House; Maid of the Mill, Beckford, and the Blackstock "belles" have done their work near Allonby for Lytham and Waterloo; Casson's future gold medal hunter Commissioner hails from Burgh; and Crafty,* "the queen of the hackneys," is in

* Crafty, bred by Mr. A. Dalzell, of Stainburn Hall, Workington, in 1858, is by The Judge, out of a mare by Nimrod (h.-b. son of Muley), her dam a hackney mare of unknown pedigree, the property of the late Dr. Dickinson, of Workington. The Judge, bred by Mr. A. Dalzell in 1850, was by Galaor, out of Cerito (sister to The Currier) by The Saddler, out of Amaryllis by Cervantes. The Judge was not much of a racehorse, though he ran repeatedly in Mr. Dalzell's colours; while we hear he is the sire of very good riding stock in the Carlisle and Cumberland country. Crafty was purchased when a yearling at £20 for Mr. H. J. Percy, of Howsenrigg, Aspatria, by his manager, the now well-known George Mulcaster, who brought her out in the same year 1859, when she was first shown and placed third to two half-brothers by The Judge, in the yearling class of hunting colts and fillies at the Cockermouth Meeting of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Agricultural Society. In the same year Crafty took the first prize of 2 sovs. for yearling fillies by The Judge, and the second prize for yearling saddle or harness fillies, at the Wigton Agricultural Society's Show, &c. Crafty is a rich dappled brown mare, standing fifteen hands one inch and a-half high, and girthing six feet two-and-a-half. She has a neat sensible head, with a good eye and a nicely-crested neck, running into well-raised withers. She has a full chest, with beautifully laid shoulders, a capital barrel and back, with good round quarters and well-developed arms and thighs. Then her joints are excellent, her legs and feet first-rate, while she is full of power without lumber, but with plenty of length, hardy looks, and especially grand-taking action, &c.—*Farmers' Magazine.*—[Since the above was written, she has won an enormous number of prizes. She has had three colts and a filly, two of the former by Motley, and the latter by her own sire.

her box at Howsenrigg, with George Mulcaster as her proud esquire. Amid the rich pastures and "black dairies" of the Abbey Holme, lived "Sammy Rigg," that head-centre of Cumberland "statesmen," as famed for his swedes and Galloways as Mr. Rooke for his views on "Corn and Currency." There, too, once upon a time, Pearson of Langrigg had forty greys, all by Old Conqueror, from mares by The Earl and Grand Turk. Brayton, the scene of some very dashing bids by Mr. Saunders, when the herd was dispersed, is a little further down the line; and so is Blennerhasset, that Sebastopol of the vegetarians, where the engines "Cain" and "Abel" groan on their miry way, where a professor is ever composing manures, and where Christmas was kept with apples and biscuits, potatoes, and oilcake sauce.

A *Saturday Reviewer* once directed our attention to the fact that we seem to regard a country as benighted, except in those spots which are hallowed by the presence or recollection of some distinguished thing on four feet. If this be so, very little of that Cumberland landscape was in shadow, as we passed through the two greyhounds in stone at Mr. Watson's gates, and looked over it from his garden terrace. This ex-Cumberland champion of the pig lists began with the Lady Solway* breed,

* This foundress of the Solway House blood was sent by Mr. George Donald from Newtown House, near Durham, to the late Mr. Wester Wilson, of Thistlewood. She was a combination of Mason of Chilton's and Ferguson of Catterick's blood, and her daughter, Lady Solway, was a prize winner at the Bristol Royal, as well as at several local shows. Mr. Brown, of The High, had some of the sort, and they produced several fine lengthy pigs. Besides Liberator, Mr. Watson used another of his blood, and also bought Protection (a first at Carlisle and Whitehaven) from Mr. Unthank, for a double dip into Thormanby. Mr. Watson showed first at the Highland and Agricultural Society's Perth meeting in 1850, and Carlisle, Chelmsford, and Salisbury in 1855-57 were his three most successful Royal meetings. He never showed at the Smithfield Club; but he won two prizes at

and then gave Mr. Unthank five guineas for a little sow pig of Sober Watkins's Thormanby and Wiley blood, which he brought back from Netherscales in his dog-cart. She was crossed in due time with Earl Ducie's Liberator, which proved a rare "nick," both for form and hand, and did a good turn for the small Cumberland Whites. Mr. Watson may be said to owe his heads and hams to Liberator, and his backs to Thormanby, and to make assurance sure, he had double crosses of the sort. Miss West* was quite a prima donna among sows at the Carlisle Royal; but Faith (by Liberator, out of the Unthank sow) was not only bigger, but more level, and sweeter in the head. The former was never beaten; and if Mr. Watson could have warranted her in pig, he might once have had upwards of 40 gs. for her. Faith, Hope, and Charity were his first prize pen of sow pigs under six months at Carlisle, and their names created some comment. "And pray which of these three is Charity?" said an old lady, after duly adjusting her spectacles, and taking a protracted survey of the pen. "Which is Charity, marm?" said the attendant, "of coorse the biggest on 'em is Charity." "My dears," said the old lady, turning to her daughters, "I never saw it just put in that practical way before." Charity was found at the Chelmsford Royal next year with the first prize orange card over her head, and six pigs at the teat. She had only pigged two

Bingley Hall, after he gave up The Royal. His piggery was not large, and he had at no time more than four sows, and generally sold their produce at £10 to £15 off the teat. The breed had a great run while the trade lasted. Mr. Marjoribanks gave £25 each for some sows, and Mr. Wilson (for the Prince Consort and the Duke of Richmond) and Messrs. Crisp and Mangles (a pupil of Mr. Watson's father) had all a taste. Mr. Brown's showing career lasted for nearly twelve years, and the small breed paid him best. Liberator, Lord Wenlock, Thormanby (first at the Norwich Royal), and Wenlock (first at the Newcastle Royal) were his leading boars, and Liberator went from his styes at a high price to Australia.

* Miss West was by Liberator, dam by Jimmy from York.

days before she left Cumberland, and some of them were sold for ten and the rest for fifteen guineas a-piece. The journey knocked her about considerably, and she was beaten soon after by the Duke of Northumberland's sow at Cornhill. "We," "Shall," "Win," was another sample of Mr. Watson's neat nomenclature, and the three made nearly £80 at Salisbury two years afterwards. Mr. Fisher amplified the idea into "Advance Quality," "Advance Symmetry," and "No Surrender!" and it sank at last into "Aint," "We," "Stunners?"

Mr. Watson's were generally of a less and rather finer-boned sort than his neighbour's, Mr. Brown's, of The High, and were kept like his, principally upon new milk and oatmeal and barley mixed. After a fortnight, they would be coaxed into drinking a quart of new milk at three or four times. They would then have a pint at each end of the day, but never more than two quarts. No sleeping draught could be more potent, and sleep is the chief promoter of pork. The Highland and Agricultural Society was Mr. Brown's favorite show sphere, and Liberator, Wenlock, and Thormanby blood his delight. His pigs might often be picked out by the blue spots on their quarters and backs. It was give and take between him and Mr. Watson when they met in the show-ring, and Faith, Hope, and Charity had opponents worthy of them at Carlisle. Mrs. Brown was an excellent home secretary in pig matters; but her husband never knew when to sell. He refused good prices, and brought back sows, tried to reduce them for a year or two, and found them only barren fig-trees after all. Prices went down when he and others were watching for them to go up, and at last £4 or £5 could hardly be got, where £10 or £12 had been given without scruple before.*

* For a sketch of the Cumberland bacon trade, see "Field and Fern" (South) p.p. 326-332.

A little further West, and we reach Workington Hall, once the Holkham or Woburn of the North. The late Mr. John Grey had seen a great deal, and spoke much to us of Mr. Curwen and his nephew Mr. Blamire.* According to him, the future Tithe Commissioner was at that time "a quiet subject, and very much under his uncle." He attended Rosley Hill and nearly all the Northern cattle and sheep fairs, either in person or through his man Armstrong; and he had not unfrequently eight or ten horses for sale at Newcastle. When he judged he was all for quality, and the next time Mr. Grey met him, "shuffling with his hands in his pockets down Parliament-street to the House," he could not refrain from asking him if he still remembered the heifers (Mr. Grey's own) to which he gave prizes at Kelso in '31. He never judged again, and enclosures and tithe apportionments engrossed him, till after some twenty years of official life he retired a broken-down man to Thackwood Nook to die.

Mr. Grey had no great belief in Mr. Curwen, but he thought him "very clever," and he thoroughly enjoyed his annual autumn ride to Workington Hall, with his brother farmers from the Tyneside. The preparation of these modern moss-troopers for the Workington carnival was not very extensive. They came clad in the peaceful guise of top boots, or brown breeches and gaiters, and merely carried their slippers, a razor, and a couple of shirts, &c., in front of them. Jobson, from New Town, near Chillingham, would have a quiet day's farming on the road with his old pupil Joseph Dixon, at Broadwath, and discuss with him the merits of "Wetheral" and "Constitution," or the white bull of his "sort." Early next morning the two would set out on their ride together, and there was a good muster of pilgrims

* For whom in detail, see Dr. Lonsdale's "Cumberland Worthies."

to breakfast at Cock Bridge. Workington Hall was reached by mid-day. There they had two days' farming at The Schooze, and dined in a large wooden booth, where Mr. Stanley, then the great "blue parson" of the West, was the chief speaker. Mr. Curwen was at that time member for Cumberland, and the gathering had rather a political tinge about it. The host was field-marshal, and Mr. Blamire was always there to help him. Every one rode through the fields and saw the ploughs at work, and scanned the turnip drills, and then came back to finish the business portion of the day among the cattle in the yards, or at the sale of Shorthorn heifers. Mr. Curwen had also a good deal to say on new manures and the subject of salt as an antidote to sheep-rot. It was placed on slates all round the fields for sheep, and the shepherd on his mule with a sack of small blocks of it behind him was quite a feature of the day.

Mr. Curwen conducted, A.D. 1810, some fattening experiments, for the report of which the Board of Agriculture awarded him a £50 prize. His "experimental cattle" consisted of a couple of Shorthorns, Herefords, Glamorgans, Galloways, and Longhorns, and a solitary Sussex. The greatest profit was £8 10s. 1d. on Shorthorn No. 2, which increased in weight from 90st. to 115st.; and the second best was £6 16s. 5d. on a Hereford, which began at 61st. 7lbs., and made 28st. 7lbs. In the case of the former, the food, in which 6st. 6lbs. of oilcake was the only artificial stimulant, cost £7 17s. 7d., and in the latter £7 19s. 11d.; and each of them was purchased at 4s. and sold at 6s. per stone.

A race of cattle closely akin to the "Hereford rent-payers," but whose origin has never been quite unravelled, flourished about this period in Cumberland, and were familiarly known as "Lamplugh Hawkies." In his prize essay on the Agriculture of West Cumberland, Mr. Dickinson thus describes

their peculiarities: "They were chiefly dark red or brown, and some of them nearly black with white faces and legs, and usually a stripe of white along the back. The eyes were commonly margined by a narrow strip of colour, as if bound about with coloured tape." Our historian adds that they stood low on the leg, with very large carcases, thick joints and hides, and "abundance of neck leather and dewlap." As to their horns, there is no telling what future naturalists might have said from a bison or antediluvian point of view, if Mr. Grey had not explained that the Lorton Longhorns of that period could hardly enter a house, until they had acquired the dodge of twisting their heads on one side, so as to arrive at the proper angle of admission. The Longhorns cut a good figure in the Schooze experiment, but they were not sufficiently thrifty to hold their own against the Shorthorns and Galloways, with which the county was gradually overspread. The pure white Lysicks, so called from the Hall of that name, disappeared about the same time, and Mr. Dickinson recalls their fine, spreading horns and that smart figure and carriage, which rendered them so valuable for topping the dealer's lots.

In West Cumberland, Mr. Curwen, thanks to General Simpson, was a Shorthorn pioneer, and the Rev. John Benson—who introduced Western Comet and bred Prince Regent—and Messrs. Barrow, Milham Hartley, and Thompson, did good service to the cause, when the Schooze herd was sold off. The East owed not a little to the West which sent them "Studholme's Little Monarch," as he was fondly termed, to spread the Regent blood, but, unlike Maximus by Magnum Bonum, he was not a show bull.

There was not such a thing as a pure Shorthorn in the Vale of Eden when Charles Colling held his great Ketton sale in 1810. The ardour of Mr. Richardson (great grandfather of the present Mr.

Saunders of Nunwick Hall) and Mr. Mat Atkinson was so inflamed by the news of the average, that they rode off forthwith across Stainmoor to the new Durham land of promise. They made no secret of their mission, and farmers flocked from all parts to see the two white and two roan heifers, which were the upshot of it. The pilgrims drew lots for choice, and Mr. Atkinson sent his pair to one of the late Earl Lonsdale's bulls. His lordship from very early times had never lacked a good bull at Lowther. The late Mr. Hudleston preserved a tradition (which he propounded at two agricultural dinners), that the Blue Boar of Brougham and the Yellow Boar of Lowther got loose and fought in a pen at Penrith, but the yellow bulls of the East and the blue bulls of the West preserved a far more peaceful rivalry. It was a bad day for Cumberland breeders when the Lowther herd was sold, and none have noted the change so much as the jobbers and the show judges. The former always said that they would give away the point of his steers being at times rather thin through the heart, if they could only have another crop of Gainford hind-quarters. It was with this massive red bull, who so especially distinguished himself as a heifer getter, and was ultimately sold back to Mr. Crofton for 100 gs., that the bull competition sprung up, which once gave such zest to the country showyards.

It virtually began with Mr. Buston, of Dolphinby, who came to the county about 1829, and brought with him Crofton's Cripple, and Young Rockingham. At last a proposition was mooted and carried to have a five-guinea sweepstakes at Penrith, and shortly before the day it oozed out that Lord Lonsdale had bought a new bull from Colonel Cradock, at Richmond race-time, for 100 gs., which was to cut everything down. His lordship had not drawn his bow at a venture; and when the great unknown

descended from his van on to the show ground, in the shape of a three-year-old scion of Thorpe and old Cherry, the owners of his opponents too truly foresaw that their chances were quite out. Mr. Buston had sent Sir William; and Priam and Wallace represented the Denton and Troutbeck herds; but the fiat of the judges was fully endorsed by the great majority of the spectators, and Mr. Blamire declared in his speech that evening that he did not think there was a better bull than Gainford in England. However, a different opinion obtained next year, at the Carlisle Show, where Priam, nothing loth, confronted him again, and Mr. Studholme's Maximus was declared the winner.

Mr. Sober Watkin was generally pretty handy in the show yard, and Cumberland came boldly out, at Mr. John Maynard of Harlsey's sale, with ninety-five guineas for the yearling bull Chorister, by Velocipede. This bull was let to Mr. Troutbeck, of Blencow, and his calves as well as Wallace's heifers formed a strong item in that gentleman's catalogue when in 1838 he for the first time gave his conventional invitation to his "friends and well-wishers at Blencow, at 12 o'clock, where they may rely upon farmers' fare and a hearty welcome." Old Dorothy Draggletail, by Marmion, was purchased by Mr. Parkinson for 29 gs., and re-named Dorothy Gwynne. Mr. Curwen took Strawberry (19 gs.), which was descended from a cow bought at Bishop Goodenough's sale. Thus two rare keen judges picked out the cows which afterwards made the herd, and founded two essentially "Cumberland tribes."*

We are not going to wander so far as Ravenglass and the grave of Velocipede,† but we must not leave

* The Blencow herd was sold off by Mr. Strafford, in 1859, at an average of £56 12s. 6d. for 41 head. Twenty-six Gwynnes averaged £66 16s. 9d.

† See "Silk and Scarlet," pp. 241-44.

the neighbourhood without a word for the late Captain Spencer, an equally good judge of a greyhound and a Shorthorn. John Irvine, whose good-humoured face and burly form in a green coat and a rough cap are so familiar to every public courser, was his trainer. When "the sason," as he styled it, was over he might be seen as busy as a bee, now with the greyhounds, now with the silver pheasants or the fowls, now with Leila, Lizzy, Sappho, Bloom, and the rest of the Shorthorn herd, in fact putting a helping hand to anything and everything, just as it came. The Captain used to say that he never heard of him being thoroughly out of temper, except when a brother-trainer came to the kennel, and would insist that Sunbeam's tail was not rightly set on. He might have said what he liked about John himself, but the runner up to King Lear for the Waterloo Cup was too cherished an object for such critiques. John despised jelly in training, and did not care for flesh. Biscuits dipped in beast's or sheep's head broth were his great specific, but try as he might, he could not get up Sunbeam's muscle for his third Waterloo Cup effort, and he sent a highly-laconic telegram from Altcar announcing the fact to the Captain, who was detained on a special jury at Carlisle. Sunbeam was a delicate dog to train and always a light feeder. He had a mild eye, and a small and beautifully turned head, which might have belonged to a bitch. An open country with drains suited him, as he hated fencing, and would hardly face a gate. His speed was good though not quite first class, and his work when he got in very level and beautiful. John used to watch with such rapture for "the white belly as he cam roond with his hare." The Captain often gave an imitation of John when he arrived from the Scottish National, leading Sunbeam with one hand, and carrying the Douglas Cup wrapped-up in his handkerchief with the other. The

presentation of "the mug" to him on the drive by John was the first intimation he had of his victory. Seagull was a totally different dog to Sunbeam, a great rusher and very resolute, and requiring a very strong hare to steady him down and let a judge see how good he was. His temper was nasty to the last degree. He wouldn't play and he wouldn't let the others play, and he cut "the Seagull crest" all over them to that extent that he had to be muzzled both in kennel and at exercise.

CHAPTER V.

"A very important toast has been placed in my hands. It is no less a toast than the health of the Lord Lieutenant and the Magistracy. Well now, the Lord Lieutenant is a very celebrated agriculturist, and so great is the interest he takes in agriculture, that he has carried his agricultural improvements to the top of Shap Fells. I believe, gentlemen, that is the ordinary speech to make about the Lord Lieutenant on these occasions (great laughter). As to the magistracy, 'the great unpaid,' they have always conducted themselves in a manner honourable, consistent, satisfactory, and disinterested in every way, and we can have no doubt that they will in future continue to do the same (Hear, hear). That, gentlemen, is, I believe, the proper thing to say about the magistrates (cheers and great laughter). * * * Now as to draining and the steam plough. There is another thing that wants draining, perhaps more than the land. I think people's minds want draining (cheers and laughter). Get the fences removed; get the stones removed; and above all, get old prejudices removed, and steam-cultivation will pay."

Mr. Wm. Lawson, at the Penrith Farmers' Club Dinner, 1865.

Mr. Unthank—Old Cherry and Captain Shaftoe—Nunwick Hall—Among the Herdwicks—Mr. Crozier's Hounds—Wetheral—Farlam Hall and its Greyhounds—The Brampton Coursing Meeting.

MR. Unthank is a familiar figure to the frequenters of our shows, not exactly from the white bulls of Chillingham to the pilchards of Penzance, but at all events from the Tweed to the Medway, and in the Isle of Man. He gave up his Galloways about 1834 in favour of Venus, by Crofton's Cripple, and old Cherry came on to the scene at Netherscales about the beginning of 1843. She was calved in the summer of '28; but nature seemed to have exhausted itself, and she was tied up

to feed. For years she had been a sort of heroine in Mr. Unthank's mind, although he had never seen her; and when, by the merest chance, he heard of her doom, he set out at once for Yorkshire, in quite a spirit of knight-errantry, and bought her, with her fifteen years on her head, for nearly twice as many pounds. He had rather a weary time of it getting her across the Westmoreland moors, and the venture did not look very hopeful, as her first calf "Wonders" was a very bad one. Captain Shaftoe *

* This bull's history was a less chequered one. Mr. Unthank had become deeply smitten at Richmond with his short legs, rich quality, and gay looks, when he was the first-prize yearling of the Yorkshire Agricultural against Belleville, Cramer, and Belted Will; but there was no little difficulty in persuading Mr. Lax to part with him for £200. The late Mr. Benn, always enthusiastic in the shorthorn cause, lent the Lowther van, and as Mr. Unthank sold "The Captain" after a couple of seasons for a £100 advance to Mr. Loft, of Lincolnshire, his second Richmond thoughts proved as good as his first. Mr. Parkinson, of Leyfields, gave the last bid of 325 gs. for him at the Trusthorpe sale, and won in the aged class with him at the Northampton Royal, the same year that his half-brother, Baron Ravensworth gained that honour among the yearling bulls. After coming second to Mr. Bates's First Duke of Oxford, at the Yorkshire show of that year, he changed hands a fourth time, for 140 gs., to Mr. Smith, of West Razen, who kept him for five years, and then sold him to his brother, in whose hands he died. He had a great propensity to fatten, and got his cows very good and compact, but rather too small. Prince Imperial, a winner, and a very neat little bull, with a good deal of his blood on both sides, was at Nethersceales on the day of our visit, fresh from beating the "swell racing bull," Mr. Wetherell's Statesman, and a large field at Coldstream; and Master Hopewell, who was quite a "silky laddie" in his coat, and bred by Mr. Barnes, was in the stall which Booth's Benedict and Freemason have both held in their day. Daphne Gwynne was also there, and equal to upwards of 26 quarts a day in the height of the grass; but Valiant and Emily (the dam of the celebrated Emma) had been sold to Colonel Towneley, Blue Bell to Mr. Douglas, and Emperor Napoleon to Sir Charles Tempest, and since then Mr. Unthank has gone in steadily for Booth. On one occasion he all but "skinned the lamb," when the "Cumberland and Westmoreland" met at Appleby, by taking nine animals, and getting eight firsts and one second; and the defeat of the prize heifer of this Society, and the Carlisle prize heifer of the year as well, by Baroness Amelia, at Penrith, was his last achievement in the ring.

had arrived at Netherscales the same year, and the cherished object appeared at last on September 4th, 1845, in the shape of his daughter, Queen of Trumps. The old cow was so weak after calving, that when Mr. Unthank left her to fetch a drink, she fell sideways on to her calf, and nothing but the greatest care and incessant inflation through the nostrils with the kitchen bellows brought it round at all. In process of time "Queen" grew into rather a nice little heifer, and bred Second Queen of Trumps to Belleville, in the days of his twenty-five guinea renown. The old cow, whose name is historical in connection with the Killerby and Warlaby herds through her son Mussulman became so much crippled, that Penrith had the eating of her in '47. Second Queen of Trumps was then chopped away to Mr. Douglas, of Athelstaneford, for Baroness Amelia and two others; and her cross with the 400-guinea Captain Balco, produced Third Queen of Trumps, who swept the three royal national two-year-old heifer prizes on "the grand tour" of '58, and died within sight of New Orleans that winter, with 450 gs. on her head. Such were the Netherscales variations upon the popular "Cherry Ripe."

A seven-miles ride past Plumpton, the home of the late Bob Gordon, the wrestler, and on through a fir-and-heather-clad country, brought us at last to the pleasant vale of the Eden. The afternoon shadows were chasing each other on the Crossfell range behind; and our companion, who was cunning in cloud-language, foretold that the helm-wind—of which we had heard the Rev. Mr. Watson of Cumrew discourse so well, two-and-thirty years ago, before the assembled *savans* at Newcastle—would be out for his wild revels among shed-roof and hay-stacks before nightfall. Nunwick Hall, with its old manorial grange, and its knoll of oak, ash, and sycamore, which crowns the home-meadow, looks

the shorthorn home to the life; and the stone bulls rampant on the gate-pillars keep fitting watch and ward. The late Mr. Saunders was full of quiet enthusiasm, and we often think how he showed us his capital stedding, how Nunwick "walked so well away" from us, and how he placed the white Roman-nosed Pearl in position under an ash, as a type of his shorthorn faith.* Since his father's death in 1866, Mr. Saunders has kept up the shorthorn charter. They hold, however, a divided allegiance in his mind with Sweetbriar (late Jane Anne), the heroine of three well-fought fields, and Sam, the Whitehaven Cup winner, and other S's of the coursing world.

"Twenty-six there and back" had not a consoling sound, as we left Keswick one December morning

* Homer, of Lord Spencer's breeding, was his first good bull, and it was by a cross between him and the Windermere tribe, that Mr. William Parker brought out the Pearls, for which Mr. Saunders went in so boldly at the Yanwath sale. A few White Roses were the only relics of the first Nunwick Hall sale, and with them and Abraham Parker Mr. Saunders went to work to found his second herd. It was sold off just before the Carlisle Royal Meeting, and Filagree (150 gs., Mr. Alexander) helped up the average to 40 guineas for fifty-six. Fanchette (31 gs., Mr Sanday) was the speculative purchase of the afternoon, and only a Pearl heifer-calf was "left for the land," when

"The last wheel echoed away."

Mr. Saunders did not leave her long with 300 acres to herself, and Fleda and Lady's Slipper were bought at Fawsley the next year, after a punishing finish with the Americans. Mr. Torr mounted a ladder near a stack amid the pour-down of that historical day for shorthorns, and bought Garland and Chrysalis for himself and Mr. Sanday, and each of them produced ten calves; while Alix and Cold Cream proved a perfect cornucopia of calf and dairy produce at the Royal Home Farm. Fleda was in-calf with Baron Fawsley, and the cross with Prince of Glo'ster produced Nunwick, who in his turn was the sire of Mocassin, from Lady's Slipper, the bull that Mr. Adkins selected as the corner-stone of his third herd, as being full of Favourite blood. Nunwick was a good show-bull, and at Penrith, in 1859, Messrs. Culshaw and Douglas placed him, after a very long discussion, before Mr. Watson's General Haynau; but he was beaten on his next public appearance by Captain Spencer's Young Ben.

on a walking tour to the Honister Crag end of Buttermere Lake. The way was very dreary, when we were fairly on the muirland, with nothing to break our sullen tramp mile after mile, save the sound of Keskadale Beck, as it grumbled over stones and under water-gates, and the faint bleat of the Herdwicks as they crossed the road, and sought for a sweeter bite by the springs in the rock. The distant opening in the hills was won at last, and the holly berries near Buttermere Church (which has been built afresh, and has been duly cut and scribbled upon by tourists) foretold Christmas Eve. Hollies also formed quite a dark emerald parapet to a hand-bridge, as we followed the side of the lake. The Scotch firs were mirrored in its waters; and as the bitter wind went through them, and mingled its sigh with the roar of the waterfalls, it seemed as if we had come to the shore of a dreary, unknown sea, which breaks eternally on the shingle, and never ebbs or flows. There was a snug home amid trees and shrubs, with some well-to-do wethers in its meadow, and then, again, there was nothing but dark waters and a leaden, lack-lustre sky, while the comment of a native, "*We've no corn—only a few acres for taties,*" made things seem drearier still.

Mr. Nelson lives at Gatesgarth, at the head of the lake. Knights of the Garter sit with their banners over their stalls, and this celebrated breeder of Herdwicks is somewhat in the Windsor-Chapel fashion. Three beams and the cornices of his best parlour are covered with the prize-cards and rosettes of victories, which he has won in the show-yards during six-and-twenty years. There are some three hundred in all with the blue and orange cards of the Newcastle Royal, signed by "*Brandreth Gibbs.*" The rest have been won principally at Cockermouth, Keswick, and Whitehaven, and "I have had my share," as he modestly says, "at Fell Dales." Red

rosettes predominate, mingled with magenta; Whitehaven sports "true blue;" and Keswick is faithful to the tricolour. There is such a profusion of them, that "a year or two have got missed, and thrown into cupboards somewhere." The head of the departed tup, Thousand-a-Year, was away at the curer's, and hence there was nothing in the shape of still life, save that of a frosty-nosed gimmer.

Cumberland and Westmoreland, and a very small portion of Lancashire, may be said to monopolise the Herdwicks; and Eskdale, Wasdale, Buttermere, Ennerdale, and Loweswater meet in peaceful rivalry at the Fell Dales Association. Shap, and Ulverston knew them well.

"Secure they graze,
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise,"

where the last king of Rocky Cumberland set up his mountain throne; and they wander over the slopes of Skiddaw and Saddleback, and the south-west side of Cross Fell. The scattered and primitive "statesmen" who hold the slopes of Helvellyn and Loughrig, or till the small farms near Grasmere and Langdale Pike, consider them as worthy rivals to the Lonks, and steadily disdain a cross. Once upon a time there was such a difference between the sheep bred "Above and Below Derwent," that they had separate classes on the Fell Dales day. Gradually, however, the Above Derwent men, by taking pains and not sparing their hay in winter, went up to their rivals' heads, and in the county tongue they "*have now got to be maister.*" There are occasionally as many as forty Fell Dales exhibitors, and some of the largest will bring a hundred sheep with them, "of one mark or another" and show them for prizes or sweepstakes.

Of their origin we have no very clear account, but there is a local belief that the progenitors of the race

escaped from a Spanish ship, which was wrecked near Morecambe Bay. At all events they picked their country well, and have established their name so surely from a perfectly wonderful endurance of short commons, that some of the flocks number between seven and nine hundred ewes. Blackfaces have been tried, but the ewes more especially failed, in consequence of the climate and the scanty nature of the grass; and there is the same tale to tell of the Cheviots. In fact, it has been found impossible to farm against the Herdwicks, which have been improved in some hands into "a thick, foody sheep," with points which a few years ago might have been looked for in vain.

Each fell preserves the same ear-mark for generations, and the farmer takes to the flock with his farm, and leaves it at a fresh valuation (which very much depends upon whether he has given them hay or not) to his successor. All the marks are registered in a quarto Shepherds' Guide for Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lonsdale North, and the flockmasters meet annually at Kirkstone Top for the exchange of the sheep which have gone astray during the course of the year. The star on the face or the far side, as at Coathow, is among its symbols; and one which "is just a raven clapped on near side;" typifies

"Ravencrag black as the storm."

Red pops on the crown and tail head have their conventional significance, and so have strokes over the fillets; while, except in the case of Ravencrag, the ears are generally cut or keybitted or underkeybitted, or cropped, till very little of the original is left. The mark on the Gatesgarth side is both ears cropped and a pop on the tail head. "Twinters" or shearlings have a red pop on the head, and wethers a black pop in all flocks. Sometimes the tails or the

top of the head are all red, or the ear will be "square forked" or cut at three.

So marked, they wander away into "the land of mist and snow" over the fells (where there is often nothing but "the water deal" to show the boundaries of the different farms), and live there half the year.* Still they do not stray very far from their own haunts, and by way of saving trouble and enabling the ewes to make for the tup, he is generally ruddled. The loss on such perilous rambles is by no means slight, and fifty out of six hundred ewes is not thought a very large percentage. Some are clumsy,

* "The flocks are sometimes the property of the landlord. On entry on to the farm, or on the 5th of April, "viewers" on each side, usually neighbouring farmers well up to the work, are appointed who report on the various numbers and classes, such as rams, ewes, wethers, and hoggs, specifying the proportions with the value of each per head. The tenant gives bond for the value, and is to deliver similar numbers of like value and condition or make good any deficiency at the end of his tenancy. In other cases the sheep-stock belongs to the tenant, who, nevertheless, takes and leaves them at a valuation, as if once the '*heaf*' be lost it is difficult to recover. The right of common of pasture is appurtenant to the ancient tenement, and is described in letting a farm as unlimited. * * * * Those having most land adjoining or near the fell, and living convenient to it, will take more than their proper share, so long as human nature remains as it is, and always has been, while those further off must be content with less or nothing. The keen competition amongst the stock-owners and shepherds now and then leads to sheep-hounding, worrying, assault and battery, and work for the lawyers. Among the old hands, Sunday is often the favourite day for a quiet dogging of the neighbours' sheep off the best ground. The sheep have wit enough from experience to move off sharply on hearing the whistle of the hostile shepherd, without waiting for his dog. As a general rule each flock knows and keeps its own 'heaf,' or particular part of the common, usually known by pretty well defined boundaries, such as a 'skye,' prominent rock, or a watershed, but this is a mere matter of convenience only; there is no exclusive privilege, the whole common is open, and sheep can be turned on any part so long as there is no 'dogging' or driving off others. The Herdwicks in particular possess a strong natural instinct in keeping to the heaf where they are yeaned, and have been known to return thereto from very long distances, crossing rivers and other obstacles, sometimes with the lamb following."—Crayston Webster's Prize Essay on "The Farming of Westmoreland," R. A. Society's *Journal*, vol. iv., pp. 13-14, second series.

or venture in a hard time too far on to the rock edge for a few fresh "pickles," and a sudden blast clicks them off. The farmer can watch them tumbling more than half a mile from the top of Honister Crag; and we have seen three ewes lying dead at its foot together. When they survive such perils they have been known to live to eighteen and even beyond. It is in their ability to tide through a Siberian winter that the real "blue blood" of the Herdwick comes out. Sometimes they are so snowed up on the hill side that it is impossible to get at them, and they can do little more than scratch for a bit of dead bracken. In a storm they are excellent generals, forming themselves into solid squares on the most exposed part of the hill until it sweeps past, and then trying to trample down the snow by a combined movement.*

* From the end of July till November is the most cheery time for the flock-master. The nip of winter begins about Martinmas, and it is always the first and often the middle of June before the grass is ready. Hence it is no wonder that Herdwick maturity is a thing of slow growth. On the higher fells the ewes have no lambs until they are three years old or "showing" (to use the Fell Dales term) "more than four broad teeth." They are generally drawn by hundreds, according to their fleece or bone, so as to suit each tup, and are put to as late as possible, so as not to lamb much before May-day, when they are brought off the fell and sent back again with their lambs at the end of three weeks. Except at lambing and tupping times, wethers and ewes range together; and the gimmers in the intakes are carefully "clothed up." If 560 lambs can be got from 600 ewes it is a great matter of congratulation. The lambs suck until October 4th, and are then taken to the lower ground, and after receiving their "hogg" title with the butter and tar, they are sent away to milder climates for the winter. Arable farmers will take them in at 3s. 6d. per head up till March 25th, but as it is such an especial point to place them out near the sea, prices will run up to five or six shillings. They are stationed all along the coast from St. Bees' rocks, southwards to Ulverston, but still many flock-masters only send their "tops" and "tails," and let the "middles" take their chance on the intakes. The sickness from which the hoggs suffer, and for which "a change to the salt water" seems the only cure, is like blackwater in calves, and of all durations from half an hour to two days.

The choice of the cast ewes does not depend so much on age as on selection and the wants of the customer, and they will vary from 20s.

If the wethers are left till they are four or five years old with only mountain fare, they will average about 12 lbs. a quarter and the ewes from 8 lbs. to 10 lbs. "The better end" of the former are generally sold out at from 25s. to 30s., whereas a few years since, £1 was quite a "rest-and-be-thankful" price. The fleeces have also moved with the times, and are no longer such a curious compound

to 23s., but a great many are sold for 17s. or 18s. For a picked lot of twenty in a dear time as much as 30s. has been got. Many of them go off into the lower enclosed commons about Lorton, Wythop, Embleton, &c., which have been well limed and drained; and the lambs, of which they have sometimes three crops by a Leicester, will make their 16 lbs. or 17 lbs. a quarter as well-fed shearlings. "What will they say at Cockermouth?" is a question which has long since lost its political meaning, but still it is never out of the dalesman's head, as that little town is their auction mart, both for fat and store sheep, each autumn.

The face and legs of the breed are speckled or rather grey mottled, and become greyer and whiter with age. If the face is grey, it should shade off to white towards the nose to suit the keen Fell Dales critic. Tups have generally two or three curls to their horns, and the absence of horn in a female is not a desirable sign. The horns should be white and "slape," not too small or too close, and rising well out of the back of the head. A light grey or "hoar-frost nose" betokens constitution, and the nostrils should be wide and strong, and affixed to a long and bold head. The ears should be white and sharp, and stand well up, as any tendency to droop betokens a want of spirit to grapple with hill life. A good eye, a broad forehead with a tuft on it, and a rustiness about the poll, are all solid requirements, as well as wool up to the ears, and good "heckling," which in some tups looks like a lion's mane. It is also one of the flock-master's chief aims to get them as wide as possible between the fore-legs, and with a broad breast placed well forward, as the forequarter is chiefly relied upon both for constitution and the scales. The knees should also be strong and "the bone thin to the fetlock, and then a big white foot to follow." Despite the difficult ground which they have to traverse, the best breeders try to get them well filled in behind the shoulders, and round in the rib, and the less false rib they have the greater their power of bearing hunger. There is a tribe amongst them which has fourteen ribs, and these are preferred whenever they can be got. They should also be straight on the hind-leg and well muttoned down to "the camerals" or hocks, while the tail should be thick at the root, and just long enough so as never to want cutting. These are the show points, but the majority of flocks fall very far short of them.—Royal Agricultural Society's Prize Essay (H. H. D.). 1866.

of coarse grey hair and kemp. If there are a few grey hairs now "it sars the buyers to talk about," which is something gained. They vary very much, according to the severity of the winter, from 1½ lbs. upwards; and Mr. Nelson's Royal Newcastle prize wool averaged 5½ lbs. unwashed from five-year-old wethers. The fleece, which is coarse and open, is divided into two or three qualities, as the hecklings and breechings cannot be used with the rest. Kendal, where monthly sales by auction have been established, is the great mart for it, and 18s. 9d. per stone is thought a good price. Much of it is used for coarse woollens and rugs, and it often returns to its native dales in the shape of full cloth suits for the winter. Clipping day in July is the dalesman's only festival of the year; and the flockmasters all make a point of coming to help each other. There is generally a good deal of arguing as to which has the best tup, but "it is all agreeably settled over a glass and a pipe." They also discuss the prowess of "the Patterdale dogs," nine couple of foxhounds and four terriers (which Mr. Marshall sends over for a fortnight at intervals to keep down the foxes), and they pass the rest of the time with "cheerful bits of sangs," and in drinking "Confusion to the Scab" and "Pack Sheets and Ready Money," until the barrel of nut-brown ale is ready for turning at last.

Mr. Nelson's father was originally shepherd to Mr. Marshall, and he and his son had a sheep farm at Loweswater Church Stile. The son has occupied Gatesgarth for some twenty years, and holds his fell under Lord Leaconfield and Mr. Marshall. He and his three sons work the flock, and use dogs, mostly black, and descended from an old bitch, which had 102 pups in her time. She was of "old Geordie Nelson's breed," and quite a public character on a Fell Dales day. "Bright" and "Blink," her lineal

descendants, are in full force, now with the "*Up Bank!*" and "*Down Bank!*" business, for which prizes are given annually at Kirby Stephen. Mr. Nelson lets about 100 tups at all prices, from 2 gs. to 5 gs., and the selling tariff ranges as high as 12 gs. For very noted tups more can be got, and Thousand-a-Year brought £30. His g.g.g.g.d. won at Ennerdale in 1845, and his g.g.g.d. lived till she was eighteen, and then died from an accident. This monarch of the lakes (who got his lambs rather dark-necked) is brother to Prince Talleyrand, and their own sister is dam of "Joe, the Gatesgarth Champion." Joe "could always bang the rest," save once, when he was second (a position which his uncle, Prince Talleyrand, held five times over to him); but "he was not in fettle," and could not go to the Newcastle Royal. Mr. Allan Pearson's "Blue Joe" is by Joe, and the blood is so diffused through the dales, that Mr. Nelson is "almost beat to get a tup not akin to him." The Joe ewes have been great winners in his hands, and it is upon them rather than tups that he depends on show-days.* Old Talleyrand, with his somewhat coarse coat, and mane like a lion, came out of his pasture to greet us. So did General, who had more of the Exmoor style about him, and a very pretty lot of prize ewes.

Pedigreed shorthorns have found their way to this

* Mr. Nelson showed but did not win at the Carlisle Royal, where Mr. Robinson, of Orton, swept the board. Among the other great breeders and showers are Mr. George Irving, of Wythop Hall (the owner of Sportsman, of Mr. Allan Pearson of Lorton's breed); Mr. T. Pearson, of Ennerdale; Mr. George Brown, of Troutbeck, Ambleside; Mr. William Robson and Mr. Robert Briggs, of Wasdale Head ("master of them all once"); Mr. Allan Pearson; Mr. C. Rawson, of Nether Wasdale; the Ritsons of Caldbeck; Mr. John Tyson, of Gillerthwaite, Ennerdale; Mr. John Tyson, of Torr House, Ennerdale; Mr. Joseph Roger, of Threlkeld, Eskdale; Mr. Ralph Tyson and Mr. John Birkett, of Scathwaite, Borrowdale; Mr. John Clarke, of Buttermere; and Mr. John Sanderson, of Thornthwaite, near Keswick, &c. Of these, Mr. John Tyson will lamb from 800 to 900 ewes, Mr. Nelson about 600, and the rest from 500 to 400.

quiet lake-head. Cent.-per-Cent., by Booth's Welcome Guest came, as his smart name would almost denote, from Mr. Jefferson. St. George was there from Nunwick Hall, and the herd were "as far bred as a deal of folks," which is true enough. They have won at Keswick and Cockermouth, and walk the 12 miles to victory, in the good old fashion. Delicate as they may be deemed, there were turkeys in the farmyard, and there, too, was "Lal Jack," from Borrowdale, one of the most affectionate of foxes. He is generally kept on porridge to prevent any offensive smell; but he seemed on that day to have had a slight dividend from the Christmas black-pudding preliminaries. The lake foxes are a great nuisance, and Mount Beale in Burton's Combe is perfectly honey-combed with earths. Two of Mr. Nelson's sons were off to blast a burn at Burnscarth, to try and recover a terrier which had been lost to sight for five days after a fox. Its two companions had gradually backed out of the earth, and just as we were talking of "Dandy," he limped up a perfect skeleton, and very sore from the in-fighting. A fell fox, which Mr. Jackson Gilbanks describes as being "fierce as a tiger, and long as a hay-band, and with an amiable cast of features very like the Chancellor of the Exchequer," is very bad to kill "top o' t' ground," and still worse when he gets into a burn. Not long since a single foxhound ran one till both could hardly trot, down to Gatesgarth, and into the lake, where, greatly to the foxhound's relief, "Bright" gave the finishing throat-nip.

Old John Peel was for many years the hunting hero of Cumberland; and Cumbrians, who never met before, have grasped each other's hands, and joyfully claimed county kindred in the Indian bungalow or the log-hut of the backwoods, when one of them being called on for a song, struck up

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey?"

He seems to have come into this world only to send foxes out of it, and liked plenty of elbow-room for his sport. Briton was a very favourite hound; and when old John died,* and his pack was broken up, young John sent the little black-and-tan to Mr. Crozier, of the Riddings, near Keswick. This gentleman hunted the Blencathra pack while old John was still in the flesh, and the hounds joined drags two or three times on the mountains. Saddleback, which is just behind his home, and "the dark brow of the lofty Helvellyn," which fills up the distance as you look from his snuggery window, and flanks the vale of St. John, are, along with Skiddaw, his three great hunting grounds. Still, he is at times all over the lake country, and goes right away into Lancashire. A few years since, when he had been master for more than a quarter of a century, the Cumberland and Westmoreland men gave him a very handsome testimonial. It was a silver tureen, with a mounted huntsman and hounds on the cover, and round the stem some hounds among the fern running into a fox and a hare. The handle of the punch-ladle—for punch, not hare-soup, was its more peculiar destiny—was the brush of a Skiddaw fox. Poor little Isaac, the huntsman, was not forgotten; and he received ten guineas and a "new rig out" of scarlet and green. Two old men, Joshua Fearon and John Wilkinson, each aged 78, who had been, as the Scottish shepherds phrase it, "at a deal of banes-breaking" (*i. e.*, breaking-up a fox) ever since childhood, attended the presentation; but the senior was John Hodgson, a Nimrod of 84, from near the "ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall," in whose parish hounds have been now kept for more than one hundred years consecutively.

* "*D'ye ken John Peel, &c.,*" is quite the Cumberland anthem, and has been very admirably set to music by Mr. Metcalfe, Chiswick Street, Carlisle.

Mr. Crozier supports the village custom well, and has quite the goodwill of the lake district. He says that, whether he is benighted or hungry, or feels weak with fatigue on the mountains, he never lacks a welcome from farmer or cottager. The farmers' wives and daughters "walk" the puppies, while the fathers and brothers hunt with him; and Wordsworth tells of the love of the lakers for a hunt. As in Devonshire—

> "What cared they
> For shepherding or tillage?
> To nobler sports did Simon rouse
> The sleepers of the village."

The Blencathra pack has been in Mr. Crozier's hands for eight-and-twenty years, and he brings up four or five couple annually. He drafts about two couple each season, and since the railway ran so near him, he loses two couple on an average. Ten couple form his regular pack. Soon after he commenced hunting, he had a hound named Butler, which is still spoken of as the crack of the district, for carrying a cold scent down a road. Many of the hounds are kept by the neighbouring farmers; and when Mr. Crozier went into his yard, and wound his horn for the hunt, the unfailing Butler was the first to come cantering up, Threlkeld way, waving his stern with delight at the prospect of another day's fun on the fell. Clasher, Blueman, Briton, Ruffler, Tilter, and Brewer were all good hounds: the last-named would generally lead in his day; and white Rally, Ruby, Fairy, Young Fairy, and Cruel supported the honour of their sex.

The pack meet between eight and nine o'clock in the winter; but from February to May, which is the regular fell season, they cast off at daylight or soon after. Up to Christmas they hunt hares in the vales; but if they do strike the line of a fox, they never refuse to give him a run for his life. Foxes are often

found on Carrock, The Dodd, Castlerigg Fell, Wallow Crag near Derwent Lake, the Armboth Moor, and Naddle Rocks, Barfe, as well as Braithwaite and the Newland Fells, and in Brundholme Wood occasionally.

The best runs and the largest number of kills are on Skiddaw. Carrock is a great hunting ground; but its foxes are very hard to kill, as there are so many strong bields or rock earths. Of late years Castlerigg and Wallow Crag have been surer finds than of yore. The foxes are generally dug out when it is practicable, as the farmers have been made anxious about their lambs; but there are many places whence they cannot be dislodged, unless the terriers are up before they have had time to get their wind again. On an average, ten brace are killed in the season. The field varies from half-a-dozen to two score of pedestrians, according to the population of the district. Horsemen seldom venture, as the bogs and fells would be too much for them. Twelve years ago these hounds ran a fox from Skiddaw, and next morning they were discovered asleep near Coniston Crag. He was found about 2 p.m., and after two or three rings he went away by Millbeck and Applethwaite, past Crosthwaite Church and Portinscale, to Sir John Woodford's cover, from which he stole along Catbells, through all the rocky ground in Borrowdale, then away to Black Hill in Ulpha, where he went to earth about midnight. Some of the shepherds in the Vale heard the pack marking him at the earth, but before they got there he had bolted towards Broughton-in-Furness. From point to point, the run was thirty-five miles, and it would be quite safe to add twelve or fifteen more for the rings and the up-hill and down-dale journeys. It was through the most rugged part of the lake district, and no one ever knew whether the fox, like Sir Roger de Coverley, "made a good end of it" in the huntsman's sense of

the word. Runs of from three to four hours are not unfrequent, and as the fox, with the open fells before him, is very loth to leave the one on which he was bred, he runs in circles like a hare. They are of all sorts and sizes, and nearly all shades of colour, and in pretty settled weather the scent is as good, if not better, on the mountains than anywhere else. Tongue is very desirable, and Mr. Crozier's strain of harrier blood enables him to keep his basses and tenors in perfection.

The Saddleback, or more properly the Blencathra range, has no cover for a fox except the rocks, a little ling, and a few juniper bushes among the heather. The base of Skiddaw, including the Dod and the Barfe, is best covered with larch and whins. The Castlerigg, Borrowdale, and Armboth Fells have good covers of oak and hazel;* but the fox prefers keeping to the rocks rather than the woods, and they generally drag up to him rather than chase him. Calm and rather damp weather suits scent best on the high fells, and it will often hold on the hills when it will not do so in the valleys, and *vice versâ*; but scent is such a delicate and difficult problem, that many think that it varies very much with the bodily health of the game.

Joshua Fearon was the old huntsman, and the one under whom Mr. Crozier graduated, and he still lives hearty and well at eighty. He had a capital voice and good hound language, and knew every move of his game, from a fox to a water-rat. Isaac Todhunter, or "Lal Isaac," succeeded him, and hunted the pack for just a quarter of a century. He had "a good deal of Josh's science off," and was always clad in a Lincoln green coat, scarlet

* "As far as I am able to judge, larches and Scotch firs grow stunted at an elevation of 1,200 to 1,500 feet, and hazel, dwarf oak whins, and other native underwood at one of 1,000 to 1,200 feet." —J. C.

waistcoat, and corduroy breeches. The poor little fellow died after a few days' illness of bronchitis last November, and John Porter reigns in his stead. Besides Mr. Marshall's, the Mell Break, the Cockermouth beagles, and the Bowness and Mr. J. Hartley of Moresby's harriers also hunt the lake district. Trail hunts are hardly so much practised as they were. Twenty or thirty years ago, the prizes ranged from 5s. and a pair of couples to £5. The distance was from five to twelve miles, and Threlkeld Hall Rattler and Stark's Towler, Parker's Rattler and Wilson's Gambler (both Caldbeck dogs), Gilkerson's of Carlisle and Rodger's of Preston, were the leading winners.

But we have dwelt, perhaps, too long on Cumberland, and its associations, and we must pass on to another part of the border land. The brown garron which did us such good service from The Orkneys to Kensington, is sold, and cropping the Midland pastures. There was no need for her in a land of boundless railways; the pad was hung up with the macintosh as a trophy to the God of Storms; and valise in hand we book at Wetheral for our English tour. The Carlisle and Newcastle is a patent safety line, more than thirty years old and equal to sixty miles in three hours with punctuality and despatch. Express trains it considers to be a delusion and a snare, and every train, bar one, stops at every station. When it was opened in state, the Mayors of Newcastle and Carlisle returned to the Carlisle banquet in a truck, with sword, mace, and serjeant, protected only from the pour-down by a tarpaulin. Its up and down trains ran for years on the reverse side to every railway in existence. By way of compensation to the pockets of the coachmen and guards, which it originally threw out of work, it engaged them in the latter capacity, and, by way of consoling them, it enacted that they should eschew the conventional

green, and stick to white hats and scarlet coats. A neighbouring railway elected a policeman with a wooden leg; but our old friend was not to be outdone, as it had, years before, selected a man with no legs as station-master, and when the train arrived, he rode about the Blaydon platform on a donkey collecting the tickets.

It is "the leafy month of June," and Corby's woods look down in all their freshness on the Eden below, and seem to fling their shadow over the church, beneath whose "marble hearse," which the genius of Nollekens called into being, their rare old master, Henry Howard, lies buried. Three or four "perpetual curates" have stood in that Wetheral pulpit since the days of Mr. Stanger, that lean and learned sixth wrangler, whom no bishop could tame. Bluff Goodenough and courtly Percy were all one to him; and, if the latter asked him by circular for a return of the value of his preferment, he only responded by a full list from the *Churchman's Guide* of "the sinecures held by your lordship." Morning service and sermon seemed with him a matter of barely an hour and ten minutes, and an egg and a soda-powder formed his Sabbath mid-day portion. His conversation was not so homœopathic, but the pace was the same. He was as staunch to his principles as his church-brethren, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Ramshay; and on an election morning the Liberals knew without canvassing that he would arrive in his chaise at the Carlisle booth, and poll for them in the first ten minutes. John Hodgson, the clerk, was another equally steadfast pillar of the Church, and right proud of his office and his pitch-pipe. His solemn shakes of the head, as he led the responses and the choir, were most telling; and he took care that there should be no mistake as to his professional status when he wrote to the railway directors for a gate-keeper's place, and

assured them that "*I and my stout sons can not only keep but carry the gates; yea, even the gates of Gaza.*"

A strong taste for letter writing once cost him a world of anxiety. He was one of the parties to a chancery suit, and nothing would serve him, but he must drop a line to Lord Lyndhurst who was then on the Woolsack. No notice was taken of it, but for weeks, one neighbour or another "learned in the law" kept suggesting that he had been guilty of contempt of court, a phrase of dreadful import which "hung about me like a cold." A knot of farmers were wont to make a point of taking counsel with him on the subject among the tombstones before morning service, and as they invariably summed-up with "*John, your life's forfeit,*" his desk-devotions for several sabbaths were of rather a wandering class, and he hardly dared to meet a postman on the week days. But we must quit these parish elders.

Our first halt was at the Milton Station, and we walked down the line to Kirkhouse, a great coal-mine depôt, which old George Stephenson knew well, when he was merely an assistant engineer. He presented the late Mr. Thompson, sen., with his first engine, "The Rocket," and it stood there for many years, and was then sent to the Kensington Museum. Talkin Tarn, where Lord Wensleydale was wont to admire the wrestling "chips" of Dick Wright, is not half-a-league away, and boating men love to tell how Bob Chambers came to its regatta as a stripling. Alas! a "weed" sown by wind or birds, or, as some say, by a careless pleasure-seeker, has overgrown the lake, and spoiled the fine reaches where the "Had-away Bob!" was so thrilling. At all events, we may say with Wordsworth—

> "The wind had better been asleep,
> The bird caught in a snare."

Farlam Church had fallen since we were last there, two dozen years ago, and a new one is built on the knoll above the old graveyard. It was on this "fair hill-side" that Lord Carlisle laid the first stone in one of those summer periods of political leisure, which he spent among his schools and with his neighbours, and ever about his Master's business in and around his beloved Border tower of Naworth. Now that he is gone, many remember fondly how he alluded on that day to his departure for the last scene of his labours in Ireland, and how he asked them sometimes to "Follow me in thought down that silver strip of the Solway you may see from this hill, across the broad waters to the shores beyond, and then remember me in the prayers that you shall put up within the walls now to rise here, that I as well as you may be strengthened and guided for all the work to which our God may call us."

Behind the church is the mile gallop, over which the late Mr. G. A. Thompson's dogs used to take their breathings. The ground has plenty of undulation in it, and they finished on the sheep-hills behind. On the other side of the road, west of the church, is the "Waterloo Ground," with abundance of ditches; but the trials have generally come off at Brougham. Mr. Thompson lived about half-a-mile from Kirkhouse, at Farlam Hall, whose beautiful garden, with its rich variations of ground and flower-plots, and its brook, where the water-cress grows, might well divide his allegiance with the long-tails. The latter taste was in-bred, as his father always loved a brace of greyhounds, and won the first Brampton Cup in 1830 with Burke. Mr. Thompson began in 1846 with a borrowed dog, Clarke's Tindal, at Lytham. He was immensely fast, and on this occasion he had no less than eight undecided courses, and ran up after all. In due time Mr. Thompson began to fight

for his own hand, and bred a Brampton Cup winner, Titmouse, by John James Henderson's Nutman, from Merrybird (sister to Emigration). She was a wonderfully clever 39lb. brindle, rather long on the leg, and like Lobelia for lightness—"no substance below, and all muscle on the back." Plough-land was her *forte*, and she ran remarkably well in Scotland, where she divided with Jacobite.

It was the running of Mariner when a puppy at the Caledonian meeting, when he was put out in his first course, that decided Mr. Thompson to send Titmouse to him; but all of the litter save Truth died. Truth (48lbs.) was very great over the Ashdown hills; but she lost her third course in the Waterloo Cup, where the Cumberland men backed her for a hatful of money. Poor John Gill looked the picture of misery on the bank when the fatal flag went up. They have always had a fancy for "Thompson's nomination," and their allegiance has been sorely tried, as Tempest, the first that Mr. Thompson ever ran in the Waterloo Cup, was fourth, Theatre Royal third, and Trovatore fourth. Fate was certainly most coy with Farlam. Tirzah (48lbs.) was the best of the second Mariner and Titmouse litter—very quick out of the slips, and fastest of all the bitches to the hare. She led Sea Foam to the hare when a puppy for the Waterloo Cup, and was drawn after an undecided course, and ran second to Ewesdale for the Bridekirk Cup. Mr. Thompson also bred King Death during the three seasons that he hired Annoyance. He had the choice of two puppies from her Canaradzo litter, and took that nice light runner Tullochgorum and Theresa (who never ran in public), while King Death, Armstrong Gun, and Gertrude were passed over to Dr. Richardson. Tullochgorum (58lbs.) was a Brampton Cup winner, and he and Ticket-of-Leave (by Bridegroom, out of Shepherdess) were in the last three for the

Altcar Stakes of 60 dog-puppies, when Brundritt's Burgomaster won. Tullochgorum was very fast and clever—not a stayer, but a rattling killer, and he generally managed it in the fifth or sixth turn before the soft spot came out. Ticket-of-Leave (62lbs.) on the contrary was "a regular Lanercost for staying," rather short in the body, and so savage and determined, that he would go on when his feet were almost cut to pieces. He was a good Ashdown dog, and he won two cups in Whitehaven and Galloway. Mr. Thompson always considered Tullochgorum the fastest and handsomest dog he ever had, and Tirzah his fastest bitch, and in their trial the former had the foot of the two.

Theatre Royal (48lbs.) was the best friend to the kennel exchequer, and always went best on plough land. She was by Cardinal York, out of Meg-o'-the-Mill, and of the same litter as Princess Royal, who was given away as a puppy. Latterly, she had her liberty, and required little training. As her trainer, Willie Scott, said of Tullochgorum, she was "very easy-minded." She was not long in showing herself, seeing that as a sapling she turned up a hare single-handed in great style near Kirkhouse, and she always worked her way up through the ties, and finished first or very nigh, though a trifle deficient in pace. They considered her faster than Trovatore (50lbs.), until their Waterloo trial at Brougham. Trovatore was a very durable bitch, and quite as clever, and decidedly better at Altcar on the grass than at Southport on the plough. Lobelia and she were a "tight fit"; but, although Trovatore was great when she was "the woman in possession," she had not quite the pace of the Waterloo winner. Sackcloth did a good deal in his Waterloo year, and so did Patent; but she worked nearly as hard as either of them, and ran well in high company at the Altcar Club, the Waterloo, the Southport, and the Scottish

National within six weeks. In her first season she was of no use, and, sad to say, had puppies by a cur dog. She derived her staying power from Ticket-of-Leave (62lbs.), and there was no great hereditary pace on her dam Touchwood's side, who was a clever killer, and quite a "plough farmer." Touchwood avenged her sister's Tirzah's defeat upon old Cheer Boys; but she came in season too often to train well. Tempest (60lbs.) by Telemachus, out of Governess, was a good puppy, but very hard to train. Sunbeam beat him in the Waterloo Cup when he was only sixteen months old, and he had won at Lowther before that. He was a remarkably savage dog, and very nearly had his pound of flesh out of the cockneys when he went to the London Show.

Tirzah and Traviata (sister to Animus, and then only a mere whelp), were among the four or five which Mr. Thompson retained when he sold off his greyhounds at Aldridge's in the spring of '67. All Tirzah's litters, save one, have had a brindle in them, which shows the stain of old Titmouse. It came out in the Terrific litter through Trustee, who was a slashing runner in his puppy days, and made the highest price (60 gs.) at the sale. This colour-lot fell in the Cauld Kail litter on a 29-inch dog, which was tried to be the best of the half-dozen at Brougham, and was no manner of use at the Altcar Club. His own brother, Test Act, divided the Sefton Stakes with Grey Steel at this meeting, and this was the last time that Mr. Thompson ran a dog in public. When we were at Farlam Hall that autumn, his Rather Improved saplings from Tirzah were duly ushered in after dinner for inspection, and they were certainly, as he said, "true greyhounds to the eye." He left word for his friends, as he passed through London about Christmas time, that he would see them on his return from Nice; but it was ordered otherwise, and when we entered Lynn's on the Waterloo Tuesday, we learnt the news of his death.

He lies not on "the fair hill-side," but far away on the shores of the Mediterranean, and he will always be remembered as the kindest-hearted of men, and one of those genuine coursers who could bear both defeat and victory.

The coursing is a very great feature of the Brampton year. It was nearly a third of a century since we had been at it, and then it was merely an eight-dog stake, and run off near Naworth Gate. We had good reason to remember it, as it was the first bit of reporting which we had ever tried. A rough dog from Little Corby won it, which "had trained itsel'," and the owner, to his great amazement, got a five-pound note for it the next week, and attributed it in a measure to the "blazing report" in the paper. A week before thirty shillings would have parted them. Now the venue is shifted to Askerton, some five miles over country on the Bewcastle side. Kingwater is in this district, and it was at a farm-house there that the celebrated flyer of that name was walked. Coursing is quite a Cumberland weakness; but we met a couple of farmers *en route*, one of whom declared that he preferred the barriers, and would only plead guilty to one bet, "a glass of cold ale with a publican" on the Cup. The Tile-kiln was in view at last, and the two bits of scarlet among the rushes showed that business had begun. The red cloak of Bella was also a most conspicuous object, and "only second to the judge," as she herself observed. This lively old lady keeps "The Travellers' Rest," somewhere near Gilsland, *alias* St. Ronan's Well, and she appeared here with a basket full of spirits, and paid ten shillings for the vivandière privilege of following the line of march. The Committee have been obliged to make this rule, as they were annoyed last year with a regular army of sutlers. "*They aw ken me weel,*" said Bella, and certainly Bella makes them ken her. She does use such potent words of exhortation to bachelors, and

cracks such jokes on Benedicts, that she may well be a popular character. Her red cloak was quite a banner at last, and really after seeing her ditch-jumping and general performance on all manner of ground, we can take for granted what that venerable woman says of herself, at nearly seventy, that "*I'se as clean in the shank as ever I was.*" She adds: "*I can loup dykes and climb a hill geyly weel yet—I'd run ony of the young'uns, but I must have it doon hill.*"

Askerton Castle, an old Border keep, whose tenants keep open-house during the meeting, is a leading feature of the first day. A great many rushes had been cut since last year, and those which were left produced boundless runs. In fact, one philosopher laid it at "*ten hares to half-a-yacre*" in one field. Tullochgorum, Crossfell, Titmouse, and other cracks have all won or divided the Cup here, and Fanatic, who ran up for the Douglas Cup, was among the thirty-two Cup dogs that morning. Strange Idea was a great favourite, and was drawn against Bay Middleton, from the Wetheral district. Twice over they had a "No go," and at the third time of asking, Strange Idea didn't seem to run with any fire. The Secretary was his owner, and on the second day his farm-house at Greenburn, where the oat-cake is supreme, followed suit with Askerton Castle. Little Watercress, from the Farlam kennel, made capital work when she beat Earl Grey. We were amused at the demurrer which her sub-trainer put in to the suggestion of one of the London Press, that the hare had favoured her in the run-up: "*May be; but they'll still place themselves with sic gentlemen as yon.*" Despite the rough and "chancy" ground over which we coursed, the day was an amusing one, and the enthusiasm extended into the very bowels of the earth, as there would scarcely be a man at Messrs. Thompson's colliery who was not in some sweep or other on the two events, and keenly alive to the victories of Destiny and Mabel Smith.

CHAPTER VI.

"I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high heroic name,
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the sultan's crescent moons;
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought For King George at Lexington,
As major of dragoons.

* * * * *

This last half stanza—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup.
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world, is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market town.
And this, alas! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrians and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From Royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne. *Fitz Greene Halleck.*

Visit to Mr. John Grey—Recollections of the Booths and Mary of Buttermere—Sir John Sinclair and his Merino Wool—The Turbulent Bull—Lord Althorp and his Shorthorns—A Downing-street Interview—Newcastle Races, the Slipping Race—Sir Charles Monck—Woodhorn—A Felton Festival—From Morpeth to Belford—The Wild Cattle of Chillingham—The Border Leicesters.

WE bid good-by to Cumberland, and look out at parting for the towers of Naworth, and that wooded vale of Lanercost, whose sanctuary moulders

in calm decay amid the fertility which it called into being. There are well-known faces at the station for Gilsland, and anon a walk of a couple of miles from Haydon Bridge finds us grasping the hand of John Grey of Dilston, a very honoured name in all the North Countrie. To sit with the fine old man was indeed like

"Converse with old Time;"

but we once only had that happiness, and although we often corresponded, we never met again. It was something even for that short space to quarry in such a rich mine of thought and experience.

He was at Dr. Tate's of Richmond that renowned "grinder of gerunds," and "digger of Greek roots," along with the two Booths. Richard was stout then and did not care for running, but in water he was "good enough to drown a salmon." He would float miles out to sea, and he would sit and tie his shoes in some of those twelve feet pools on the Swale. The pair lodged in the market-place at Mrs. Geldard's, who gave them the character of being "both quiet boys." John was not then given to those constant flashes of drollery, which made him the best of all good companie at manhood. Mr. Grey was also with the Rev. William Sewell in the Vale of Lorton, and he entertained the most lively recollections of reading Virgil in the yew tree, and of the steaming brown dishes of potato pot, which every dalesman loves. It was for the latter that the poor students from St. Bees looked out so affectionately at noontide when they served the churches in the lake district, in consideration of a hempsack, 20s. a-year, and a whittlegate or free-dinner run. Once there came a man who did better at the whittlegate than the service. To explain it in his own words, "I was in such a hurry to be at them with the homily, that I quite forgot the litany." Mary

of Buttermere had bloomed when Mr. Grey was at Richmond, but he never failed to tell how, when he visited Lorton and Buttermere again, he danced with her at "a bidden wedding." She was a tall, comely woman with auburn hair flowing down her back, but "a bad partner in a dance, as I was always losing her, when she ran to attend to customers in the bar or look after the oatcake."

Mr. Grey was the friend of Culley on the Border, and his Richmond school-life secured him introductions to the Collings, Charge, and Maynard. With them he spent his holidays, and when Dr. Tate asked him what they mostly talked about he replied in classic phrase, "Comet *et id genus omne*." Farming was in a very rough way when he first learnt it. "There was nothing but foldyard manure; they hardly knew how to sow away clover seeds. Havre, and Havre again, give it a bit of management, and sow it in barley—or its geyly grass prood—so just let it lie to rest." Being of a literary turn Mr. Grey was generally engaged with some agricultural report or other, and one of his earliest labours was looking over the proof-sheets of Sir John Sinclair's "Code of Agriculture." He became acquainted with Mr. Godfrey Sinclair when he was a pupil with Mr. Jobson. Sir John was great at that time upon Merino sheep, whose price rose considerably during the Spanish war. It chanced that the baronet was visiting at Floors Castle, and every one made a point of handling his coat, which was Merino-woven, and of complimenting him on its texture. Sir Harry McDougall, after hearing a discussion upon the wool specimens, declared that he had some as good, and produced a sample. Sir John handled it, and declared that it wouldn't work as there were some coarse hairs in it; and when Sir Harry was questioned as to what it was, he turned the laugh by saying that he got it out of the pocket of Sir John's own

carriage as it stood in the stable-yard. A good deal of jealousy was felt about Sir John, and the story did not fail to circulate.

In 1833, when he was in his very prime at 47, Mr. Grey was made the commissioner of the Greenwich Hospital, and his management of the estates, in which he was followed by his son Charles, will always mark an era in Northumberland. No man's mind ever ran less in ruts. "Grey of Dilston" was henceforth a great name in Northern Agriculture, and continued to be so to the last. He was a ripe, good farmer, always among the first to adopt every agricultural improvement, and a thoroughly safe one for tenants to follow. There could not have been a more felicitous choice on the part of the council than when they entrusted him with "The Labouring Classes of the Land" at the Royal Agricultural Society's dinner at Newcastle, in '46. He was loudly cheered throughout, and more especially when he argued in favour of leases *v.* tenancies at will. "We have been told," he said in conclusion, "that there is a limit to agricultural improvement. It will not be reached in our day. So long as we have unimproved land and tenants at will we shall never reach it."

He began the Tweedside Society, which was ultimately blended with the Border as "The Border Union;" and when he was in his zenith as a shorthorn breeder, he once took the first and second prizes for bulls, or nearly £50 in one day. His herd was principally built up from General Simpson's North Star (full brother to Comet), and he also bred direct to the Collingses through Mr. Donkin of Sandhoe's blood. The General journeyed from Fifeshire to Buxton every summer, and always stopped at Milfield, by Glendale on Tweedside by the way; and he died at Ferrybridge on his return. Young Star was the best bull he ever sent to Milfield, and Mr. Curwen and Mr. Blamire

could not resist riding over to see him. Some of the Fifeshire farmers pleasantly assured Mr. Grey when he bought him "*Aye! man, what a price for nowt? but he's a bonny beast 'an he had been black.*" "*If he had been black,*" said Mr. Grey, to their speechless amazement, "*I'd not have carried him home.*" The General had bred from Mason as well as Colling, but Mr. Grey did not care about the former, as he thought him tricky and all for form, and that his herd became hard in the touch and lacked constitution.

At Lord Althorp's suggestion he wrote the first county essay (on "Northumberland and its Agriculture") in the *Royal Agricultural Journal.* Mr. Grey's intimacy with his lordship arose out of a constant interchange of Leicesters and Shorthorns. The Wiseton sheep were small and of Buckley blood, and crossed well with Charles Colling's larger sheep, which were then fast occupying the Scottish frontier. Mr. Grey had let the rams of the cross for many years, and the G wethers soon had plenty of butchers on their track. At Wiseton seventy cows and heifers would generally come up to the sunk fence, in front of the dining-room, and Mr. Grey did not need much rousing for "*just another look, Grey.*" It was his lordship's boast that he had reformed his whole stock with Regent, when he was condemned to the butcher as useless. Nonpareil (370 gs.) did him no great good, and he was "never really successful till he got the Chiltons." Sweet William, Orontes, Wiseton, which figures in the picture of a "Quiet Day at Wiseton," and Ranunculus (the sire of Belinda) were all leading bulls, and so was Usurer, of which Lord Ducie said that he "could give shoulders to anything." Lord Ducie and Sir Charles Knightley were men of like passions, but in Plenipo's year they couldn't resist the Doncaster Cup Day,

while Lord Althorp and Mr. Grey went off to look over Mr. Champion's herd at Blyth. Hunting was what Mr. Grey loved best, and he enjoyed it much in his youth with the hounds of Mr. Bailey of Mellerstein. We remember, with what keen delight, he quoted to us the remark of an old shepherd, upon the riding of one of his grandchildren: "*It's just yen of those Greys—it's in the bluid—they canna help it.*"

Lord Althorp came to Milfield to see the agriculture of the Tweed, and his keen shorthorn eye never failed to mark a Midas wherever he met one. He hired Duke from Mr. Donkin, and also sent down one of his huntsman's sons to learn how to farm, and turn the penny the right way. "Coke has two or three crack farms," he was wont to say, "where the tenant dare not have a weed, here there's uniformity, the land's farmed for farming's sake." One of Mr. Grey's stories about a bull delighted him. "*Aye! he's gone again,*" said the poor man, when he led his visitor to see his bull, and only found a mighty *debris* of bricks with earth and dead gorse; "*he often breaks out here; he's like Sampson, he carries off the door-posts and a lump of the wall at once; all our place is so bad, we've not a house that will hold him; we call him Lord Brougham.*" The Chancellor of the Exchequer might well say, "I'll tell that story to Brougham, when I get back to London."

Lord Althorp cared nothing for politics in comparison with his shorthorns. The Reform banner might

> "Float over Althorp, Russell, and Grey,
> And the manhood of Harry Brougham;"

but he loved rather to sit under one at an agricultural meeting, which told of "Hoof and Horn" and "Speed the Plough." When Mr. Grey called upon him at Downing-street, and saw "George" as a pre-

liminary, the latter remembered him and gave a little dry laugh: "*You've come about cows, sir, so you'll not have to wait long.*" Sure enough his Herd Book lay beside him on the desk when Mr. Grey was announced, and formed the text for the next half hour. Every Monday morning, his lordship received the most accurate budget of what cows had calved during the week, with the calf marks, and he did very little work till it was all transcribed into his private herd book. This morning he handed Mr. Grey a letter. "*There's a letter,*" he said, "*from Carnegie; he admires my political course, and he writes from the Lothians to say that I shall have the first refusal of his bull.*" Then he so characteristically added—"*I've written to thank him for his political confidence, but I've told him that there is a flaw in his bull's pedigree, he traces him back to Red Rose, but Red Rose never had a heifer calf.*" At Smithfield or the Royal he would work a whole day in his shirt-sleeves, and at Shrewsbury, the very year before his death, no one bore such an active part in putting the stock into their proper stalls. "*Once out of office,*" he was wont to say, "*and they'll never catch me in again.*" Nothing but the strongest sense of duty bound him to the Exchequer. "*I find a little relief on a Saturday night: but on Monday morning I just know how a man feels who'll throw himself over London Bridge.*"

We bid our old friend good-by, little thinking we should never meet again, and sped on our way to Newcastle. The Tyne was running in a muddy, turbulent torrent beneath the Stocksfield bridge. It once overflowed the Bywell village to such an extent, that the Fenwick hunters had to be stabled in "The Black Church;" and it not only drowned a huntsman who tried to cross, but it carried him (so the villagers vow), by the force of its current. right across the German Ocean, and cast him up, with his horn still slung over his shoulder, on the beach at Ostend. A

short cut over the Park—in which Matchem and The Duchess took their breathings, and won upwards of twenty thousand, both at the post and in the paddock, when Fenwick was Lord of Bywell—leads to Mr. Atkinson's farm, more commonly known as "Peepy." It belongs to Mr. Beaumont, the member for the southern division of the county, who lives at Bywell Hall, and it includes the Park in its seven hundred acres. Three-sevenths of it are in grass, and the Park, which, judging from the limits of the old course, was hardly thirty acres in Matchem's day, has now swelled to a hundred.

The brothers Atkinson are by no means the pioneers of Shorthorns in this particular spot. Styford High and Low Woods recall to a Herd Book ear the memory of "Jobling's old sort." A narrow strip between them shows the early haunt of Wellington (who was let for fifteen years at £100 per year), and the firs rang at times with his bellowing, much less musically than they do now when The Tyndale are finding. Those were days when Tithe Commutation was undreamt of, and hence Wellington calves came in due course to Mr. Johnson the clergyman of the parish, and one found its way to Mr. Atkinson's at the old man's sale.

Mr. Atkinson senior knew Mr. Bates, but the prophet had no honour in his own country, and although he went over to see him, he did not care to buy. Archduke Charles was Mr. Atkinson's first bull. After him came Sir Harry, from Mr. Thomas Jobling, who bred direct from Mr. Collings's sort; and then his son Bangup, who was never in the Herd Book, and had fall after fall of red calves. Sir Harry was duly entered for the Ovingham prize of 20 gs., which he won, and Mr. Jobling was so jealous of his looking well, that Mr. Atkinson's earliest recollection was seeing him come, and "off horseback and at the bull with his scissors,"

to get his curly frontlet into perfect trim for the judges.*

It is many years since we saw Newcastle races, and our recollections are not with Underhand or Caller Ou—words hard for Northumbrian lips—nor yet with Dr. Syntax or Gallopade. They go back to an intermediate period, when "Slashing Harry collared Henriade," when Beeswing beat Black Diamond, when Harry Edwards by a mighty effort shoved "lazy Lanercost's" head in front of the Hydra's, and when a Yorkshireman was so cleaned out by Naworth's defeat, that he put up his slippers for sale in the coffee-room at the Queen's Head that night. We remember, too, the grief which fell like a pall on the Moor when Lanercost, with Calypso handy, beat Beeswing on the post through the deep ground for the Cup, and how every tongue was loosened when she paid off him and his corns next year in the dry. We like to recal that time and all its actors—dark-eyed "Sim" in his heyday; Job Marson, a young fellow of five-and-twenty, just earning his spurs on Charles XII.; Mr. Ramsay at Lanercost's head, as Noble saddled him, and listening to the pale enthusiast from the Bush Inn, Carlisle, who was taking up his parable; and old Bob Johnson, in his long black coat, drab breeches, and gaiters among the glasses and decanters (like Baron Nathan among the eggs at Rosherville), retreating suddenly ere he stammered out a sentence before the coat-tail pull of the Squire of Nunnykirk, who flings down his scarecrow hat, puts himself in "the

* Of late years the Atkinsons have bred from Col. Towneley's stock, and had several of the Beauty tribe which the Colonel got from Mr. Bannerman and he from Mr. John Booth. They used Abraham Parker and "Dick" (who did a great deal for them), and when they began to go in more for Booth, they had Prince Patrick, a pure Booth bull, from Mr. Grove Wood, of Ireland, and hired Manfred from Mr. Thomas Booth.

teapot attitude" on the table, and pours out his Attic eloquence in old Beeswing's name.

It was at Newcastle that Sir Tatton Sykes (Scott) took part in a great sliding-match, which utterly ruined Fancy Boy. Four started for that Northern Derby, and the ground was so soaked with rain that Bill Scott, after many ups and downs, was finally left at the Newcastle turn with Little Jack Horner (Francis) to keep him company. The memory of the Derby which he had just lost "on the Surrey side" did not tend to tone down Bill's ire, and never was Mother Earth more emphatically denounced. Fancy Boy was also on his hind-quarters at that point; but Sim recovered him, and abjured Job on Dolo to "*Keep wide of me at the Coal Pit turn, for fear we slide up again.*" The presentiment was too true, as when they reached it Fancy Boy slipped, and slid some five-and-twenty yards, Sim sticking to him with his arms round his neck. Even in this fashion the pace was pretty good; but Dolo got so far ahead that he was never reached again, and the chapter of accidents put some 600 gs. into Lord Eglinton's pocket. Two hunters out of four came to grief in the next race; but a nice, drying night set things quite square for the morrow.

It was a favourite saying on Tyneside, when poor Bob Chambers was in his rowing prime, "*Bob isn't a man—he's a steam-engine; he was 'cast' at Hawks', and 'fitted' at Stephenson's,*" and we think of both man and "fitter" as we leave the coaly Tyne, and spy on our northward way the cottage and birthplace of George Stephenson amongst the anything-but-"sunny farms of Killingworth." All the great spots of interest at first lie to the left of the line, beginning with Cramlington, which sent a first-prize cow to the Newcastle Royal, and is familiar to another generation in connection with Sir Matthew, Mr. Boag, and the hounds. Sir Walter and Lady

Trevellyan's herd, which showed a good Newcastle front against "the proud invader," browses west beyond Belsay. Nunnykirk is "some miles over yonder," and so is Belsay Castle, where the hatchment is just up for "the old baronet, with blue bandages on his fore-legs" (as a "memoir man" writing about him and Gamester observed), who died when he was upwards of 88, and won his maiden St. Leger at 80. His racing tree had its tap-root in Twinkle by Orville, and it bore a crop of paying fruit in Cast Steel, Vanguard, Vindex, Gamester, Vanity, Gadabout, Hunca Munca, Hepatica, Prelude, and Galanthus. He was very fond of them, and very fidgetty about them, and on one occasion he took the whim, and wrote his trainer specially, to counter-order Vanguard for Newcastle; but the letter miscarried, and the horse won. Still, he would always have preferred an afternoon with The Antiquary or the Iliad to a racing one, and he was still translating the latter when he died.

After Morpeth, the scene shifts to the other side of the line, and the portly form of Mr. Angus, of Whitfield, standing in a field of fog among his Border Leicester lambs is to us quite a herald of the district. Beyond the fine coursing fields of Bothal,* where Jane Anne first won, and which the "Els" know well, is Woodhorn, whence Mr. Jacob Wilson

* The Bothal meeting is held over sixteen thousand acres of the Duke of Portland's property, near Morpeth. A large portion is permanent grass land in ridge and furrow. The fields are not generally above fifteen acres; but many hedges are being removed at the Club's expense. Hares are so plentiful that they recently ran off a 134-dog-and-bitch puppy stakes, and a 32-dog all-aged stake in five days, and yet only beat one-third of the ground. The present Club is a renewal of that which flourished twenty years ago, and the second founder and president is the Hon. Mr. Ellis, nephew to the Duke of Portland. In addition to the Spring and Autumn (open) Meetings, there are fortnightly ones, which are well attended. There is no truer type of a pleasant club to promote good sport and good feeling in a county.

brought his gay, aged bull Duke of Tyne, by "Dick," to win the first Royal prize at Worcester. He was bred by Mr. Spraggon, of Nafferton, on the Tyne side; but his new owner marked him for his own as a calf, and but for Forth, he would have taken first Scottish honours as well. Since his day, a pair of Fowler's ten-horse engines have been at work, and "torn up" some four thousand acres, and Dream of Pretence and Golden Link and Lady York are fast laying the foundations of a second Carrhead hard by the Eastern seaboard.

Mr. Samuel Donkin is not "bending in adoration before the divinities of the sea-shore" to-day; but Felton is all alive at his bidding, and as secretary of its agricultural society, he "receives" both in a flower-show marquee among the Castle Woods, and also in the show-field. Thirteen gold cups won by Dr. Syntax, XYZ, and Gallopade are ranged among the flowers; and if "Doctor" had only won the Preston Cup at the last time of asking, four gold shoes would have been added to that store. The sun shone bright on a very animated show-field. Voyageur, the eternal, was there, to the deep grief of the exhibitors of hunters, for crab him as they may in private, judges always had him handy at the finish. There was a fine Colsterdale mare with first-prize ribbons on her head, and just then all the more looked at for Lecturer's sake. Littlecote, Gamester, and Canny Fellow foals, and some very good ones among them, were grouped with their dams all over the field, and there was many a good word spoken to Gamester's memory, though the Royal judges said that he "could neither walk nor trot" on the day when he and Laughing Stock and Cavendish were before them at Newcastle. Mr. Jacob Wilson had a four-year-old grey hunter and a chesnut "racing pony," and both won first prizes; and (with Golden Link and Lady York in aid) he

and Mr. Annett achieved so many honours that, after dinner in the booth, one or the other seemed always on the tramp to the chairman for cups or bank-notes. There was "the marvellous exposition of the fine arts of the dairy" in a tent, where butter temples were built to the sylvan gods, and rare skinned eggs were arranged in plates. Of course we drank to the fair designers of such architecture; and Mr. Donkin, who had recently told us, with his wonted wealth of expression, of a villa near Corbridge, "an embellished abode fit for Juno and her peacocks," and "the splendour of whose floral and arbiferous productions might tempt an angel down," eulogised the ladies generally to their faces as "the roses and the lilies" of the day.

There is gladness too at the board when Sir Matthew (the chairman) tells that the Privy Council have withdrawn their edict, and that the Irish ram buyers will be at Kelso that year. As we travel towards Chillingham next day, "the Barmshires" seem to be everywhere, save in Chevington Wood, that reclaimed fox cover, where the shaggy stots from Falkirk are up to their knees amid the young oaks and heather. We have them in the foreground, as we sweep past Chrisp's, of Hawkhill, whose bulls Manfred and Phœnix are not the least in the annals of the "Herd Book" and the show-yard. Mr. Bosanquet, of The Rock, has another century of rams coming forward for Kelso, with rare size and skins, on those fine undulating slopes not far from Howick Hall. The Coquet, so renowned for its fishing songs, flows over its rocky bed from the moors, and we connect to its name, not with trout merely, but with many a good coursing day, Dr. Richardson and King Death. A peep at Falloden as our train hurries past reveals Sir George Grey "slaking the thirst of battle" in St. Stephens, with a quiet book on his drive; and now we are bowling into the little

town of Belford, to whose Old Bell, with those comfortable red curtains, Lord Wemyss comes thrice a season for a fortnight at a time. The way from there to Chillingham is over a fine, wild moor, of which Will Williamson might say in truth, "Well, be thanked, the fox and the hounds have their liberty." Kyloe Crags, the Field of Flodden, Ford Castle, on whom old Cheviot himself looks down, Ross Castle with its heronry, and Hepburn Wood, dear to the woodcock, are all in that expanse of rock and ling, while Chillingham Park rises as it were terrace upon terrace, with the white dots not far below the sky-line, which tell of its famous "cattle."

There

> "They are grazing, their heads never raising—
> There are forty feeding like one,"

and we have to discard at the first glance every wild-bull-thought for Wordsworth's milder rhymes. Our ideas change an hour after, as on the keeper's old horse we ride the hill, and cautiously keeping near a strongly-fenced plantation, so as to be able to abandon the horse on an emergency, and retreat over the rails, we get within a hundred yards of them. We might have got nearer; but a herd of startled bucks trotted past them, and as one rose they all rose, and moved off at a foot's pace, the old bull behind, and the king bull leading. The latter will find years tell on him in his turn, and when he is seven or eight, two younger ones will attack him fore and aft, and he will walk moody and downcast like that deposed monarch in the rear. The herd is generally kept up to 11 bulls, 17 steers, and 32 females, or three score in all. They are made steers of even up to four years old, and it is found even at that stage to improve the beef. It was the practice to do so when they were dropped; but it was a very

dangerous one, and spoilt the bull selection as well. They are tempted into a yard with hay, and there snared, and tied by the neck and horn during the process, and returned next day without any cautery. The steers always grow larger horns, and weigh from 40 st. to 50 st. of 14lbs. If it is fair weather they go up the hill, and if stormy they remain below. They eat very much at night, and mostly in company, and often scour a good deal in warm weather. The bulls are of a more tawny shade than the cows, as they fling the dirt very much over their shoulders when they kneel to challenge. Both sexes have black nostrils, horns tipped with black, and a little red within the ears; and in their general look they partake of the Charolais and Highlander combined. Their offal is rather coarse, and they have sometimes a tendency to be high on the tail, as well as upright on the shoulder. Like Highland herds going along a road, they are subject to panics, and two gallops in the course of a week one season, owing perhaps to the rustling of deer near them, cost nearly every cow her calf. The calves are dropped in the fern, but they are sad little Tartars; and if they have been housed, it takes nearly two months to take off the tame smell.

A steer and cow were once tamed in a fashion; but their principal affections centred on hay and bean-meal, while turnips had no charm for them. In winter they follow the hay-cart like any other cattle, and sometimes they have been shot out of it. Their sense of smell is exceedingly acute, and a cow has been seen to run a man's foot like a sleuth-hound, when he had run for his life to a tree. While Sir Edwin Landseer was taking sketches for his celebrated pictures, the herd went into action, and he was glad to fly to the forest as they passed by. A study of a bull by Sir Edwin, along with several butterflies and birds on a screen, are among

the choicest art treasures at the Castle, where he spends many a summer day, and so is a head of Sir Rowland Errington, once Master of the Quorn, which is merely dashed off on a door panel.

But we must turn from these "tameless beef" studies to the more prosaic sheep of the district—those Barmshires or Border Leicesters, which are peculiar to the Border counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, and Northumberland, or, as some phrase it, "the little kingdom of Kelso and Northumberland." The Dishley blood found its way to the Border in 1767, through Messrs. George and Matthew Culley, one of Crookham Eastfield, and the other of Wark, who went from the banks of the Tees to the Tweedside. One or both of the brothers had been pupils of Mr. Bakewell. They were in partnership to the end of their lives; but took up different lines—George undertaking the management of the flock, while Matthew was more devoted to agriculture, irrigation, and essays. In process of time Mr. Robert Thompson, who had also studied under Mr Bakewell, established a Dishley flock first at Lilburn, and then at Chillingham Barns. The late Mr. Grey of Dilston confirms Mr. Wilson's pamphlet as to this point, and adds that there were two distinct Dishley families upon these Border farms. We meet with no notice of these two tribes of "blue caps" and "red legs" in any Bakewell records, but they have been described to us by Mr. Grey. The blue-headed Leicesters, which are now quite out of favour on the Border, were generally rather tender when lambed, and soft-woolled on the scalp, which made them very sensitive to fly-galls. They were handsomer and of greater length than the "red legs," very good feeders, but rather delicate, and light in their wool. Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk and Mr. Thompson of Bogend (his tenant) bought "blue caps" from Mr. Stone, which came,

three or four in a cart, from Leicestershire, and were met half-way. The "red legs" were nearer the ground, very compact, with less fat and more fibre, and were generally hardier, and had a more closely-planted fleece.

The Culleys and Robert Thompson, and the Kelso and Northumberland men, came to the Ladykirk lettings, as well as McDougall's of Cessford. At Chillingham Barns the fleeces were hung up and ticketed for the early show, which gradually merged into the September one. A few small men had Cotswolds and Lincolns; but a great upstanding sheep was not then the fashion on or over the Border. Mr. Grey, who joined the ranks of the flockmasters soon after the beginning of the century, had his "large Gs" from Messrs. Culley and Mr. Thompson; but he liked the thick, short-legged Buckleys better, and stuck to the sort for wether breeding. About 1815-20 Lord Polwarth's agent bought some of his "large G" gimmers, and also went for rams to Mr. Jobson of Chillingham New Town. Luke Scott of Easington Grange, near Belford, was a great character in those days. He clung to his little flock of twenty Bakewells with desperate tenacity, even when his farm was gone, and he had to board them out. After Mr. Robert Thompson's retirement, he would use no rams but his own, and when a very favourite ewe broke bounds and was tupped by a "neighbour's mongrel" (as he called it), he slaughtered her without mercy.

They flourish on the banks of the Beaumont-Water, and all along the spurs of the Cheviot range, but more especially in the warm and sheltered barley and turnip soils round Kelso and Coldstream. Unless a hill-farm is annexed to the arable, the whole flock consists of Border Leicesters, and the South Country Leicester, or "blue head," is proudly eschewed. The leading flocks have rather marked

peculiarities. Some excel both in size and fleece, while others have lighter fleeces and smaller scrags, but more quality and fashion. A very big head is the characteristic of one or two flocks, and another can generally be told by "the bridge in front of the hock." Still, of late years, there has been so much interchange of blood, that they are fast becoming of one type, especially in their wool, which has acquired much more staple and curl. The ewes, which are remarkably good milkers, should lamb about the middle of March, and when weaning time is come, the farmer will often give you the choice of "yow or cow" when the cheese is put upon the table. The lambs are dipped a week after the ewes are clipped, so as to keep the ewes clean. Wether hoggs should be quick off the shears, and not be kept above fourteen months, when they generally reach from 18 to 19lbs. a quarter.* Their wool

* Since the introduction of so much artificial feeding, the size has been considerably increased, and the ewes are generally fatted off after three crops of lambs at from 26lbs. to 30lbs. a quarter. St. Ninian's, near Wooller, is the great fair, late in September, for the cast ewes, but some are sold at Cornhill, where they made as much as 63s. to 60s. three autumns since. Penrith dealers have been the principal ewe buyers at St. Ninian's for the last five-and-forty years, and take on nearly all the lots to the York and Harewood fairs. The best ewes are nearly always picked up by the dealers in the pastures, and the price is governed by St. Ninian's. Mid-ewe lambs are not sold, but are generally fed off as shearlings with the wether hoggs and the shot gimmers. Some of the best gimmers have fetched £20 a-piece to go to Ireland. Lord Polwarth's rams, as well as those of a few other flockmasters, were sold by auction at home for many years. In 1846 the Kelso public sales were established on the second Thursday in September, and 350 rams were entered, but £13 was the highest price. Lord Polwarth's were first brought to Kelso in 1852. In 1820 his lordship's home-average had only been £3 15s. for 35; whereas in 1865 it was £37 18s. 10½d. at Kelso for the same number. His lordship's top sheep went for £95 that year, and for £106 in 1867. The supply of rams has become so large, that some breeders have preferred taking their lots into the Edinburgh sale-ring; but even with this slight take off, upwards of 2,300 rams, the property of between fifty and sixty breeders, are sold annually in the four rings at Kelso. There are two or three grades of pur-

averages from 7 to 8lbs. all round, and a highly-fed tup-hogg will clip to 12lbs., according to the nature of the soil. Clay land is favourable for wool on the belly; but the finer bred they are, the greater the difficulty in preventing it from peeling. The lambs are generally born with a top-knot, but it comes off, and if their whisker or their scrag wool is very plentiful, they are pretty certain to peel below. Rams which have this tendency are generally capital graziers, and get better fat lambs, and are therefore in good request for crossing. Their hocks should be rather away from them if they are to follow Cheviot ewes on the hill side, and to travel on the undulating farms from the banks of the Tweed to the Beaumont. They should also have plenty of bone, and not be round in the shank, and, as with the Dartmoors, a wide tail is a great point. The heads should be long and thin, without any tendency to a blue shade, the ears broad and erect, the nose brown coloured or hazel, with an open nostril and a large expressive eye. The scrags are hard to keep up to the proper thickness, but still the leg of mutton or the gigót is the prime difficulty, and there is also a tendency to be too fat on the rib.

chasers among the Irishmen who come over in large numbers. Some go up to £15, but a great many cannot be tempted beyond £7. The Caithness men bid with great spirit, and there is generally a commission from North Wales, at least every other year. Lord Penrhyn is in the habit of getting them to cross his pure Leicesters. The cross produces a hardier sheep, with wool as fine and a little longer in the staple. The order of sale in the four rings is decided by lot. Lord Polwarth's always make a very high average, however low down in the list they may be drawn; but it militates very severely against the great majority of the lots if they are put up after two o'clock. *Still*, a lot of 85 from a noted breeder has made as much as £11 2s. 8d., and 100 have also gone off pretty late in the afternoon at £10 12s. 7d. —[For description of Kelso Ram Fair, see "Field and Fern" (South), p.p. 150-56.]

CHAPTER VII.

"We eat prodigiously—indeed, so great is our love of good cheer, that we name our children after our favourite dishes. If a person in good society is not called 'Sir Rosbif,' he will probably answer to the name of 'Lord Bifstek,' in honour of the two great national dishes, which we have spelt in that manner from time immemorial."

"Foreigners' Portraits."—*Household Words.*

Bakewell's Longhorns—The Holderness and Teeswater—Great Shorthorn Breeders—Mr. Bates—Mr. Fawcett's Recollections of him—Show of Terriers at Yarm—Shoeing Contest—Hound Show at Redcar—Photographing the Huntsmen—The Neasham Hall Stud—Sparkler of the Hurworth—Mr. Wetherell's Herds.

MODERN history has been much too sparing in its prose pictures of pastoral life. A great general or statesman has never lacked the love of a biographer; but the thoughts and labours of men who lived "remote from cities," and silently built up an improved race of sheep or cattle, whose influence was to be felt in every market, have had no adequate record. One slight sketch in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is nearly all that remains to us. We can go back, through its guidance, to the days when Bakewell was a living name, and Dishley the head-quarters to which all the best breeders of farm stock made resort. The scene rises up through the dim vista of more than a hundred years. There are the willow clumps which were cut on a seven years' rotation; the water meadows, which grew four grass crops in the season; the mimic Dutch canal, which supplied the sluices and carried boats

laden with produce and manure between different parts of the farm, and on whose sluggish stream turnips were floated down to the stock, and washed in the course of their sail! "Two Pounder" is brought out by the shepherd, with all the respect due to such a patriarch of the long-wools. Will Peet is on parade with the black cart stallion; and John Breeder and Will Arnold, hazel wand in hand, have gathered the herd into a corner of the Long Pasture, and listen eagerly for any word that may be dropped about their favourites. In the business room there are not only skeletons but pickled carcases of sheep, whose points were most after their breeder's heart; but he shows with no less relish some beef joints, the relics of his "Old Comely," which died at twenty-six, and the outside fat of a sirloin fully four inches thick.

The latter were his longhorn trophies, and no man could boast of a herd with deeper flesh and lighter offal. In his eyes the breed was fated to represent the roast beef of Old England for ever and aye; and the thought that the very glory of their heads would be objected to as taking up too much room in the strawyards, and that a race with shorter horns and earlier maturity from "the banks of the stately Tees" would ruthlessly push them from their place and reduce them to a mere fraction in the Midlands, never vexed his soul. Their hold of public favour had been long and sure, and their greatest triumph was to come. If "Two Pounder" had then the reputation of earning 800 guineas in one season and serving some picked home ewes as well, the Dishley bull, "Two Penny," was fated to make the herd of Fowler of Rollright, and swell its sale average to £81 14s. 3d. for fifty-one!

Longhorns of some kind or another, and generally with good milk marks and the faculty of fattening at a great age, were at this period the farmers'

friends. They excited the admiration of Dr. Johnson in Derbyshire, and led him to note that his host, "whose talk is of bullocks," sold one of them for 100 guineas; and as good prices were obtained for the *armenta fronte latâ*—those blacks with white backs, which Sir A. Ramsay took to Scotland as a cross for the Aberdeenshire, and whose horn practice in Garstang market was duly felt and recorded by Pennant as he journeyed towards the Hebrides.

The Holderness, a fine, large-framed breed, with good backs, long quarters, remarkably clean, straight legs, and well-developed udders, grazed in the district north of the Humber. Many of them were white, with blue or bay flecks; but the largest number were dark mouse and white, and, as was natural from their proximity to Hull and their general appearance, they were thought to be of Dutch origin. Milk was their specialty, and Mr. Curwen was wont to value the dairy produce of his twenty at £25 a year. Under the local name of "Teeswaters," the shorthorns, to which the Holderness seemed to bear most affinity in character, had got a strong hold in Durham several years before the close of the century; but still it was not until "The Durham Ox" commenced his six years of caravan life in 1801 that the doom of the longhorns was virtually sealed.

The Teeswaters* were cattle of great substance, but somewhat ungainly in form, and were thought to give less but richer milk than the Holderness.

* An eminent living authority thus writes us of the Teeswater breed of sheep: "They were nearly as big as a jackass, and had nearly as large bone. Gradually they went out of use, and there is not a semblance of them left. They had raw lugs and no horns, long watery wool, of which you could count the strings, some of which seemed sixteen inches long. I have heard of fleeces weighing 22lbs. Some of them killed with ordinary keep to 40lbs. a quarter, but they were gradually crossed out by Leicester rams, which lessened the size, and improved the grazing qualities."

The fragments of history on which their origin rests, are somewhat shadowy and uncertain. Some contend therefrom that they must be of Dutch origin, and only another version of the Holderness; and others, with equal zeal, that their tap-root is to be found in the West Highlands, or that the earlier breeders always fell back on its bulls for a cross if they thought that their herd was losing constitution. There is certainly some confirmation of this opinion in the peculiarly sharp horns and ink-black noses which will appear at intervals. The admirers of the "Princesses" make good "the claims of long descent" as far back as 1739, on Stephenson's farm at Ketton; and it is also said that the ancestress of the "Duchesses" roamed in Stanwick Park two hundred years ago, and that none of the tribe had been out of the Northumberland family until Charles Colling bought them. Be this as it may, the Teeswaters' capability of development, which the St. Quintin, the Pennyman, and the Milbank families were among the first to recognise, had suggested itself to many a long-headed Durham farmer as well as the Brothers Colling; but private herd-books were hardly in vogue, and the patient pilgrimage of Coates, through sunshine and shower, with his grey pony and saddle-bags, has not had the effect of tracing the breed further back than four crosses beyond "Hubback" (319), who was calved in '77.

If the red-and-white Studley bull (626), bred by Sharter of Chilton, and the founder of the Gwynne or "Princess" tribe, may claim to be the "Abraham of shorthorns," James Brown's red bull (97) and Jolly's bull (337) are very early names on the roll. Seventeen or eighteen crosses separate the Duchesses from the one, and the Maynard and Mason tribes are in direct descent from the other. Only 710 bulls were registered in the first volume of Coates' herd-book, which was published in 1822; but the fifteenth

showed, under Mr. Strafford's care, an accession of 1,959 in two years, and the seventeenth brought up the numbers to Zemi (25481).

The germ of this wonderful array must have been considered an "improved" county breed as far back as 1787. Hutchinson of Sockburn had then a cow good enough to be modelled for the cathedral vane, and had also beaten Robert Colling in a bull class. Other Durham breeders stood proudly on their family tribes. The "Lizzies" were with Charge of Newton, and Rose's and Fisher's stock can be traced to Cornforth of Barforth. Robert Colling had set his seal to Hill of Blackwell's herd, and nearly all the best men were dipping into the blood of Millbank of Barningham. It was from his sort that there sprang the "old yellow cow by 'Punch,'" which was granddam of "the white heifer that travelled." The Maynards* were also in the front rank, and it became their sound family custom to pitch eight bullocks and as many heifers in Darlington market, on the first Monday of March, as a sample of the Eryholme pastures. The bullocks were from four to five years old, with fine, wide horns, good bone, and very deep flesh; and they were keenly looked out for, year after year, on the pavement opposite the King's Head.

* Maynard's "Favourite" tribe was very early in repute, and Charles Colling (who had previously picked up his "Cherry" or "Peeress" tribe in Yarm market) never rested till he had bought the cow and her calf, "Young Strawberry," by Charge's "Dalton Duke" (188). He then changed the cow's name to "Lady Maynard," and it was upon her tribe that he used the Galloway or "alloy blood," through "Grandson of Bolingbroke" (280), which made the highest average in its hour of trial at Ketton. Her descendants were also crossed most successfully with "Foljambe" (263), the sire of "Phœnix," the dam of the bull "Favourite" (252), who was in his turn the sire of the thousand-guinea "Comet" (155). "Hubback" (319) has always been considered the great regenerator of shorthorns; but he did not do Charles Colling so much good as "Foljambe," who was from a "Hubback" cow, and he was parted with at the end of two seasons.

The aim of the Brothers Colling was to reduce the size and improve the general symmetry and flesh-points of their beasts. "Beauty," sister to "Punch" (531), had spread their fame beyond the county; and in 1799 "the Durham Ox," by "Favourite" (252) came out first at Darlington with his half-sister of the "Duchess" tribe. The latter was quite as great a wonder in her way, and confirmed Mr. Bates's fancy for the sort which was hereafter to be linked with his name. The subsequent travels of the Ox brought a large bull trade to Ketton and Barmpton. It would have been strange if they had not, as his live-weight was 216 stones of 14lbs., and that not got by unwieldly bulk, but by the ripeness of all his points. He ultimately dislocated his hip and was slaughtered, and, curiously enough, his show career ended at Oxford, where, nearly a third of a century later, that of the Royal Agricultural Society began.

Even at the Ketton sale in 1810, the taste for shorthorns was confined within a narrow compass, as Durham, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and Westmoreland were the only counties which purchased. Some of the few survivors of the assembly on that day still speak of "Comet" as the most symmetrical bull they have ever seen. He was not very large, but with that infallible sign of constitution, a good wide scorp or frontlet, a fine placid eye, a well-filled twist, and an undeniable back. His price caused breeders everywhere to prick up their ears. They had already heard of Fowler refusing 1,000 guineas for a longhorn bull and three cows, as well as for a cow and her produce of eight seasons; but never of one bull achieving that sum. The spirit south of the Humber was fairly roused at last, and when, eight years after, the Barmpton herd came to the hammer, the representatives of four or five more counties were found at the

ring-side. The Rev. Thomas Harrison and Mr. Edmonds of Boughton had often talked to Lord Althorp, Sir Charles Knightley, and Mr. Arbuthnot, in the Pytchley Club or woodlands, of the great day at Ketton, and his lordship sent a commission to Barmpton, when Robert Colling parted with everything but his heifer calves, for three heifers and a bull; while a Nottinghamshire and a Leicestershire man joined in the highest-priced lot, "Lancaster" (621 gs.), which had some five crosses of "Favourite" (252) in his veins.

For many years previous to this sale Mr. Bates had been breeding shorthorns by the Tyne side, and bringing his beasts, as Sir Hugh Smythson had done before him, to periodical scale-tests. Still, he does not seem to have struck out any especial herd-line for himself till he took up his fancy for the Duchess tribe. Charles Colling assured him that the cow which he bought in 1784 out of Stanwick Park was the best he ever had or ever saw, and sold him her great-grand-daughter "Duchess," by "Daisy Bull" (186). She was the prelude to Mr. Bates's purchase of "Duchess 1st," by "Comet" (155), the only "Duchess" at the Ketton sale, and a very cheap lot at 186 guineas, as, independently of her produce, her new owner left it on record that she gave 14lbs. of butter (21 oz. to the lb.) per week for six weeks after calving.

"Belvedere" (1706), of the "Princess" tribe, was the bull which Mr. Bates selected to "bring out the Duchesses." He was small and plain, and with rather rough shoulders, but as soft as a mole in his touch. The Brothers Colling had a most faithful disciple in the Kirklevington philosopher, as his celebrated show-bull "Duke of Northumberland" (1940) was by "Belvedere," dam by "Belvedere;" and was thus bred on precisely the same principle as four of their leading animals, "Comet" and "The

Ox," "Punch" and "Broken Horn"—rather an instructive comment on the popular timidity which eschews even an approach to in-breeding. Mr. Bates led the shorthorn ranks of the Royal Agricultural Society both at Oxford and Cambridge, and it was his lot to breed the second one thousand guinea bull, and to fashion the model of the moulds in which such cows as "Second Grand Duchess," "Oxford 15th," and "Duchess 77th," were duly cast and quickened. Still no one contributed more towards shorthorn progress than Mason of Chilton, who got rid of the open shoulders and improved the fore-quarters generally. His sale in 1829 was to breeders quite a season of refreshing after a long and dreary drought. Earl Spencer took heart of grace, and bought a bull and sixteen cows and heifers; and Captain Barclay (who began in 1822) laid a still more solid foundation with "Lot 20, 'Lady Sarah.'" Such a splendid lot of cows as those at Chilton were seldom seen together, and the one from which Earl Spencer bred most was No. 25 (36 gs.), or Wiseton's dam.

Whitaker of Burley held his first sale soon after. He had always gone for milking tribes in his quiet Yorkshire valley, and laid much stress upon the purchase of "Magdalena," by "Comet" (155), the only cow which was kept out of the Ketton sale catalogue. The Americans, and more especially Colonel Powell and the Ohio Company, had heard of her and her 32 quarts a day in their repeated visits to Burley. They generally left Yorkshire with the belief that "a man might ride four hacks to death in the North, and not find twenty such cows as Mr. Whitaker's;" and they were among his best customers for a series of years.

Sir Charles Knightley gradually became quite a Whitaker to the Midlands, when he gave up hounds about 1818, and laid himself in with the "Rosy"

and "Ruby" tribes, and his friend Arbuthnot's bulls. He always said that it was "quite an acquired taste," but he took to it with singular heartiness. He strove to put shoulders on his cattle as perfect as those of his own hunters, "Benvolio" and "Sir Marinel." Beautiful fore-quarters, gay carriage, general elegance, and a strong family likeness distinguished his tribes, and their fine milking powers placed them (like "Cold Cream" and "Alix," of the Royal Home Farm) at the head of many a dairy. "A Fawsley fill-pail" soon passed into a herd proverb; and a dip into the blood of the "Earl of Dublin" (10178) and the "Friars"—White or Grey—was pretty sure to make one.

The "Old Cherry," by "Pirate" (2430) tribe, which came originally from William Colling of Stapleton, was in high force when "Gainford steers" were told at a glance, and valued at a good pound more, and when Mr. Crofton had taken such rare prize heifers by him and "The Provost" (4846) to the Highland Society and other shows. Colonel Cradock liked the sort for their size and milk, and they "nicked" well both with the Booth and the Bates blood. Crossed with "Grand Duke" (10284), they founded the "Cherry Dukes" and "Duchesses;" and it was to "Mussulman" (4525) that John Booth sent his celebrated "Bracelet," and had "Buckingham" (3239) for his reward.

The Booth family began at Studley about 1790, with Teeswaters and "Twin Brother to Ben" (660); and lengthening the hind-quarters, filling up the fore-flank, and breeding with a view to that fine deep flesh and constitution which bears any amount of forcing, have been their especial aim. It was the late Mr. Richard Booth's opinion that no bull had done his herd so much good as "Albion" (14), of "the alloy blood," and Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Wetherell were quite with him on the point. It may be said

that shorthorns generally have grown smaller in frame, and that there is perhaps not that rich coat and uniformity of character which marked some of the earlier herds; but still those who can make the comparison from memory are fain to allow that, in their flesh-points and general weights, the breed knows no decay. What the Brothers Colling were in earlier days, the Brothers Booth have been in later. If the elder could boast of "Necklace" with the wondrous crops, and "Bracelet," in whom none could find a fault, save a trifling deficiency in the fore-rib, it was left to the younger to keep up the type with the beautiful "Charity," whose twist and hind-legs might have been modelled from, and to follow it up with "Plum Blossom," "Nectarine Blossom," "Queen of the Ocean," and "Queen of the May." Richard Booth and Crofton might be said to have initiated the modern plan of keeping beasts far more in the house, and preparing them specially with a view to shows. No blood has been more widely spread than that of "Warlaby" and "Killerby" throughout the United Kingdom, or commanded a finer bull-hiring trade; and it was from "Buttercup," a daughter of "Barmpton Rose," and crossed with Booth's "Jeweller" (10354) that "Butterfly" sprang, the chief foundress, with "Frederick," (11489) of the Towneley herd, whose victories in the store and fat shows combined are wholly without parallel.

A very painful chord was struck at the Yorkshire Agricultural Meeting of '49, when hundreds of friends who expected to grasp him once more by the hand, and to enjoy the half-sportive, half-sarcastic lecture on each prize beast of "the old man eloquent" of Kirklevington, learnt for the first time that Mr. Bates had gone to his rest, and that their shorthorn festival was on his funeral day. His heart was with horn and hoof to the last, and there

was no "cruel Phyllis" to cross him in *that* love. Those who have strolled with him in his pastures, can recall how the cows and even the young heifers would lick his hand, and seem to listen to every gentle word and keen comment, as if they penetrated its import; and even when the last struggle was nigh, and he could wander amongst them no more, he reclined on some straw in the cow-house, that his eye might not lack its solace.

We had never been in the neighbourhood before a meeting of the Cleveland Society tempted us to Yarm, on one of whose inn signs the bull "Duke" still flourishes. When the hound prizes were decided, we strolled out to Kirklevington. Hard by the churchyard is the calf-house, in which Fourth Duke of Northumberland and the Duchesses and Oxfords were reared, but the great philosopher* of

* Mr. James Fawcett, who often stayed with him at Halton Castle, in Northumberland, some two-and-fifty years ago, thus writes us: "I have endeavoured to recall from the depths of memory some of the byegone days spent with my old friend and tutor, Mr. Bates. Having studied at the Edinburgh University, he was well up to the chemical and scientific part of his business, and far beyond his neighbours in that respect. The chief enjoyment, however, of his life was in his cow pastures, which were generally visited once or twice a day, and the history and points of each animal made known to any visitor, as it came up to have its head rubbed. On these occasions, he was in the habit of manipulating the animals all over, pressing them gently with his fingers, thereby to detect any unevenness or want of quality in any particular part, and guard against the patchy appearance that so many shorthorns exhibit, being overloaded in one place and bare in another. I well remember the interest and pains he took to initiate me into the mysteries of 'handling.'

"What he termed quality, he considered the most essential point in cattle, and under this designation he included aptitude to fatten, early maturity, symmetry, fineness of bone, and, above all, the covering of the frame evenly with flesh of a delicate fibre and well intermixed with fat, and to his steady perseverance towards this end, his breed undoubtedly owe their fame. In those days he had very few pure Duchesses and Kettons, but a number of beautiful cows by Ketton and Ketton 2nd from choice Argyleshire heifers, which he had selected with the view of rearing an original herd like Charles Colling's, whose success he attributed to the judicious blending of

shorthorns lay in the churchyard just over the wall, without a stone to mark his resting-place.*

Now, that perhaps less prejudiced but not more clear-cutting brains are left to work their way up that channel of science which he buoyed out, each year confirms the belief that he was not so very far wrong when, in speaking of one of his best

that blood, obtained through Grandson of Bolingbroke with the best shorthorns of the day.

"From some cause or other he lost the Argyleshire tribes after leaving Northumberland, and steadily cultivated the Duchesses, and one or two other tribes, among the best of which were Red Rose and Fairy, two splendid cows from Mr. Hustler. From the former he bred Second Hubback by The Earl, which he considered the best bull he ever had, and destined to become quite a regenerator of shorthorns. He was a light red bull, with a lemon muzzle, and as perfect in his points as could be desired, at the same time evenly and smoothly covered with flesh of the best possible quality. Mr. Bates considered Mr. Charles Colling to have been the most thorough judge of cattle of his day, and, in fact, the originator of the improved shorthorn, having imbibed his knowledge from Mr. Bakewell of Dishley, with whom he lived some time *in statu pupillari*. He thought that his brother Robert's fame as a breeder was entirely due to the superior judgment of Charles, whose bull Favourite was the undoubted fountain-head of pedigrees and the source of their distinction, being the sire of Comet, Ketton, &c., &c., as well as of the famous old cow Princess and of her daughter, the Favourite cow, the dam of the first Duchess. Princess and her daughter were purchased by Mr. Bates from Mr. Charles Colling, and were the foundation of his herd.

"Mr. Bates used to describe Favourite as a very rich roan, robust, and massive animal, with a very fine, long, and downy coat and superb handling, but by no means so pointy a bull as his son Comet, although a much better sire. He thought him so much better than the other, that he did not scruple to breed in-and-in with him several times, and with success. He was an advocate for that mode of breeding, and at last preferred it to having recourse to impure blood, as there was apparently (in that day at least) no bad result from it in his cattle, which were distinguished by their vigour and healthy appearance. To dairy properties, a thing too often overlooked, he paid great attention, and very few of his cows were deficient in this respect. He was a man of warm feelings, and either a strong friend or a bitter enemy. Though most acute and observing, he was liable to prejudice, and a splendid dogmatizer, but none have left a more decided mark on our shorthorn history."

* Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Housman and a few other lovers of shorthorns, a tombstone has been erected since then.

Duchesses, he said to Lord Althorp, "The destiny of shorthorns depends on this calf—this slender thread of a calf." *

In the following year Mr. Bates saw the merits of the Princess or St. Albans tribe (which had recovered the quality that Jupiter lost) so keenly at Mason's sale, that he determined, if possible, to get his new cross from it. At that time St. Albans, who went back direct to Favourite and Hubback, missing the dreaded Punch, was about fifteen years old, and he had been let for three years into Northumberland. Mason had got him in a sly way at first for £20, through a butcher, whom he sent as his agent; and when Mr. Wood was at Chilton three years after, and only caught a glimpse of his head, he exclaimed, "*Why, there's my old Prince; he was bought to kill,*" and sure enough it was Prince, but canonized in life as "St. Albans!"

How to bring about his long-cherished combination of the Princess of Barmpton and the Duchess of Ketton blood was now the problem which puzzled the lord of Kirklevington, and which Belvedere so happily solved. Oddly enough, this bull had been

* Although he had got as far as (63), he had made but little figure with the Duchesses, when he moved from the Tyneside to Kirklevington, whither Red Rose, who had been bought from Mr. Hustler, accompanied him. She was three removes from Favourite on one side and two on the other, and from the union of her and the Earl (646) came Second Hubback (1423). His idolatry for this bull did his herd no small harm; and it was only when he found that he had lost 28 calves in one year, solely through lack of constitution, that he began to cast about, and in vain applied to Mr. Whitaker for his famous Frederick. Perhaps on no occasion was Mr. Bates so offended with anyone as he was with poor old Coates, when, in 1828, he met him with Mr. Whitaker and Colonel Powell, of Pennsylvania, in the yard at Greenholme. His aim was to get him, as a great authority, to go and lay his hand, in the presence of that pioneer of our shorthorns in America, solemnly on the bull, and speaking from the hoary depths of experience, to proclaim him quite equal to the First Hubback; but the author of the "Herd-Book" was not the man to speak against his convictions.

living only ten miles off him, and for two long years his friend, Mr. Atkinson Greenwell, had urged him to go and have a look. One day he did condescend to drive over, and strange as the coincidence may seem, the moment he in his turn merely glanced at the bull's head through a square hole, he knew that it was the blood he was seeking; and he said to himself, "*Thou art mine if money 'll buy thee.*" And buy him he did, then and there, for £50, which he drew in notes from his pocket, and permission to "send cows to the bull while he lives." The man demurred when the money was paid, and said rather sorrowfully to a friend afterwards, "*I might as well have had a hundred from Tommy Bates—he was so varra keen of him.*" *

* The Waterloo and Wild Eyes were fresh additions about the era of Belvedere, from whose cross with Red Rose 9th came Cambridge Rose 1st; and so well did it nick, that Belvedere was put on her in turn. At the sale, however, this tribe was reduced to Cambridge Rose 5th, and her two calves by Third Duke of York. The great triumph of Belvedere was still to come from another cross with his own daughter, Duchess 34th, who beat Necklace at York. She had broken her fore-leg, and Mr. Bates was within an ace of selling her to the Americans, but luckily Mr. Whitaker got him off it, and she lived to produce the Duke of Northumberland a few months after. With the exception of this famous roan, she never bred any but red and whites, and Mr. Bates was determined to try the effect of a third Belvedere cross with his prize yearling at Oxford (which was own sister to the Fourth Duke of Northumberland) if she had not been prematurely choked with a turnip. To the eye of a well-known authority on these matters, "Duke" looked a very delicate calf at five months; but his owner, strong in the faith of the double Favourite cross in Comet, which he had here striven to emulate, drew himself proudly up, and said, "*Well! sir, I have the greatest hopes of him.*" After all his honours, "Duke" came to no very glorious end, as he had been kept low for the purpose of being put on Cleveland Lad's stock, and he died fairly maw-bound from the effects of some mouldy hay, leaving the 2nd Duke of Oxford as the inheritor of his honours. It was with "Duke" and the Oxford Cow, and his two Duchess heifers, that Mr. Bates set forth and won every prize he showed for at the first Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1839. They came in a steamboat to London, and walked to Oxford; and it was said at the time that nothing but the presence of Mr. Bates, and the soothing effect of his pat and his "*poor Duke!*" pre-

Mr. Bates had two very favourite maxims—one that he "could find forty men fit to be a Premier, for one fit to judge shorthorns;" and the other that there was "no place for shorthorns, like the Valley of the Wharfe." The late Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Fawkes of Farnley have proved this to the full; but it was left to Major Gunter to found a second Kirklevington on its banks, and to vow that eternal

vented the bull from slipping off the stage into the water when he turned awkward, and declined to re-embark. With the victory of his Cambridge cow, and eight months' bull-calf at Cambridge next year, and his bull Cleveland Lad at Liverpool, the Royal prize winning era of Mr. Bates virtually ceased (in fact, he hardly ever showed again), and that of the Booths began.

The Oxford tribe sprang from a cow by Matchem, supposed by St. Albans, whom Mr. Bates accidentally bought after Mason's sale. He did not admire his choice, and when she had bred a calf to Duke of Cleveland, who ripened into the Oxford premium cow, she was packed off to Darlington. Mr. Bates's lucky star was in the ascendant that market-day, as no one would bid within £2 of the £11, which he had set on her, and she afterwards calved Cleveland Lad, Cleveland 2nd (the sire of Grand Duke), and Oxford 2nd, all to Shorttail by Belvedere. Her Oxford premium cow was deficient in girth and gaudy behind, and in fact her owner was so ashamed of her in that point, that when she was beaten by Bracelet at Berwick, he hung not a "calf-skin" but a horse-rug "on those recreant limbs," and vowed he would show her no more. Failure as she might be, there was no mistake as to the cross between the Duke of Northumberland and her half-sister Oxford 2nd, resulting as it did in that fine bull, 2nd Duke of Oxford, who was put on the Duchess tribe, and got five out of the eight plums on the Kirklevington day.

At Mr. Bates's sale Lord Ducie was as undaunted as ever, and it was nothing but being, in racing phrase, "a good beginner" which secured him the 4th Duke of York so cheap. He had "determined to buy him, or make him dear for some one;" and he put him in so promptly at 200 gs., that although one gentleman at least wished to have him at two hundred more, a sort of stagnation supervened, amid which Mr. Strafford's glass ran down. If the first bid had only been a hundred, three at least would have gone on. It was this sale which first opened that Duchess tribe to the world, which had been increasing, and then dwindling at Kirklevington, during the forty years since "T. Bates, Esq.," had been written opposite "38. *Young Duchess, 2 yrs. old, by Comet, dam by Favourite,* 183 *gs.*," in Mr. Kingston's catalogue on the Ketton day. She was bulled by Comet at the time, and Mr. Bates had never once deserted the blood except for one cross with Stephenson's Belvedere.

allegiance to the Duchesses and the Oxfords which their great founder had done. His Wetherby Grange estate is well adapted for its new colony, which moved there in the August of 1857, from Earl's Court, near Kensington. It consists of 600 acres on both sides of the river, 400 of which are kept in grass. The house once belonged to "Kit Wilson," the owner of Comus, and the father of the Turf, and some of his horses were trained in the Park.

It was at Tortworth that the Major's steward, Mr. Knowles, confirmed the rich experience he had gained under Mr. Thomas Mason at Broughton, and gathered the germs of that herd which he has so ably helped to found for his new master. Tortworth, on August 24th, 1853, was a veritable Bunker's Hill removed. England was pitted against America once more—the guineas of the old country against the "almighty dollars" of the new. Messrs. Morris and Becar bid by their agent; but Mr. Thorne did his own business, in a cool Quaker-like style, with which it was almost hopeless to cope. His first English purchase for Thorndale was a 14-guinea bull-calf at Captain Pelham's sale, which he afterwards sold for upwards of 300 gs. to the West of America. It is calculated that he laid out at least fifteen thousand in five years on shorthorns; and he bought up fifty-two lots when the Morris and Becar confederacy was dissolved by the latter's untimely death, at prices which had hitherto only been read of by his countrymen in the English prints. But for Major Gunter and Mr. Tanqueray, who upset all the wise counsels which had been taken at the Gloucester caucus over-night, the Duchess tribe would have departed bodily across the Atlantic.*

* Previous to the Tortworth sale, Major Gunter had only a few Alderneys and ordinary Shorthorns, and he had not made up his mind as to whether he should buy on that day; but the bitter com-

The specialty of the Cleveland Show, when it was held at Yarm, proved to be the fox terriers. On our way down we tried in vain to impress upon a man, whose Twitch and Viper and Myrtle were as fat as guinea pigs, that the small and smooth whites were the only orthodox sort, and that he must banish hope. Of course he wouldn't have it. His dogs had Lambton and Fitzwilliam blood in them, and the former "wur always hairy." That didn't convince us, so he urged that "the Hurworth have been glad enough, time upon times, to send for yon dog's grandfather to get a fox out for them," and "as for his dam, she's been painted ten times over." However, the owner of the trio and sundry other vagrant professors of fox drawing took nothing by their journey. One Peeping Tom, who had found

plaints of some Gloucestershire farmers, who shared his waggon, as to the Americans getting Duchess 59th fired him into action at last. He accordingly bid 200 gs. for the twentieth lot, Duchess 64th, but it was hardly taken, and his 400 gs. was soon left in the rear by the Transatlantic rivals. He did not touch the 700-guinea Duchess 66th, but Duchess 67th, the fifteen months' heifer by Usurer out of Duchess 59th (the highest-priced female at the Kirklevington sale), fell to his nod for 350 gs., and then Duchess 70th by Duke of Glo'ster (11382), out of Duchess 66th, followed suit for 310 gs. She was only a trifle over six weeks, and the Americans had no idea of leaving her; but as one of them said afterwards, it was "the way in which that other bidder said '*and* ten guineas,' almost before my bidding was out of my mouth, that made me falter and give in." It was with these two and Duchess 69th by 4th Duke of York, whom he afterwards bought privately at nine months for 500 gs. from Mr Tanqueray, that Major Gunter commenced his herd. Duchess 67th was sent at a 25-guinea fee to 4th Duke of Oxford, and Duchess 69th to Mr. Tanqueray's Duke of Cambridge, who was afterwards so famed at Fawsley, and Duchess 72nd and Archduke were the respective results. His next purchase was the 6th Duke of Oxford at Ilendon, for 200 gs., and his dam Oxford 11th for 500 gs. more, when she was just four years old. He originally intended to have bought the Duke of Cambridge; but Mr. Strafford's glass ran out in favour of the Fawsley baronet, who, strange to say, had *his* eye rather on the 6th Duke of Oxford. Lord Feversham had shown his opinion of 5th Duke of Oxford by giving 300 gs. for him as a five months' calf at Tortworth, and he won at Chester and Northallerton.

a friendly rent in the canvas of the terrier tent soon told a cluster of owners their fate. "*Ah! man,*" says he to his next friend, "*that lang chap i't trean's reet eneugh; they're leuking at nowt but the slape coats and the white uns.*" And so it was, for Captain Williams, a true lover of the sort, for Venom and Rage of the Rufford's sake, had selected three out of the sixteen whites for the prizes. Ben Morgan's fourth son, little Joe, was lying on the top platform, caressing Nettle vigorously in honour of her being second. She was seven years old, and had done Ben a world of honest service both in drawing and breeding. Once she was land locked in an East Riding earth with four badgers in front of her and two behind, and Ben said it was like discovering a subterranean Zoological Gardens. Martin Care of the Morpeth was first with his two-year-old, Pincher, which had only been three times in an earth, but as foxes take to rocks, pit drifts, sandhills, and conduits pretty freely in that country he was in for a very rich and varied experience. Charles Treadwell was third, with Wasp or Tickler, but he hung rather more to Gyp, a broad-breasted black-and-tan whose grandfather Jack had been with him at Quorn and Coldstream. The sixteen in the rough interest were of all colours, blue, white, yellow, black-and-tan, and brown-and-white. Their owners, of course, said that they wouldn't exchange theirs for the winners "*no not for two of 'em,*" and also drew much comfort from the fact that a solitary white "slape coat" had a wall eye. Mr. Hill's Bonny Bell was the "sensation" foxhound of the day, and the greatest character among the huntsmen was Robert Bruce of the Haydon. He was a tall, lean, hard-bitten sort of old fellow, clad in a velvet cap and well stained scarlet swallow tails. He brought two couple, but they were of a coarse, queer stamp, no doubt "*beggars to gan*" among their native heather and Scotch fir plantings, and ready, in

the words of their guide, to "*teer doon a fox lang afore these grand bred 'uns they mak soe much talk of have fun him.*"

After this we paid our tribute to the district's taste for iron, and went for a little change among the competing blacksmiths. Each of them had to forge a fore and hind foot shoe out of scrap iron, to dress the fore foot, and to fix the fore shoe only; and a striker was allowed in forging the shoes. A few village adherents had got round some of the men, and gradually worked them up into steam arm pace. One aspiring Tubal Cain strung up his nerves to "do or die" in fifteen minutes, and when the last nail was rivetted, he flung himself, with grimy beads of perspiration starting from his brow, quite melodramatically among a knot of his supporters, with the ejaculation: "*He'll be a queer 'un who licks me.*" We felt quite an interest in him after such a Pogram defiance, and eventually discovered him with the second prize ticket in his button-hole. Still he did not conceal his chagrin that "a slow 28-minute fellow" should have beaten him. The ruck were much more demonstrative. One of them, who said that he was "highly commended," shook his fist quite savagely at his fellow, and said, "*Dang! I'll have you for a fi'-pun note ony day,*" and desired to strip then and there, and show his muscle gratis.

Two years glide by and we are once more passing Yarm, its high-level bridge and its orchards, on a fine August morning on our way to another Cleveland Show at Redcar. Mr. Booth's Beechwood, after winning at Grantham the day before, has been scratched for the hunter prize and has left the train at Northallerton, and his owner elects to stand on the Van Galen gelding. There was no Preston Junction hitch this year, but still sixteen miles an hour seems our average rate of progression. On our

right is the new Stockton race course, commanding that "view of the mineral hills," which the committee impressed so much on race-horse owners in their *Weatherby Book Calendar* description of the ground. A few worn posters of the previous October which tell that Mr. Gladstone is underlined for a speech at Middlesboro', and that those desirous to hear him can do so for "one fare, there and back," prophesy of that dreary-looking meadow where Voltigeur, The Cure, Fandango, and Lord Fauconberg were first, second, and highly commended for the "Cleveland Hundred Pounds." On the left is the great estuary of the Tees, studded with beacons looking like pigeon-houses to mark its original channel, and a few gulls and a recumbent donkey are the only tenants of the broad acres of ooze. To the right is the Cleveland vale, above the grey remains of Guisboro' Abbey; then the sand-hills thicken, and grow most appropriately yellow with dog standards, and the Redcar field, gay with tents and union-jacks, and bits of scarlet bunting, and with its hunters—through which Lord Combermere and Sir Watkin are just taking a run—all in a row; to say nothing of Mr. Booth's Queen of the Vale and Lord Zetland's white bull Savile, is safely reached at last.

Captain Percy Williams was the Cresswell of the hound bench, and we never saw him work harder and balance the points more carefully in the course of his enormous judicial practice, both sitting as judge at *Nisi Prius* at Brocklesby and *In Banco* in the West and North Ridings. Mr. Anstruther Thomson, who, like his man "Fred," looked from the first as if he was mentally laying 2 to 1 on his chance, sat about the centre of the front row, with his arm in a sling, the result of a chop in the woodlands—not with his hounds, but an axe. There, too, were Sir David Baird and Mr. Kinloch, with their

entries from the Lothians, the present Lord Feversham, and, though last not least, Mr. Tom Andrews, who was all anxiety to see "*Our old Sultan*" brought out. The old dog was rather bashful in such high company, and went to ground under the flooring of the temporary kennel. In vain did the whip lie on his stomach for minutes, and practise every endearing wile: "*Come, Sultan! poor auld fellow, come here, man! Poor auld dog!—there's naebody sal hot thou!*" as he had finally to be drawn for inspection like a badger.

When the Cheshire and Lord Wemyss's had come and gone back, Turpin, who had been making himself generally useful as first whip on the flags, opened the Fife kennel. Out came the three couple looking all life and freshness as well they might, seeing that Mr. Thomson and "Fred" had given them a long scamper over the sand and among the breakers like a troop of mermaids, that morning. Father Neptune owed them a good turn, as the year before he made such a dreadful rough night of it on the Frith of Forth that they could not be got across, so they were all left behind save Syren. That beauty of Guisboro' had been kicked and killed since then, and her daughter Sympathy was one of these three couple. Dairymaid was also put in for Rector, but though she let them down a bit, Captain Williams declared that, save and except the Belvoir Dryden bitches, he had never seen finer.

The Cheshire were out again, and again Sir Watkin was sweet on the yellow pyes; then the Yarborough, and lastly Earl Wemyss's, and the final discussion began in earnest. Captain Williams whipped out his tape-line once more; and had a few last words with Major Fletcher. Mr. Milbanke took one of his long quiet surveys, pencil in hand; and Sir Watkin drew his hand anxiously across his face, as if he was in judicial difficulties, as indeed

they all were. The Cheshire could not win on the strength of one couple, and they had too much flesh; while the Yarborough lots were not well put together, and seemed uneven, "when it came to a squeeze." It was clearly reduced to a Scottish contest—Fife *v.* Coldstream. The Bench directed Turpin "to show cause" once more. Then there was another hitch, but the issue was narrowed to two-and-a-half couple, by settling that Dairymaid should be set off against Rubicon (the very weak point of the Coldstream lot); and then the Fife had it unanimously. When the stallion hounds were brought out, it was a grand sight to see Jack Parker, of the Sinnington, once more in his red waistcoat, bring up Clinker, and discuss his points with the judges in the slender intervals he could spare from the more pleasing discussion of that gigantic sandwich, which he grasped in his sturdy left. However, Clinker soon came to grief like the sandwich.

Then the photographing of the huntsmen began, and Mr. Thomson sat on the reserve benches as a sort of committee of taste. Jack Parker had now immense difficulty as to the disposal of his hands for posterity. He got them out of sight at last, while Ben Morgan placed his right on his shoulder. William Smith looked injured at the decisions, but still the very picture of calm resignation. Turpin's air, on the contrary, was decidedly jubilant; he folded his arms like a Canning, and put his right foot forward. Will Chaning's neat lissom figure needed no posé but the natural one. Either a busy, big man with a stick or the photographer-in-chief objected to his holding his hands behind his back; but Mr. Thomson was down upon him in an instant: "*No! no!—that's the way he always stands. As you were, Will.*" Then there was a difficulty about Mr. Tom Parrington, but three chairs were brought, and "Tom" was seated on one of them next the table,

which was radiant with silver prizes, and two huntsmen were grouped on each side of him. So far so good. The offside sitter was told to nurse his leg, and the other to direct his gaze more at Mr. Parrington, who held a hunting-whip. Then the operator adjured them all to "*look as pleasant as possible,*" and Jack Parker (with an expression bordering on the seraphic) straightway inquired. "*Are we to leuk right forard at that thing? proceed!*" and the operator did proceed, and hit them off the first time, and several visitors ordered a copy on the spot.

Croft, at whose inn Thormanby, Lord of the Isles, Oxford, Costa, Scottish Chief, and Loiterer have all stood under Tom Winteringham's charge, and in whose paddock the weary bones of old Alice Hawthorne are at rest, is about three miles from Neasham Hall. We pass the well-remembered kennels of the Hurworth, where Will Danby held rule so long, and the paddocks of the old mare Shot. Of late years a totally new set of boxes have been built at Neasham Hall. The old ones did their duty, as Kettledrum, Dundee, Regalia, and Mincemeat were reared there, and the new have made their mark early with Formosa—a Two Thousand, One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger winner combined—as well as "the trim Brigantine." Mr. Cookson has bred four Oaks winners in sixteen years, three of them in the last four years, the first and second for the Derby in 1861, and the first and second for the St. Leger in 1868. Until he purchased Sweetmeat in 1847 for 300 gs. at Mr. A. W. Hill's sale, he only kept two brood mares. His first sire Sweetmeat stayed at Neasham for three seasons, and was succeeded by Cossack, Fandango, and Buccaneer for two seasons each, and by Caterer and Macaroni for one each, and now Lord Lyon and The Earl are in residence. The air is fine and bracing, and in the far distance the

sheeted strings may be seen, through a glass, at exercise near the Richmond "Grey Stone In." There is every kind of ground in the paddocks, and it is Mr. Cookson's principle never to let the foals and yearlings be out longer than three hours at a time. They are then taken in for two hours, and, weather permitting, turned-out again in the course of the afternoon, and always taken in at night. The rest at noon for two hours is particularly advantageous, as the mares are tied up and the foals have the chance of eating their corn and lying down when they have done so. They are thus refreshed and able to enjoy the afternoon's turn-out.

Mr. Cookson began with an old mare, Gadfly, by Irish Mayfly, which once belonged to Colonel Westenera. Then came the one-eyed Hybla by The Provost, and the dam of Kettledrum, which was given him by his uncle, Mr. John Cookson, as a four-year-old. Marmalade (the dam of Dundee) was bred by Mr. Wood of Aycliffe, and only cost £40. The late John Gill had her and trained her for two months, but could not "report progress," and hence her price. Fandango, Sweet Pea, The Gem, and Lady Macdonald—all of them by Touchstone, after whose blood Mr. Cookson has sought most eagerly—were gradually added to the Neasham store, as well as four mares at the Sledmere Sale, three of them by Daniel O'Rourke. The grey Eller came from Lord Londesborough's sale, and Secret and Miss Julia became component parts of the dozen, which has generally been the full strength of the company. Miss Julia has been very unlucky, and lost her three first foals.

The Gem only cost 120 gs. at a York auction, and was sold by Mr. Cookson to the Austrians. After Regalia had won the Oaks, he sold Buccaneer to them, and got The Gem in part payment with

a two-year-old Sister to Regalia, a whole-coloured brown mare. He had always a great fancy for Buccaneer, but the horse did not take with the public, and it was only by skilful management that he secured his thirty mares, the very least that a young sire should have for a real chance of early success. Only half the foals on an average come to the post, and the dams of many of those may not "nick" with the horse in blood. Some hold that half-a-dozen good mares are more likely to make a horse than twenty bad ones; but numerically a horse must be served, if he is ever to make a name, and some of the best racers have sprung from the most unlikely dams. His yearlings held the yard when we were last there, and we could not help remarking that a great many of them were like Fandango in their type. Boucan (own brother to Brigantine) most especially, bore a strong resemblance to that horse, and curiously enough Brigantine is in shape precisely the sort of filly Fandango got. Formosa was the queen of the lot that year, and Mr. Cookson could hardly make up his mind not to train her. He bought her in at Doncaster for 700 gs., and slept upon it, and next morning he sought Mr. Graham, who had bid 690 gs. out of respect to Regalia. That lucky gentleman was seated at breakfast, and when he heard Mr. Cookson's mission, he signed a cheque for 700 gs. without more ado, and then resumed his egg. The bargain did not take up two minutes, and the mare won him £20,380 in her first two seasons. So much for prompt decision and "following the blood."

The now-deserted kennels at Neasham Abbey remind the hunting man of many a good day, when the late Mr. Wilkinson had the Hurworth. His last day in the field was on December 17th, 1861,

when the hounds met at Croft, and found a fox in Forty Acres, which was killed at Warmire, near Halnaby, after a clipper of 1¼ hours. The chesnut brood mare Shot survived her master by five years, and then she ended her days honourably in the copper of the Hurworth. Will Danby is now at his old home near Askham Bogs. The last time we saw him he was paying his annual visit to York Races, and he and Captain Percy Williams, whom he claims to have entered to hounds, were talking of old days in Holderness by the side of the cords, instead of attending to Lady Allcash and the Members' Plate. It was there Will told us the story of Sparkler (by Badsworth Dashwood from York and Ainsty Susan), one of a litter of three couple, all at work in their third season, and all good. This dog's attachment to Mr. Tom Parrington when he hunted the pack was marvellous; and when he broke his arm, and sat down on a bank by a gate-post, waiting for a chaise to take him home, George, who had got the rest of the pack away with great difficulty, was obliged to leave Sparkler sitting beside him, and looking up quite sorrowfully into his huntsman's face. He followed the chaise on the road as far as the kennels, and when it did not turn in there, but drove right on to Hurworth, poor Sparkler could not make it out at all. His argument was curt enough: my huntsman always turns in there when we come back from hunting; he hasn't done so; therefore, he cannot be in that chaise which I have been following. Hence, to the astonishment of Will Danby, Sparkler felt for the line for a few minutes in the kennel field, and then galloped back a mile to the place of the accident once more. George found him there that night; and the poor dog's joy when his huntsman spoke to him next day through the peep-hole into the kennel, and more especially when he was admitted to an interview

in the feeding-house, was quite overwhelming. Sparkler clave to Mr. Parrington when he ceased to hunt the Hurworth, and he now lies buried under a large Portugal laurel in his garden at Normanby.

But we must hie across the country to Aldborough, to have a word with the "Nestor of Shorthorns." It is more than half a century since Mr. Wetherell commenced with shorthorns on the farm near Pierce Bridge, where he was born. The shorthorn fame of his native county had been about coeval with his own birth in 1792, and long before he commenced his maiden herd at Holm House in 1816, "the haughty southrons" had learnt to regard Durham as a very Goshen of cream and beef, and as holding a sort of charmed existence, under such proverbially cold and weeping skies. Those spirited biddings which he heard as a lad beneath the lime-trees at Ketton were not lost upon him; and hence, eight years afterwards, he set out on the Barmpton day with a determination to go in merrily on his own account. Thirty-four of the cows, and four of the heifers under twelve months old, had been knocked down before he caught Mr. Robinson's eye; and then lots 41 and 43—Lady Anne and Cleopatra, both of them full of George and Favourite blood—became his for 100 and 133 guineas, and wended their way to Holm House that night.*

* Their luck was rather chequered, as Lady Anne died in calving twins, and Cleopatra followed up a heifer which never bred, with the very first-class bull Belzoni (1709) by North Star (459). As he had hired this bull from Robert Colling, and used him for two seasons before the sale, Mr. Wetherell did not care to bid for him; but, although he was eleven years old, the "by Favourite, dam by Punch" strain induced that rare judge, Mr. Lax, to give 72 gs. for him. Time, however, proved him to have been the real lode-star of the Holm House fortunes, as he got not only the famous Rosanna during his stay, but two rare bulls, Magnet (2240) and St. Leger (1414), the latter of which Mr. Wetherell sold to Mr. John Rennie, of Haddingtonshire, for 250 gs. Young St. Leger was also no small favourite.

In 1828 Mr. Wetherell sold off all his Shorthorns, and left Holm House; and in 1833 we find him living "beneath the Gothic shade"

His last or fourth herd numbered about fifty head, fifteen of them bulls, and was located at the High Grange, near Melsonby, where Mr. Wetherell took quarters for them in consequence of not meeting with a suitable farm. A drive of three miles from Aldborough brings you to the spot, which is nearly the most elevated in the neighbourhood. Diddersley Hill, with its sparse covering of whin and heather, stands bleak and brown on the south, partially intercepting the view towards Richmond, which is seven miles away. There was once a castle on it, and as you pass through a half-crumbling turreted archway,

of Durham Cathedral, and commencing a new herd at Newton Hall, some three miles distant. His spirit and fine judgment had still greater scope in this second essay. He bred the Duke of Clarence (9040) and King Dick (9269), and sold the latter at fourteen months old to Lord Hill for 120 gs. He also gave 250 gs. for The Earl of Durham (5965) to Mr. Miller, of Ballumby, Perthshire, but "The Earl" died in less than six months, leaving only three of his get behind him, which, by way of set-off to such ill luck, averaged 106 gs. at the hammer, when under twelve months old. Duke of Cornwall cost him a hundred guineas, but he used him and then let him for that sum, and sold him for 200 gs. to Earl Ducie in 1842. The estimation in which the herd was held speaks best through the fact that at the sale in 1847 four animals realised 500 gs.

It had been strengthened from time to time by very spirited purchases. Emperor (1839), with his dam Blossom, and his grandam Spring Flower, passed into it at Mr. Hutton of Gate-Burton's sale for 250 gs., 100 gs., and 70 gs. each; and in 1846, Emperor justified his price by upholding the honour of the district, as first prizeman in the second class, at the Royal Show at Newcastle, against two dozen rivals. Mr. Banks Stanhope's prize heifer also met sixteen at the same show, and Lord Feversham's, Mr. Booth's, Mr. Trotter's, and Mr. Wetherell's were all highly commended. Barmpton Rose was also an illustrious unit in the Newton Hall herd; but after Mr. Wetherell had bred Princess Royal from her, he sold her in-calf with Buttercup to Mr. Henry Watson, of Walkeringham, at her prime cost, 53 gs., and at that gentleman's sale she and her nine descendants made 1,033 gs. Mr. Wetherell had originally purchased the mare Morsel for about the same sum, sent her to Physician, and sold her when she was in-foal of The Cure; and so, in this instance, the embryo calf Buttercup became the dam of Butterfly, who, when crossed with the once-neglected Frederick, produced not only the unbeaten, but the highest-priced bull that the world ever saw. This is not Mr. Wetherell's only connection with the Towneley herd, as

you fancy that, even if it be only tenanted by the owls and the bats, there must of a surety be one still; but not one stone is left upon another. You soon find that your castle is in the air, and that you have just passed through the mere portal to a moor. Mr. Wetherell's holding was up two or three fields to the left. The farm-buildings look desolate enough, and exposed to all the fury of the west wind, but there was a snugness and comfort in all the arrangements, down to the canvas curtains and the whin bushes on the gates, which proved, without even seeing the result in the beautiful condition of the cattle, that Mr. Wetherell and his trusty herdsmen, John Ward, had not battled with the elements in vain.

Lady Scarboro', an old dame of stately presence, broad back, and prominent breast, and the roan

Mr. Eastwood purchased Blanche 5th, by Bates's renowned Duke of Northumberland, out of Blanche 2nd, from him, and bore off Roan Duchess, by Whittington, out of Red Duchess, by Cleveland Lad 2nd, as well. Red Duchess and Blanche 5th were both bought by Mr. Wetherell from Mr. Mawe, who had in his turn bought Blanche 5th from Mr. Bates. Mr. Eastwood's pair kept each other company, not only in the journey to Lancashire, but through their daughters in after years, in the yard at the Chelmsford Royal, where, after passing into Colonel Towneley's hands, Roan Duchess 2nd was first in the cow class, and the red-and-white Blanche 6th next to her.

It was with Blanche 5th and Red Duchess that Mr. Wetherell commenced his third herd at Kirkbridge in 1848; and three years after The Earl of Scarborough (by Roan Duke, a pure Bates bull), who was bred by Mr. Mawe, and bought along with his dam at the Tetley sale, carried off the head prize at Windsor, for the best bull in Class I. Still, his success had many serious drawbacks, as twenty-four of his cows died of pleuro-pneumonia, and thirty-three cast their calves; but the herd was gradually rising into note once more, when, in consequence of circumstances well known, Mr. Wetherell gave up his Kirkbridge farm, where he had once hoped to end his days, and went to reside about a mile off at Aldborough. He did not, however, relinquish breeding entirely; and, faithful to the blood of The Earl of Scarborough, he brought his daughters, Lady Scarborough and The Duchess of Northumberland (who goes back with two crosses of Belvedere to "Sockburn Sall," by John Coates's bull) along with him; and these, with Moss Rose, Cosy, and a few others, formed the germ of the fourth herd.

Cosy were the leading dowagers of those sheds, and the roan Moss Rose, whose public life had been one series of brilliant seconds to Nectarine Blossom, was grouped in a Ward bouquet with her daughters Ayrshire and the buxom Stanley Rose. John's lot was cast with her in troubled times hereafter, in the "fatal walk she took through Holyhead;" but now she had only to lift her gay little head, and come marching straight towards us with that massive Bride Elect bosom, as if the Durham County wreath were already her own. Next came the curly, white head of that handsome bull Statesman, with those rare lengthy quarters, and a 26-inch measurement from the tail to the huggins. Much as Mr. Wetherell liked this bull, he considers that his best was one by Young Albion, from the dam of Rosanna, for which he would not have taken 500 gs., and yet he had to shoot him for fear of manslaughter.

The sale day was one to be much remembered, and the Moor looked all life, as the shorthorn men, who had been entertained royally at the King's Head over-night, poured into it, and found their host in his white waistcoat on a pony, acting as field-marshal, while the 48 lots, bar infants, were being marched round in tribes. A blue bullock-van, with "The Cumberland Ox" in six-inch letters on its side, did duty as catalogue and counting-house. The Union Jack floated above the Durham Horticultural tent, and the voice of the revellers was pitched in its highest key, when Mr. Wetherell said a few feeling words to neighbours and "auld acquentance" (as Billy Pierce always phrased it), and poor Jackson, then just midway in his race career "at lusty one-and-thirty," returned thanks for the Turf, coupled with himself and Saunterer. Mr. Sam Wiley and Mr. Charge were both there, and the latter called to mind, as he stood bowed and feeble with years, and leaning on the arm of a friend, how nearly, nine-

and-forty years before, he had joined to buy "a leg of Comet," and how none of his three partners remained to tell the tale. Mr. Jacques, a great winner and breeder when Clementi was in the land, looked on, and so did Mr. Nesham, the owner of old Usurer, who lasted until his fourteenth year. Mr. Richard Booth stood by with a quiet chuckle, and Mr. John Booth was the Branches Commissioner. Her Ladyship listened anxiously in her brougham, till the relentless "and ten" upon "ten" stopped at "300 for Lady Pigot" (loud cheering), and Stanley Rose was proclaimed the prima donna of the day. Mr. Drewry was not to be denied for Cosy and Comfort, nor Mr. Doig for Moss Rose and Ayrshire Rose. About 73 guineas for 48 lots was the final return from the waggon, and a roan heifer-calf by King Arthur, from Duchess of Northumberland, was the only memento left. After that, Mr. Wetherell formed no more herds, and wound up by breeding two or three thoroughbred foals from a Flying Dutchman mare. The neighbourhood was not drained of prize shorthorns when the forty-eight had gone. Mr. Wood of Stanwick, a close neighbour of Mr. Wetherell's, won the first aged prize with Lord Adolphus, against both Lord of the Harem and Prince Frederick at Battersea in '62. Four years after, his beautiful cow Corinne stood first at the Plymouth Royal and the Yorkshire, and it was from heifers of his breeding that Mr. Mitchell of Alloa bred some Highland Society prize winners.

"Nestor's" little home at Aldborough has many a herd memento on its walls. There is the cow bred by Mr. Thomas Booth, which he sold at two years old to Mr. Carter of Theakstone, and then bought back at beef price and put to Comus (1861). She had three heifers, and Mr. Rennie, senior, of Phantassie, bid him 500 gs. for them, and ended by

buying the oldest out of the pasture for 250 gs. The second went to Mr. Whitaker. Three roans are there from Herring's hand, and painted in Memnon's year, when he was a struggling coachman artist in Spring Gardens, Doncaster. Comet (155) is said to be the only one by Weaver in existence. Mr. Wetherell always thought Comet too long, but still a more elegant bull than Duke of Northumberland, who had also to struggle against rather upright shoulders. Comet's kith and kin are there in St. John and Gaudy by Favourite, bred by Mason, who always loved good hair. Still, perhaps one of the greatest triumphs is the old sow of the Elemore, or rather the Bakewell breed. She was one of a litter of eight sows and two boars, and the former won the first prize in eight successive years at Cordilleras, near Richmond.

"Bid me discourse" is an invitation Mr. Wetherell never shrank from; and, with the Brothers Colling, Mr. Thomas Booth, Sir Tatton Sykes, Captain Barclay, and Mr. Wiley on his walls, it would be strange if he did not sit by the hour in his easy chair, and tell of old times and shorthorn doings when they were all in the flesh. At times the gig comes for the Chief Baron to go over and spend a few days at Killerby and Warlaby. He presides there in great state at those "high private trials" of shorthorns under the trees in the home garth, and cites the Charity precedents. Mr. John Outhwaite frequently assists, and adopting a mode of practice quite unknown to the Westminster law courts, that learned baron generally backs his opinion from the bench for one, if not two, new hats. On the knotty subject of the Leicester yearling heifers, the Court, which never objects to "liquor up" during the most weighty discussion, divided two and two.

"Great constitution" is Mr. Wetherell's leading tenet, but "great size" never was; and

if he does illustrate it, he goes to Colonel Cradock, who gloried in it, and whose "Magnum Bonum was like the Great Eastern." He always considers that Earl Spencer began the bull trade, and made shorthorns so to speak fashionable with the landlords. It was the thing to go to Wiseton, more especially about the St. Leger time, and if visitors liked a cow, they bargained to give £50 for the produce. The Earl crossed in till he sacrificed constitution—they had thin fore-quarters and no breasts; and it was then that Mason, a very clever first-rate judge, a hater of "fool's fat" and open shoulders, and most decided about fore-quarters and a good neck-vein, came to the Earl's aid. Whitaker was a great keeper, and all for the milk-bag, and Bates's mellow, light-fleshed sort grew less and less robust—they would get fat, but they would not swell and thicken like the Booths, which will stand any amount of high pressure. Such is a mere fragment of his confession of shorthorn faith.

*Prices may at times have been wild and fanciful, and 250 guineas may seem an extravagant bull-hire, but still buying good beasts and holding to approved tribes, even at a large outlay, is the most profitable policy in the long run. There is some method in the "madness" which would give 125 gs. for "Oxford 11th" as a calf, 250 gs. for her as a three-year-old, and 500 gs. for her as a cow, on the only three occasions that this dam of "Fifth Duke of Oxford"—the first-prize aged bull at Chester, and a 300-guinea purchase at six months old—was brought into the sale-ring. When we look back to the calm foresight of the Brothers Colling; the courageous confidence of Mason, the Rev. Henry Berry, and Whitaker; "Tommy Bates," and all his animated

* A great portion of this chapter is extracted from a Prize Essay on Shorthorns (H. H. D.) in the Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal* for 1865.

lectures on touch and form in his pastures, or on the show-ground; "A quiet day at Wiseton;" the dashing cow and heifer contests between Towneley, Booth, and Douglas; the victories of "Duchess 77th" and "The Twins;" the dispersion of the late Jonas Webb's herd at the steady, paying average of £55 10s. for 145; the brilliant gathering which appraised the "Butterflies;" the £8,180 at Willis's Rooms for seventeen Grand Dukes and Duchesses; and the two May Meetings of '67 in Kent and Essex, and then scan the result in so many fairs and pastures, we may well feel that shorthorns have repaid all the money, thought, and labour which have been expended upon them. Still, in one way only can their supremacy be made permanent—by always keeping in mind the rule by which our first breeders have been guided, that "a good beast must be a good beast, however it has come; but that it is to pedigrees alone that we can trust for succession."

CHAPTER VIII.

"If civilized people were ever to lapse into the worship of animals, the cow would certainly be their chief goddess. What a fountain of blessing is a cow! She is the mother of beef, the source of butter, the original cause of cheese, to say nothing of shoe-horns, hair-combs, and upper leathers. A gentle, amiable, ever-yielding creature, who has no joy in her family affairs which she does not share with man. We rob her of her children, that we may rob her of her milk, and we only care for her that the robbery may be perpetuated."

Household Words.

Eccentric Sporting Characters — Mr. Brucre's Herd — His Booth Tree — John Osborne — Mr. Anthony Maynard — Killerby and Warlaby Recollections — Mr. John Jackson — Lord Feversham's Herd — "Old Anna" — Mr. Samuel Wiley — Mr. Borton's Leicesters.

YORKSHIRE is so essentially the county of sportsmen, orthodox or eccentric, that it may not be out of place to say a word about the latter in every part of England before we deal with its Sykes, its Gully, and its Tom Hodgson, &c. The records of them are very slight, in fact often nothing more than a mere passing mention in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Of Miss Ann Richards of the Ashdown Club, we have spoken.* Miss Mary Breeze of Lynn had also good greyhounds, and took out a shooting licence, and when she died she left special Suttee sort of orders, that her mare and her dogs should be shot, and all buried with her. Among eccentric-clerico characters, we find Cotton, a clergyman, of Kew, whose snare was his dog and gun, and who had them

* "Scott and Sebright," p. 251.

generally waiting for him at his vestry door as soon as service was over. It was, we believe, said of him, that he put on his surplice, in order to get a better shot at snipes in snow time. Robinson of Kendal had a horse, but he never got on to it. In fact, he always led it on its journeys, and if any friend asked the loan of it, there was the stereotyped excuse, "*I cannot go to lead for thee.*" He invariably took out a game licence, and kept several setters, but he never fired a gun, although he was always going to become a British sportsman "next season," up to his death, at 84. The nastiest part about him was, that if he knew that a man coveted a dog or gun at a sale, or elsewhere, he would buy it at any price, purely to deprive him of it.

Mr. Vernon, one of the "fathers of the turf," was great as a wall-fruit amateur, and he astonished the Newmarket gardeners by his new mode of forcing peaches. "Count" O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, divided his attentions between the mighty chesnut and a parrot, for which he gave 50 gs., besides paying the woman's expenses with it from Southampton. It was a wonderful musician, and they do say that it would go back to the erring bar if it made a mistake in whistling a tune. The Count, however, recited no parrot formula to his nephew about betting, but left pretty plain instructions in his will that he was to forfeit £500 for every bet he made. When Mr. Trinket died, it was written of him that he was a "perfumer without Temple Bar, and well known at Newmarket;" and Edward Pennyman, the saddler of Holborn, earned a posthumous chaplet, to the effect that he "first invented the hogskin saddle, and rode a match over the Beacon." Bartley, the boot-maker, must have been jealous of his fame, when he rode Pegasus in Phosphorus's year. Mark Cobden's prowess was confined to "making the largest arm" of any man breathing at Goodwood, as he threw a

5½-ounce cricket-ball there 119 yards, and beat Earl Winchilsea by 3.

The very odd racing characters seem to have lived chiefly in the North and Midlands. One died not so many years since, so let him rest; his peculiarities are embalmed in the records of a great trial; but why not a word for Mr. Matthew Briggs, who respected the turf so much that he only condescended to wear a shirt when he went to Derby and Lichfield races! The life of Hurst of Rawcliffe, is, we are told, the only light reading in which the water-drinkers at Askern Spa, near Doncaster, indulge. About 1830, he was quite a hero in that district. A fox, a bull, and an otter were his chosen pets, and his coffin did chest duty. When he went out shooting he rode the bull, and taught the pigs and the dogs to do the quartering and retrieving. His waistcoat was composed of drakes' necks, and when he drove his asses or dogs in his own home-made carriage to the St. Leger, he distributed notes for 5½d., "payable to John Bull on the Bank of Rawcliffe." Lumley Kettlewell was of a far higher caste, and horses, dogs (which kept up a roving commission among the shambles to save their lives), a fox, a Maltese ass, ducks, and a monkey were the solace of his existence, and resided under his roof. He got in at his window by a ladder, and packed himself at nights into a crate of straw for heat. While his bank notes were lying about his drawers, and were on one occasion devoured by rats, he was eating cocks' heads and rabbits' feet, and any offal he could light on. Looking up racehorse pedigrees was his delight, and if he went to a friend's, he would seat himself right in front of the fire, plant his elbows between his knees, and study the *Calendar* in silence from morning till night.

Fox and hare-hunting have had some very queer votaries. An American writer remarks that we must

be a cheerful-hearted people, as we clip our garden hedges into fantastic shapes—here an urn, and there a crowing cock. A turnpike man beguiled his weariness in somewhat the same way, but he would not rest short of a horse and rider, and during the hunting season he put the man into a scarlet coat. Other enthusiasts have been even more practical and persevering in their homage. Stephen Wood, who was blind, followed the hounds at 84 without a guide. Those who do not "dread to speak of '98" may remember how well the Rev. E. Stokes of Blaby rode, and how a little bell was rung by his attendant whenever there was a fence. A blind officer performed still more boldly with The Duke's, but a friend's voice was sufficient for him. George Kirton attended "the unkennelling of the fox" ("Sylvanus Urban" is rather funny among terms of art) till he was turned a hundred. "Geordie Robinson's enthusiasm carried him through many a hard day on foot with the Sherborne, and under the belief that he was a duke, he bedecked himself with ribbons and laurel. He was, however, as nothing to Tom Roberts, who hunted harriers at Kirmond, in Lincolnshire. Calves he had none, and he was equally ill off below the elbow. Still he had a voice of great volume, and a little excrescence like the joint of a thumb on one elbow, which seemed to answer for hands, and everything else. Ned of the West was an excellent master of harriers; and glasses, engraved with horses and dogs, were his household specialty. Bridges divided his allegiance between harriers and silk-handkerchiefs; but there was nothing of the man milliner about him for all that, as he once rode down the Brighton Devil's Dyke at full gallop, for a bet of £500. Even in their last hours the peculiar tastes of these worthies did not leave them. John Hornby was buried in 1739, near Newmarket, wearing his jockey cap "by express desire,"

and with a whip in his hand; and far more recently, one Thomas Phillips, a brewer, was carried to his grave by all the huntsmen and whips of Berkshire. The passion of his life had been to amass pads, and if any resurrectionist could dig down to him at the churchyard of Speen, near Newbury, they would find his gristly fingers still grasping that relick of a Craven "Charley."

There is no need to speak of the scenery through which we passed on the branch line from Northallerton to Leyburn. It was done to hand in a Richmond paper by the Robins of the district. "You can stand," he says, "and see almost to Sedberg north-west, with a valley bursting forth with living beauty and grandeur; and the river moving in its serpentine form, and in all its silvery brightness. You can then turn round and you will be able to see on a clear day eastward, the Cathedral at York, and a landscape of living beauty that becomes overwhelming with grandeur to the intelligent admirers of greatness and beauty. I look forward to the time when the railway shall pass through the valley to every part of England; and when the princely manufacturers shall be drawn by the beauties of the Dale, to come and reside here, and fill the Dale with their splendid mansions, so that it should become like Sharon, Carmel, or Lebanon for splendour and grandeur."

Parson's Barn is soon in sight, that once great trysting-place of the Edie Ochiltrees of every age and degree, and for which Yorkshiremen say that they have heard summer appointments made by vagrants when they have been strolling in Hyde Park. A little to the right is Spennithorne, in whose "Throstle's Nest" poor Job Marson, the jockey, made his last investment, not long before he was carried to its churchyard. Middleham, with its castle on the hill, we leave to the right, and wind round by

East Witton, where the grass is hardly grown on the grave of Tommy Lye, through lanes, into which two carts cannot pass without considerable generalship, up the sycamore avenue, and so to Mr. Bruere's hermitage at Braithwaite. It stands in the midst of a rose-tree prairie, among which white Dorkings, which proved hardier than Spanish, lead a merry sort of life. The three gables, which look like ivy bushes, were said to have been built by three sisters, and they bear the date of 1672. Everything is in keeping with the wide entrance-hall and massive stairs, and the low black oak wainscoted parlour, with no emblazonment but "the Booth bull tree on its walls." Modern taste has crept in with a small dairy, in whose midst a fountain, of iron and painted glass, plays for shorthorn men. China of many patterns, with yellow, blue, green, and claret as the ground work, is on the shelves, and the new milk is held in dishes of iron, coated with pot.

The Coverdale valley, down which so many jocks have "wasted" in their day, lies in front, with the river Cover winding through its deep dingle of ash and sycamore. In the distance is the ridge of the Low Moor, with occasional sheeted strings of racers glancing along its skyline, like the scenes in the magic lantern, and stretching away to the High Moor, which has the frowning Penhill to back it. The old church at Coverham is hard by the Cover stream, and many a racing celebrity lies under its shadow. There sleep old Bob Johnson, the steersman of Becswing and Dr. Syntax; Ben Smith, as green as a young turkey on his mother earth, but a very Talleyrand in the saddle and the winner of six St. Legers; Harry Grimshaw, of Gladiateur fame; and there too, old John Osborne now rests his dreamless head. Ashgill, in whose quiet little parlour he used to sit like a wizard, not consulting the stars or perusing the prophets, but weighing handicaps in

his good brain balance, is perched high on the hill side. Below is Tupgill, from which Tomboy and Caccia Piatti used to go forth to clear their pipes in good air; and beyond is Brecon Gill, which is also associated with some of Tom Dawson's best triumphs of the tartan, and the dark blue, the Johnstone crimson, the Jardine "blue with silver braid," and the "Jamie Meiklam" stripes.

Mr. Bruere farms about 300 acres under General Wood, and two hundred of muirland. Of the rest, which has been gradually enclosed from the slopes of Braithwaite Fell, only 38 acres are arable, and 12 of them turnip. The blackcocks club within three hundred yards of the house, and, when the wind is in the west, the hill-sides are full of grouse, but an easterly blast drives them further over to Dally Gill Moors or Masham Moor Head. About 150 black-faced ewes are kept for the heather, and crossed with a blue-faced Leicester. The produce are sold off as lambs and shearling wethers, the latter of them generally weighing from 20lbs. to 22lbs. per quarter, and averaging 6lbs. per fleece; while the best of the shearling gimmers are kept to make up the ranks of a half-bred flock to 50. The cross invariably knocks the horn out of the gimmers; and those of the wethers which retain their horns are coarser, but make bigger sheep. The white-faced Leicester has never suited the half-bred ewes so well, and his stock never seemed to travel so well through the ling. Mr. Bruere considers that he owes most to a black Leicester, who gave plenty of "japan" to the face and legs, and yet only got four black sheep in the course of his four seasons.*

* The Lincolns have been introduced on the Yorkshire Wolds but they did not answer, and required higher keeping. Many farmers both in this and other counties have tried one cross of the Lincoln on their Leicestor ewes, and gained wool and size without a sacrifice of that aptitude to feed which is the Leicester's great characteristic;

Mr. Bruere came to Braithwaite about nineteen years ago, after spending fourteen years at Agglethorpe in Coverdale. His Booth devotion dates back to 1824, when he was a school-lad at Ripon. Mr. Richard Booth used to invite him and his two brothers over to Studley, where those buxom matrons, the red Anna and roan Isabella, stole his youthful heart. A fine white bull, Young Albion (15), also held him in a spell, and so completely deadened an early longing for Australia, that he settled quietly down to farming at Agglethorpe. He began a herd with Lily and Damsel, half-sisters by

but the second cross does not answer; as the mutton has a tendency to be coarse. A few Lincolns are still sent annually to the Masham districts of Yorkshire, which have what they call a "Mug" tup, or Leicester of their own. He is not a relic of the Teeswater; and a "New Leicester" man will not look at him. He stands well on his legs, and can travel through the heather after the active speckle-faced ewes better than the short-legged Leicester, which would "weary to nothing" in such ground. The rams are hardy, and clip from 8lbs. to 10lbs. of wool, and in very rare instances 12lbs.; while the ewes average 6lbs. to 7lbs. of wool, and are very prolific. The wethers will make up with good keep from 20lbs. to 24lbs. in eighteen months; but several of them are not cut, and dealers carry on a large trade by taking them to Scotland. Many of the best ones find a ready sale at Masham, Kettlewell, and Skipton, where the farmers won't look at a pure Leicester, and £15 has been made for "a regular topper." They seem to spring from a union of the Leicester and Teeswater, but there has been no "crossing out" for many years. A tendency to feather down below the hocks is avoided as much as possible in the rams, and so is too much wool on the head. The heaviest woolled sheep are not chosen for the moor, but rather those with a light ringle staple.

Almost every farmer in Wensleydale who has a little lowland keeps a few "good-bred ewes" of the sort, which they put to rams with the biggest fleece they can find. Many of them are also bought about Askrigg Midsummer Fair, but the best are kept back until later in the year. This "Blue-cap" sort, as many term them, came into special notice some seven-and-twenty years ago, when one of them by a pure Leicester from a half-Leicester and Teeswater was shown at the Liverpool Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society. In shape and make he was a pure Leicester, but he was thought rather too big.

The ewes which the "Mug Leicester" follows on the moors are principally brought as gimmers to Askrigg Market, from Lanarkshire, and have fetched as much as 45s. each. Such is the eagerness

Cleveland (3404), and Lily's dam and Leaf both by Burton (3250), a son of Comet (155), and bred by Mr. Wyville, of Burton Hall. He has gradually formed six tribes from Kate, Damsel, Leaf, Lily, Vesper, and Garnet, and distinguishes them respectively in his nomenclature as "Sweets," "Roses," "Leafs," "Flowers," "Stars," and "Precious Stones."

Chance, the first bull who came to Agglethorpe, was succeeded by Shipton, from Mr. Edwards', of Market Weighton. Shipton only got one thing (Strawberry) that has left any descendants in the female line, and he went back to Lady Sarah, own sister to Isabella by Pilot. He had also pretty nearly made an end of Mr. Bruere, as he flung him on to some lime-heaps in a lane; and if his cloak

of the farmers in the district, that they go the day before to meet the droves, and buy them up before they see "the hill." The Craven farmers have the longest purses, and hence the small dalesmen have to be content with their leavings. The "shot ewes" do not come from Scotland until the autumn, and are bought for making fat lambs in the lowlands.

"Masham lambs," or the half-bred produce of the "Mug Leicester" and the Scotch ewes on the moor, are generally bought by dealers and resold at York Market for Derbyshire and the Midland Counties, as well as for many districts of the East and West Ridings. They are first put on the stubbles after harvest, and these, if late, always affect their price, which has ranged from 18s. to 35s. for the best. The Moor ewes generally run there for four or five years, and if a ram suits them, no money will tempt his owner, and he is kept till he is almost a skeleton. Sometimes these half-bred or "mule" gimmers are crossed again with the "Mug Leicester" for fat lambs or stores, and in weight of wool and carcase they run the Leicester hard if well done to throughout. The half-bred ewe generally breeds and nurses well, but she is seldom kept more than two years on the moor; and after one crop of lambs on the lowlands she goes off fat to the butcher. "The Swaledale lambs" are another and a very hardy sort, between the "Mug Leicester" and the native horned sheep, which abound in Swaledale, Colsterdale, Dallowgill, and Akengarth, &c., and have close short coats and a hard touch. They go to the wildest parts of Derbyshire at very much lower prices than the lambs from the Scotch ewes, and are not nearly such good feeders as shearlings."—Prize Essay (H. H. D.), *Royal Agricultural Journal*. 1868.

had not become unclasped and wound itself round his horns for a few seconds, his victim could not have crept through the hedge. This was our Braithwaite friend's first and "positively last appearance" in the Spanish matador line of business.*

Our evening was chiefly spent over the Booth Chart 1790, or "Warlaby, Killerby, and Studley Bradshaw." We had all the more pleasure in helping to prop it on the table, and exciting Mr. Bruere into a lecture thereon, as, according to him, we had the honour of being its sponsor. During a visit to Braithwaite in the Christmas of 'Sixty, we found Mr. Bruere armed with numberless rolls of pedigree papers, which he unfolded upon us to a sea-serpent length. The prospect was appalling, and our spirits sank when we heard that Bates and the Duchesses, on the same principle, would be the programme of the following evening. "Why not pull yourself together," we said, "and combine all this into one chart, on the fashion of the Temperance Allegory, or the Morrison's Pills tree?" So he set to work that very winter. Here was "the self-supporting

* After Rouge, Silky Laddie (which claimed descent from Mr. John Colling's Rachel, eighteen of which averaged £92 6s. at his sale in '39), and Sylvan King (half-brother to Silky Laddie), the pure Booth period set-in with King Arthur, half-brother to Venus de Medicis, who was hired from the late Mr. John Booth for 100 gs. a year. Thirty-two calves, a moiety of them heifers, were the produce of the visit; and, as he had gone home three months before his time, Prince George arrived to finish out the two years, and never left Braithwaite except for the block. Windsor was also kindly lent to Mr. Bruere by Mr. Richard Booth, from May, '60, to February, '61, on his return from Mr. Carr's. Thirteen cows and heifers held to the Royal white, who looked the mere outline of his once great self; and two of the thirteen cast twins; but three bulls and seven heifers were the produce of the rest. Prince George was rather yellow-red in his colour, and infused a good deal of red with white legs into the stock, as well as his round Booth-rib, and soft, well-covered huggins. Baron Booth, from Vesper, was his son, and was used for a time, before his sale for 200 gs. to Mr. Barclay, and "won a silver mug, between hours," at Bedale, as the best beast in the yard. His calves were first and second at the Highland Society's Show in 1869.

herd," drawn out, after many a weary night's labour, with pencil and brush, into one vast sheet, bristling with names and dates, and resplendent with the banners of its ten great tribes. The ten flags were each painted into their place, and also grouped at the top, five and five, with the Booth crest—three boars heads, and three drops of blood on them. Under the dedication is the record of the Anna-tribe, going back through eight generations. Mr. Richard Booth always loved to tell how Anna walked to a Manchester show, and bore a calf afterwards, and how she was such a high grazier, that he had nicked fat with his penknife out of lumps on her side, and preserved it as a curiosity. As between her and Isabella, he always said, "Let both divide the crown." If you praised the one, he turned on to you with the other.

The top is quite a pedigreed Bashan—bulls bred by Booth to the right, and bulls introduced into the herd to the left. Easby of the *Blossom*, and Agamemnon of the *Anna* tribes with Isaac, Julius Cæsar, Red Rover, and Young Alexander are among the "Ayes to the right," as they say in the House of Commons. So is Raspberry, the first Warlaby bull, and perhaps the biggest that ever stood in its stalls, where he unhappily got hung. On the left, there are mighty heroes in Albion, a purchase at Charles Colling's sale in 1810; Pilot, a rather small bull, from Robert Colling's sale in 1818, who was once let and recovered again; and Mason's Matchem who did so much for Killerby. Mr. Booth sent Young Carnation to him, and having thus put the blood through his own filter, he used Young Matchem to the Broughton family with remarkable effect. There too are Raine's Lord Lieutenant, "a short-legged, thick and lusty dog, but rather lacking in hair," the sire of Leonard, whose daughters, Bliss and Bianca to wit, ran more to milk, as Buckingham's did to

beef; Mussulman, of Cradock's Cherry blood, who got Buckingham; and Lord Stanley, who brought back the family blood from Castle Howard, and was the sire of Birthday.

John Osborne seemed quite an old Parr in our minds, and yet he had hardly been known on the turf much before Charles the Twelfth's year. He was at one time head lad under Skaife, when the Duke of Leeds kept race-horses at Hornby Castle, with "Sim" Templeman as his jockey. "Chocolate and black cap" were the Leeds colours, and he adopted them when His Grace died. Our first remembrance of him on the turf is in connection with Mr. Loy's Ararat, one of the colts which, in conjunction with The Commodore, Malvolio, and Lanercost, made Mr. Ramshay's Liverpool so popular. The bay was a pretty good one in his time; and once he went so far as to get Beeswing's head for the Stockton Cup, and it was all Cartwright could do to prevent him from getting "bang up." Old Bob Johnson was never so astonished in his life; and, "in course," he had some reason for them at Tupgill when they at last ventured to mention it.

John Osborne was known in connection with many other horses besides Ararat, but they were generally rank bad ones. In later years he was quite as great a pillar to the northern racing as "J. B. Green" had been in his time; and labourers in the fields used to say, "*Likely enough, some of John Osborne's,*" if they saw a long string journeying towards a northern town the day before the races. About 1840-41, the same expression was used in a different sense; and if a horse was beat off below the distance, the betting-men had that phrase almost stereotyped for reply, when any Grand Stand neighbours asked them whose was the unfortunate.

With 1842 came a new order of things, and John had the Marquis of Westminster's string—Sleight-of-Hand, Maria Day, Auckland, and a lot of others —in his keeping. Auckland by Touchstone was a colt upon which the late Marquis was wondrously sweet, and, from his foalhood, he set a monstrous figure on him. He was reared at the Moor Park paddocks, and was coming north in the early days of the London and North Western with a black filly, when an engine burst, and nearly boiled the filly, and took some skin off the colt. They were taken to the Eagle Inn at Rugby, where the filly soon died, and the Marquis went in for something like £3,000 compensation for the two, and we believe he got it. Auckland was very little the worse, and, as it proved, "The London and North Western Boiling Stakes" were the best he ever won. The millionaire Marquis fondly hoped on for the Derby; but, although the illustrious patient did not win that race, in the process of years it fell with Caractacus to the young Rugby V.S. (Mr. Snewing), who attended him.

Such was poor John's Eaton episode with the Derby, and he did not care for another season as guardian of the yellow jacket, which was enough to give him the jaundice. Maria Day, a very sweet little animal, and Job Marson very nearly put things right at Doncaster; but "The Yeoman" was in the way, and John was not sorry to have his crust of bread and liberty, and begin at the bottom ring of the ladder of fame once more. The Heir by Inheritor was one of his horses, but it was a sad weary time, although with George Abdale, his future son-in-law, to ride, he did a little for his employers, and on his own account, till his son and heir, the redoubtable "Johnny" appeared in the saddle. We remember the old man quite opening out (for him) in the train one day about his lad, and his delight

that Sir Joseph had engaged him to ride at 5st. 6lbs. on Van Diemen in the Goodwood Stakes. The next year (1850) brought the great turn in his family fortunes with Black Doctor. The little horse ran four times, and did nothing, then he began to "come," and lost his maidenhood in that grand Eglinton Stakes finish, which he won by a neck from Beehunter and Nancy, and had Neasham, Payment, Pitsford, and Mildew behind him as well. The black went in the course of the week to Mr. Saxon for 800 gs., and henceforth the star of Osborne and Ashgill steadily rose. John was marked dangerous for his two-year-olds, and his great axiom of "if they are to be sweated, let them sweat" (not on Middleham Moor* for love, but all over England) "for the brass," stood him in fine stead. As an early tryer and bringer out of ripe two-year-olds, and as an artist for keeping them on their legs when they were brought out, he had no superior. During the '52 season, Exact and Lambton were like the man and woman in the clock—when one wasn't out, the other was. Exact ran sixteen times, and won nine; and Lambton was out once less, and won once more. Very often they were in the same stake, and John had some little difficulty in deciding which was to go. At the York August of that year, his London commissioner backed the wrong one for a race, and John had to follow the "wires," and change his tactics forthwith. They drew about £1,000 between them in stakes that meeting, which John thought a great thing, as he had not then dealt in Little Stag, or Prince Arthur, King Arthur, Wild Agnes, and the rest of that lucky Agnes family, of which he sold two, "Little" and "Miss," to the present Sir Tatton Sykes. It might be the bargain was better, and therefore he liked to send his best

* For a description of Middleham Moor, see "Silk and Scarlet," p. 139.

mares *en masse* to a horse if the blood suited, and Birdcatcher, Weatherbit, and The Cure were all his particulars. For Colsterdale, which he purchased for £300 at the Sledmere sale, he had some fancy, and his brood mares had gradually increased and multiplied till there were forty of them. No one did more with The Cures, and he had a strong attachment to Wild Dayrell, though he did not use him in the same wholesale way. He also left a good word behind him for Piccador.

Brown Brandy and Cherry Brandy and Lord Alfred were ready to appear at the footlights, when Exact and Lambton (for no one knew the exact moment to sell better) had departed south. The grey was a son of Chanticleer and Agnes, and for soundness a wonder. He began on March 29th, and had run 24 races, and won 9 of them on Oct. 28th, the day after his companion Lady Tatton had won the Nursery Stakes. Next year, Manganese, giving 2st. 4lbs. to Shelah, was second for the Nursery Stakes, and the year after that old John nailed one of the classes again with Mongrel, under no very flattering weight, so that the Newmarket Houghton Friday had nothing but good omens for him. Great weight-for-age races were not his forte, although he did drop on to Blair Athol at York with The Miner. Lady Tatton was third for him in the St. Leger, but he never got so near for a Derby or Oaks. Honeywood's friends made a braying of trumpets about the black, which not a little disturbed the repose of the backers of "The West," but John was wrong that time. He looked very downcast, following Saunterer in the paddock on the Derby day, and threw up his hands and told his friends he "knew nothing about him;" but the public watched the money, and knew as much as he could tell them as to the "pencil fever," which was slowly consuming the colt in the interior.

In his day he trained for a number of good men—Lord Zetland, Lord Londesborough, Sir Charles Monck, and others; but he was very independent, and he had every right to be so. What was better still, prosperity never puffed him up. He was really and truly "Plain John" to the last. "Little fish" in the way of stakes and little meetings were what he loved. Handicap studies were his *forte*; and go past who might, he hardly looked up from the desk at the office-window, which looked into the yard at Ashgill. The calculations he had in his head about forms were as clear and well arranged as a senior wrangler's differentials and integrals, and we never heard of but one man who could thoroughly tackle him over weights, and make him ring hurriedly for his slippers at the inn, and say, "*I think I'll be off to bed.*"

The last time we saw him was at the Doncaster meeting. He came in that long trainer's train, in which Blair Athol's box was placed before General Peel's, and so many accepted the omen. There was the crush hat and the salmon-coloured handkerchief looking out of the train, and then old John descended and walked up the line, but took no part, as Johnny "unshipped" The Miner. There seemed a worm at the root then, and we felt sure he would never see another St. Leger. He came to the town once more for the spring meeting, whose first Hopeful stakes he had won with Saunterer; but he was hardly seen out again, and he was on his deathbed ere Stockbridge came round, and henceforth all the entries were made in John Osborne junior's name. That confirmed in words what the racing world had long known too well by report, that the old man's days were numbered. His was a homely style, and a homely school, but it was a most efficient one, and few, if any, can boast of having reared up such jockeys as John Osborne, Challoner, and Harry

Grimshaw, who all began their saddle-life in his colours.

If there is ever a gallery devoted to the heroes of "field and fold," the late Mr. Anthony Maynard will infallibly have a place. He came from quite a shorthorn and horse-loving family. "Maynard's bull" is a name of note in the "Herd-book," and "t'auld yellow cow," to which he so often reverted, made her peculiar mark. Crusade (7898), by Cotherstone, by Bates's Cleveland Lad, from a granddaughter of John Colling's celebrated cow Rachel, was his most famous show beast; but he had done nothing in that way for some time past. He leant decidedly to the Bates blood, but bullocks were his secret pride. He delighted to recount what toppers (the best of which was nearly lost in the snow) he and his father before him had pitched at Yarm; and how both of them would take "to boot and horse lad" and ride thirty miles across country by daylight to be at market betimes. He was always a very active man, a keen sportsman, and rode well to hounds; and it was, we believe, a hardriding accident which caused that peculiar crick about one shoulder which, with his keen, intelligent face, made him "so good to know." For twenty years he kept the Boro' Bridge harriers, and showed excellent sport. The Raby country then extended as far as Boro' Bridge, and the duke always charged him, "*If you find an outlying fox do your best to handle him before he reaches a cover.*" He hunted both with the Bedale and the Raby, and when either of the masters appealed to him at a check: "*Which way, Anthony?*" the general reply was "*overridden by those young officers—cast behind them.*" On hunting days he was up at five, and rode over his six hundred acres before breakfast, and then fifteen or sixteen miles to cover; and no man told better Yorkshire hunting tales over a bottle of '20 port. He was one of the

oldest shorthorn breeders in the kingdom, and we hear that his herd numbered about 120 head at his death. To the "Herd-book" he had been a contributor since its commencement, and his numerous entries traced to good and ancient families.

Marton-le-Moor, a few miles from Ripon, was his pleasant, old bachelor home. The handsome Crusade, with a portrait of his owner and his herdsman, formed a leading feature of the snuggery, and a large painting of "the best side of Comet" (as he did not fail to tell you), held the place of honour in the dining-room. A Yorkshire show-ring hardly looked itself without "old Anthony" or Crofton inside it, and he was quite regarded as a "chief justice" in shorthorn matters. A more upright judge did not exist, but he had very strong dislikes and "crotchets," and did not scruple to express them when he was not on the bench. To the Butterfly tribe he was never reconciled. The Royal had his services as judge at Chester, in 1858, and again at Leeds, in 1861; and he liked the business so much, that, when he was verging on seventy, he crossed the Channel to officiate at the Dublin Spring, and proved himself in the possession of wonderful "sea legs." In judging he generally gave more points for mellow handling than for gaiety of form. He went not so much for size as for neatness and quality, and at Dublin he was in the minority when Rosette was drawn against Sweetheart for the first cow prize, and he took good care to let his opinions be known. He couldn't see it at all, and led many a breeder up to the pair in the course of the day, and with that odd jerk of his stick, proceeded to argue out the point on which "Mr. Stratton had been so stiff." Very few, if any, had finer taste, but he was not free from that peculiar cynicism in describing a beast which is the vice of so many good judges. Part is spoken of as though it were the whole, and there is no balance of

points. Thus, if he spoke of Belleville, he would say, "If you backed his hind-quarters into a hedge he was good enough," and left it; and unless you pressed him hard you heard nothing of his beautiful head and forequarters, and "soft, molelike skin." We believe that he had been at very few shows since the Leeds Royal, and that for many months back be had been in a very failing state—so much so, that it was hardly thought that he would see the New Year in. He was one of the last of those "grave and potent seniors" whose fine experience we can so ill afford to lose.

His brother, Mr. J. C. Maynard, was known as the owner of the bull Match'em and the cow Portia, but his fame principally rested on his horses. Mr. Dyson called him "the Yorkshire judge," and he had generally ten to twenty carriage horses for the London dealers at Northallerton Candlemas Fair. His son Anthony of Skinningrove inherits his tastes, and frequently judges in the Northern rings. For five-and-twenty years, while Mr. Maynard lived at his Harlsey estate, he kept harriers in the Northallerton country. He dearly loved Old President and Sir Harry Dinsdale horses. It was on Example by the former, when he was riding 16st., that he had the best of it in a great 40-minutes' run, with a brush at the end of it, from Streatham Whin to Harlsey; and it was in something nearly as good, with the Hurworth from Dinsdale to Windlestone, that he jumped the Skerne near Aycliffe on Miss Marske by Sir Harry, and sold her soon after for 200 gs. Cock Robin and The Peacock were his best Woldsman horses.

We have always had a peculiar feeling for Catterick Bridge and its race-course, from their association with the old coaching and posting days. The Stand is "quite a primitive little shop," with cottages under it opening out into the road. The big

meadow, which is entered through those iron gates in front of the Bridge Inn, is generally mown for hay, and some years since the T.Y.C. course was extended, and now runs at the edge of an arable farm. The course is 1 mile 246 yards round, and is the scene of the post colloquy* between the gentleman-rider and the starter, which the pencil of a lady in the neighbourhood duly immortalised in *Punch*. The snow never lies as it does on the Richmond hills, and often in stress of weather the strings are sent over from there to gallop each morning. Lord Zetland's horses have been mostly tried in Catterick, and it is still more memorable for the "sensation gallops" of Plaudit, when he went puffing along, led by Strathconan and Lozenge, and yet found some to believe in him and his Two Thousand fortunes to the last. Touts generally come on these occasions, and hang about the Bridge all day till they "get tight," and are well up to correspondence pitch. Inheritress hated the course, but was quite devoted to the ups and downs of Richmond. Never was mare more sensitive; and if the course or the day didn't just please her, her head and tail were never at rest. Old Jacky Ferguson haunted the spot for many a long day, or loitered down towards Bainesse and Killerby to have a turn with the partridge-shooters or a cast with his fly. This lean old man was an odd link with a byegone day, when his brother's

> "Big coach-horse, Antonio,
> Went rumbling to the fore"

in the St. Leger; but the sixth Duke of Leeds and Skaife and Sim Templeman have played a far more important part in the history of this little race-

* He was asked by the starter why he didn't go, and replied that as he had orders to make a waiting race of it, he might as well wait there as anywhere else.

course. Hornby Castle seldom failed to win the Cup, and one occasion His Grace was first and second with Zohrab and Longinus. "Sim"* always fancied the former most of the two, and elected to ride him; but he felt more proud of his victory on Lot against old Bob Johnson on Tomboy. In these latter days a cloud of two-year-olds go to the post, and writers rejoice in "the tulip garden" of jackets. Give us old times—the pink and black stripes of old Raby, the geranium red of Bell, the black and white stripes of Sir James Boswell, the crimson and white of Lord Glasgow, the green and yellow of Ramsay, the blue and white stripes of Meiklam, with men to wear them, and we have starters enow.

The late Mr. John Booth ran a few horses at Catterick, and Sir Tatton came specially to don his "pink body, black sleeves and cap" on Honesty. This horse was one of Octavian's get during his sojourn at Oran, and could compass four miles well. Sir Tatton always "liked to have those four white legs under me," and he also rode Joker for Mr. Booth at Northallerton. He pulled up after winning as he

* Templeman's first mount was for Dr. Bell, of Pocklington, in 1818, on Unity, at Malton, and his last was on Eller for the Oaks in '59. He "walked" for Lord Zetland's Derby colt Lanchester the next year; but his foot gave way on the well-known stretch between Leatherhead and Box Hill, where he and Bill Scott had toiled along so often for Whitewall. He could then have scaled 8st. 11lb.; but 8st. 7lb. was the weight in those days. The first race he ever won was at Northallerton. Up to that point, he had ridden two dozen times; but when the ice was once broken, he began and won right away, principally for old Tommy Sykes's stable. In one of his early races he had three heats in one day, and a fourth on the next, and he pulled it off. He was on Octavius, and in the third heat John Jackson, "a dark-looking little fellow," crossed him, and "Sim" immediately collared and shook "the old'un," youngster as he was, and on his complaining to the stewards, Jackson was distanced, and hardly ever rode again. Ben Smith was a great man in those days, but too quiet and gentle a spirit to try on a cross or jostle. Ben never failed to give good advice in his waste walks, and "*always tak care and be a good boy, and walk regular, and you're sure to get on*" was his mild form of adjuration to any youthful hero in a strong perspiration at his side.

thought, when there was really another round to go. It was the year of his marriage, and her ladyship was in the stand as a bride. *"I'm very sorry, sir, but you must blame Lady Sykes not me for the mistake,"* he said, when he met Mr. Booth after the race, *"I was thinking more of her than my work."*

Mr. Booth was a very fine-looking man upwards of six feet and fifteen stone, and with rare hands and a fine eye to hounds. This was the sport he loved best, and when he was on Jack o' Lantern or Rob Roy few men could cross the Bedale country with him. The former was purchased from "Chief" Plews—a parochial constable and farmer, and the sponsor of "Plews's Garden, or Fleetham Whin,"—in a rather peculiar fashion. Mr. Booth went to see the horse late at night, and his owner not content with showing him, added in a confidential way: *"You hang about a bit, nobbut let my old woman and her clatter get to bed and I'll let you see him loup."* Accordingly he employed the midnight hour in getting a couple of lanterns, and tying them to the gate posts, and put the horse twice or thrice over the gate, cleverly. It was his delight to teach them those tricks, and Mr. Booth was so pleased that he gave £200 for the horse, and named him then and there. Rob Roy was an entire horse, and as well known as Jack o' Lantern with Lord Darlington's hounds, when the Duke's country extended from Borough Bridge to Sunderland Bridge, and took in the Badsworth as well. Mr. Booth was never more in his element than at the Catterick horse show, which was held on the town green each October, until an unhappy lawsuit divided the committee. There were about 30 classes and sometimes 300 entries from foals upwards. Ratan, The Cure, Bay President, and Young Priam were generally well represented, and four three-year-olds by the last named horse once fetched £200 a-piece shortly after the

show. The Killerby bred one went South and made £500 the next year. This colt's own brother, Salt-fish, a favourite mount of Mr. Cradock's for eight seasons, won twice on the town green.

By land Mr. Booth had quite the best of his brother Richard, who was never given to active pursuits, and was only a quiet gig man from very early days. It was very different in water, where Richard was a wonder. In fact, from the time he was a round, rosy boy at Tate's there was no sinking him; he could swim over the low deeps at Richmond with a lad on his back; at Redcar he once floated two miles out to sea, and a boat was sent after him by the lookers on; and he could sit and wash his feet in twelve feet of water and support himself by a slight rocking motion. Mr. Booth was no singer, but full of joviality and good stories as well as the neatest practical jokes. Among his best stories was "Forbidding the Banns," which he told of a woman with an impediment in her speech, who always said "*Gin-a-gin*" by way of preliminary, and not only forbid the wrong banns, but stuttered out before all the congregation that she did it on the authority of "Squire Booth of Killerby." His friend Wetherell generally had his guard up, but when he received a letter apparently from Earl Tankerville, saying that he was to lot and sell the wild cattle of Chillingham, he puzzled for minutes as to how on earth his lordship ever intended him to catch them and bring them into ring, before he guessed the joke and its author. These two, with Torr, Philip Skipworth, and Hugh Watson judged a great deal in Ireland together, and had a very memorable trip to Athlone. At every town they came to, Mr. Booth put it about, and the post boys aided him, that Mr. Wetherell, who occupied the box-seat in portly state, was O'Connell. Thousands of the Irish had never looked on the great agitator's face and quite be-

lieved it; and then in his turn Mr. Booth found that he was believed to be Tom Steel. As for poor old Philip, they primed a gipsy woman and set her on him, and she told his fortune and many little Aylesby matters with such marvellous accuracy, that he was very glad to give her half-a-crown to get rid of her. Mr. Booth judged a great deal in England, and never went for great size either in a bull or a cow. As a man of fine, steady judgment in a cattle ring, he has perhaps never had an equal. Gem, which died calving as a two-year-old heifer, was his model for compactness, beautiful hair, and fine, even quality of flesh; Hope was his type of a thick loin and heavy flesh; and he thought Hamlet the best bull he ever bred. He died in 1857, after a weary twelve months' illness, in his seventieth year, at Killerby, and a memorial window at Catterick, where he rests, was put up by his friends and neighbours and the Shorthorn world as well. *

Bainesse, one of the grandest farms in the North Riding, lies between that little town and Killerby, and on the left is that 101-acre field, out of which, when it was all in swedes, the late Duke of Leeds, a friend, and his grace's head-keeper killed 126 brace of partridges in two days. The Hornby coursing meeting generally began hard by Killerby park gate, and Larriston won his first course for the Cup in the 33-acre "Jack Close." Mr. Booth was very fond of the sport, and had a capital dog "Nips," which won the Wensleydale Cup at Leyburn.

There are two roads across the park, in which thorns and wild cherry trees—dear to starlings and thrushes as well as cherry brandy lovers—abound; and walnut trees and pink chesnuts from Holder-

* At his sale (Sept. 21, 1852), the 44 lots averaged £48 12s. 8d. Bloom (110 gs., Mr. Ambler), Birthright (105 gs., Mr. Douglas), Pearly (405 gs., Mr. Eastwood), and Hamlet (66 gs., Mr. E. Bate), were amongst them. Wide Awake and Farewell (Mr. Emmerson) averaged 15½ gs.

ness flank the road on the Catterick side. One of the thorns recalls the fate of Bracelet, whose thigh was broken by a cow jumping on her as she sheltered beneath it. She bred again, but became so hopelessly lame that she was slaughtered. Necklace was made up and won the gold medal at Smithfield. She had only one heifer, Jewel, the dam of the famous Jeweller, who, crossed with the Barmpton Rose tribe, built up the Towneley herd. The present Mr. John Booth's tastes take the same double-barrelled range as his father; and Jeweller, Beechwood, Vaulter, Ballet Girl, Brigadier, Brian Borue, Bannagah, Bird of Passage, and British Queen all attest his show-yard prowess, with more than three score of first hunter prizes alone. The raw material, Sister to Bird of Passage, own sister to British Queen, a Cavendish two-year-old, and a Young Dutchman foal were all in the Park, and there too was Becky Sharpe in foal to The Drake again. In the stable were Beacon, the grey which has carried his present owner for ten seasons, and only once come to grief, Brilliant, and four other useful adjutants of the Bedale Hunt, of which Mr. Booth has been for three seasons master.*

* Foxes became so scarce in the best part of the Bedale country; that it was some time before a successor could be found to the present Earl Feversham, when his lordship ceased to be master in 1867. It was not until every effort had been made in vain to get a master, that Mr. J. B. Booth consented to undertake that office, with Mr. H. F. C. Vyner, Mr. J. Hutton, Col. Straubenzee, and Mr. Bruere as his co-guarantors. Mr. Booth, thereupon, bought 33 couple of the old pack for the country, and sufficient funds were raised, in reply to a circular, announcing that fact, to pay for the hounds and some drafts from other kennels, as well as to lay down some new gorses. Foxes have of late years been short, more especially in the Hutton Moor and Hornby Castle covers; but the Master and his huntsman Carr have shown a great deal of good sport under circumstances of considerable difficulty. There is no finer scenting ground in England than that part of the Bedale North of the Swale, from Catterick Bridge to Morton Bridge, with Uckerby, Pepper Hall, Kiplin, and Cowton

Necklace, Bracelet, Birthday, Pearl, Gem, Mantalina, Venus Victrix, and Soldier's Nurse were once calves in the lambing paddock, and Dickey Leyfield presided over their fortunes. Hecuba was the matron of the herd at the time of our visit and Forest Queen and four more daughters roamed the Park with her, while Brigade Major, by Valasco from Soldier's Nurse; Knight Errant, by Sir Samuel from Vivandiere; Lord Albert, by Lord of the Valley from Dora, by Windsor; and Merry Monarch, by Lord of the Valley, from Lady Mirth, made up the bulls at hire.

When the Brothers Colling retired from Shorthorn life, the Booth family gradually filled their place. Charles Colling lived quietly at Croft after his sale, but he was a slovenly farmer by all accounts. He was wont to think rather mournfully of his old triumphs and to say, "*If I had only my eyesight perfect and the use of my fingers, I should not despair of a new herd.*" His brother Robert, who went more into Leicesters, often said that there was nothing much better than another in Charles's herd unless it might be the Phœnix tribe. Mr. Thomas Booth, whose Shorthorn career dates from his residence at Studley, A.D., 1790, hired Ben and Twin Brother to Ben, and he bought Albion at Charles Colling's sale, and Pilot at Robert's. Pilot was rather small, and old breeders tell us that the sight of the Young

Whin as its favourite covers, and although some people complain of its being "all plough," still those who rode from Kiplin to Middleton Tyas Quarries on Jan. 20th, 1868, thought that "the Bedale ladies" were quite fast enough for any country. The south or Ripon side of the country is more open and easier to ride over, but does not hold so good a scent as a rule; whilst the west side, Hipswell, Hauxwell, Leyburn, &c., has more grass and frequently affords some good runs, though the country is very rough and hilly. The runs of Nov. 6th, 1867, from Hunton Moor (Thornhill's Whin) to Bolton Hall and back to Leyburn (where they killed); and of April 18th, 1868, from Scotton with a kill at the Richmond Paper Mills—both of them over 2½ hours—will long be memorable ones.

Albion cows at Studley in Mr. Richard Booth's day is one of which they have never seen the equal.*

Warlaby does not rank very high in the British census, and a few cottages, which hardly rise into the dignity of a street, and three farm-houses besides Mr. Booth's, compose "the tottle" of a village the sound of whose name has passed into every beef and mutton land, with Babraham and Holmpierrepont. Mr. Booth's farm flanks the road to Borough-bridge on each side, arable on the right, and nurse cows and bullocks, some of them with two or three Warlaby crosses, on the left, and extends for nearly a mile up the grass vale of the Wiske. On a clear day you can see the "Minster;" but so they say in almost every part of Yorkshire we have been in yet. Still there is no doubt, when you are in the High Field, that you can command the whole range of the Hambleton Hills, so suggestive of Mameluke, Kingston, and Velocipede; of the distant range of Cleveland; of the White Mare of Whissencliffe; and of Roseberry Topping, which is as proud a beacon to the Yorkshireman as "Belvoir's wooded height is to the Leicestershire Nimrod, or the Æginetan Oros to the Grecian mariner."

"*October* 31*st, Richard Booth, of Warlaby, aged* 76." Such was the trite and fitting line in which *The Times* announced (A.D. 1864) the death of this premier of shorthorn breeders. It was grand in its simplicity, as it so exactly typified the conscious

* Leonard was a nice little bull with great loins and well-sprung ribs, but rather strong in the horn. Buckingham was a fair-sized bull, a little forward in the shoulders, and with a great inclination to lay on flesh. In shape Baron Warlaby excelled him, but he was rather too long, and Mr. Wetherell was wont to say that he should like to put him into a lemon-squeezer and reduce him a size. Vanguard was a bull of great size with a rare loin and back; Hopewell with his curly scorp was not so good looking; and Harbinger was a short-legged, thrifty fellow, with an almost unrivalled power of getting his stock all alike.

power and sturdy self-reliance of the man whose name embodies a family career, with its tap-root in the days when Comet's great grandam was still a calf, and when Sam Wiley had not abandoned his marbles and his satchel. Richard Booth was in truth a very Pope among breeders, and dispensed his thirty bulls with a high and lordly hand. Still there was the great fact which none could gainsay, that go where they might they left a good and lasting impress on a herd and an average, and that they had wrought a peaceful revolution in Ireland. Hence all Shorthorn breeders found it politic to stand well with the master of Warlaby; and even then the difficulty of getting a bull was somewhat analogous at times to election at The Athenæum. The demand was invariably in excess of the supply, and therefore prices might well keep up, and 300 gs. (as in Crown Prince's case) be once more bid in vain for one year's hire, when Prince of Battersea from Queen of the Ocean was destined to be "in residence." Few men had the courage to talk to him in praise of any other sort. He stood on the deep flesh, the compact frame, the rare foreflank, the unmistakeable family likeness, &c.; and when he made a suspected cynic point him out one or two of the most robust of the lot, he would tell him that Lady Grace, for instance, was about the closest bred, and leave him to think out for himself the marvellous constitution of a herd which could stand hard forcing and in-breeding so well. He began at Studley when he was twenty-nine, and when he sold off in 1834, many of the lots were, as an eye-witness expressed it, "fine strapping lasses of the Anna tribe," in direct descent from Twin Brother to Ben. The only one he retained was "a large patchy cow," Isabella, whose first calf after she came to Warlaby was a roan bull by Young Matchem. She then produced one of his great Royal and Yorkshire winners, Isabella Buckingham.

He was "a king out of business" for a year, which he might well describe as the weariest he ever spent; but he had not long to wait for his sceptre, and in the prime of his life he sat down under his roof tree at Warlaby and began to build up another and a more enduring herd. Nine years more, and the era of Royal Shows had fairly set in. In 1844 he broke ground with Bud, as second yearling heifer to his brother's Modish at Richmond; and gathering strength as he went on, he made his first great stand at the Northampton Royal, and swept the first, cow, two-year-old, and yearling heifer prizes with Cherry Blossom, Isabella Buckingham, and Charity, own sisters to Baron Warlaby, Vanguard, and Hopewell respectively. The new century had dawned on the Brothers Colling as the champion breeders of the Durhams, and when it reached its meridian it found the Brothers Booth with nineteen Royal, thirty Yorkshire, and three Highland Society firsts, besides divers seconds (to their own beasts), the rich harvest of a dozen summers. Many of his friends pressed him to retire from the show yards in the flush of his Chester victories with Nectarine Blossom and Queen of the Isles, but he would not hear of it. His line of Queens was not half exhausted, with Queen of the Vale as a calf in his stalls and Queen of the Ocean in perspective; and why was the old general to sound a retreat? With his Nectarine Blossom and his Queen Mab he charged that very summer right into the Royal North Lancashire district to confront the Towneley cows, and the pair were first and second in the cow class. He always placed his candidates well; and in due season he cried quits with Duchesses 77th and 78th when he met them at the Durham County. His Queen of the Ocean as the Battersea judges said, was, "all that a cow should be," and earned that very rare privilege and generally accorded to none

but dead statesmen, a note of admiration from Lord Palmerston and Mr. D'Israeli—who both had their hands on her—on one and the self same day. He very seldom showed bulls, and Hopewell, Windsor, Bullion, Prince Alfred, Sir James, Lord of the Valley (who was kept latterly to cross the whites, and brought him a fine fall of heifer calves), and British Crown were the only others that ever won anything for him; and three of them only one prize a-piece. His show luck burnt brightly to the close, and in his very last Yorkshire, the young ones not only went well to the front; but old Prince Alfred, after making a perfect Ulysses of himself in the home farms of princes, emperors, and baronets, came out and was first in the bull class in the eleventh year of his age.

A more remarkable contrast than these two celebrated brothers, both in form and temperament, is seldom met with in practice. John, the elder, was, like Robert Colling, perhaps the more original thinker of the two, but not the same steady worker. He was more the man of the world, fond of a gallop with the Bedale, and always ripe and ready for a little fun; while Richard was much more of the dignified recluse, and thought "no place like home." John delighted to go off on judging expeditions; while Richard never donned the ermine, and only cared for a good lodging or his "ease at mine inn" during a great show, that he might see a few select standard-bearers, who would share his winning pleasure, or sympathize with him if he was beaten. John was an apt and ready speaker, and never sat down without some quaint, racy sentiment which set the table in a roar; Richard merely rose, and bowed to the chairman and vice in turn, and let himself down again, with a simple word of thanks to the company. One was more off-handed, and hardly valued his herd enough; the other was the man of

business, who appraised it to a nicety. The one was more catholic in his cattle tastes, and had boldly sought and found, with infinite judgment, among the pastures round Richmond, a fresh cross for Bliss in Lord Lieutenant, and for Bracelet in Mussulman; while the other, though no one knew better the worth of Leonard and Buckingham, determined, after Exquisite's warning, to leave well alone, and solved the fearfully difficult problem of crossing his closely-related families with all that tact which Jonas Webb displayed in another department of stock science. The public did not know what was doing at Babraham, but still they felt sure it would succeed. They knew the bulls of the season at Warlaby, and predicted that the herd must go down for lack of a cross. The old sage only smiled at their fears; and left Commander-in-Chief and Lady Fragrant behind him to confound the prophets.

He attended the Cobham and the Aldborough sales in 1859, and after the summer of that year, the Royal and the Yorkshire knew him no more. Absence did not weaken his ancient love, and while he was confined to his bed or chair, he watched out keenly as ever for "a wire" from his nephews on the afternoon of a great show. He broke down with rheumatic-gout on his return from the Warwick Royal, and for the last two years of his life he was almost bed ridden. The "quiet days at Warlaby," when he would walk or go round the stock in his gig, were over at least in his generation, but still old friends would come as usual, and tell him how everything was looking, and go through all the heifer chronicle of herds in general, and those in particular which had (or were thought to have) "a flyer" or two for the Royal. There was quite a Warlaby gathering, on the occasion of a neighbouring sale; all the medals and prize cups were set out in array, and not

a few shorthorn men were admitted for a hand shake to his inner room. Still no hope was ever held out of his recovery; and when, two or three weeks before his death, he was obliged to deny himself to all but his immediate relatives, the word went through Yorkshire that that great change was near, for which his whole life had been one long and earnest preparation.

He was buried at Ainderby, within a short distance of his home; and was followed to his grave by upwards of four hundred gentlemen, and farmers, and others who had known him in life. Owing to so few at a distance being aware of his death, the attendance of shorthorn breeders was almost entirely confined to those of Yorkshire and Durham. Like the late Lord Delamere and Turner the artist (whom he somewhat resembled in figure), he had an especial dislike to being painted, and how and when the little lithographed sketch was taken, which some friends used to show you by stealth, in his life time, we could never exactly learn. His herd was left to his nephews and nieces, and Mr. Thomas Booth took it at a valuation.

Our remembrance of Warlaby and Killerby are only of eleven years date. The two places are about seven miles apart, and the route lies through Ainderby, where Velocipede adjourned from Whitewall and "commanded" the country for some seasons. The late Sir Maxwell Wallace had a word with our companion as we passed his garden hedge, and, of course, they got on to Bedale Hunt matters. A gamer man than the old baronet never put on scarlet for the battle or the bulfinch, and he was "blazing away" till he had turned eighty and got a severe fall. Still even to the last, he did not take to an old man's hack, but steered Rathconan which had won the Howden Steeplechase the year before.

Warlaby, which is on a stronger soil than Killerby, lies somewhat in a hollow beneath Ainderby steeple, and consists of 310 acres, over which Sir Samuel, in his anti-gate-opening head gear, then seemed to act as advanced guard. The late Mr. Booth did not care for pictures of his winners. There was the big bull Navigator in oil colours, but the rest were merely little engravings on stone, such as might have been cut out of the Herd Book, and framed, and they were hardly in harmony with the massive challenge cup on the sideboard. Cuddy in his brown jerkin and a checked handkerchief, twisted like a hay-wisp round his neck, and an aged hunting-whip in his hand, was on Banniston Hill, where old Satin, Vivandiere, and Princess Elizabeth and Red Rose were grazing. Satin, the dam of General Havelock, was a white with a roan neck, and rather upright horns. She milked well enough to keep a show calf, and help the dairy as well, and Mr. Booth had been in vain solicited to show her in the milch-cow class. Vivandiere had a much pleasanter head and horn; Princess Elizabeth, dam of Queen of th Isles, was a little on leg; and the neat-breasted l somewhat ragged-hipped Red Rose by Harbing had only the year before added Queen of the Ocea to Queen of the May, Queen Mab, and Queen of th Vale. The future gold medallist and Soldier's Nurse were calves together. Crown Prince stood by the gate leading into the straw-yard, and old Hopewell, then sadly crippled, behind him. "The Prince" was not a prize bull, but what was better, the sire of prize winners, and at one time, the late Mr. Booth had sixteen bulls out on hire by him. He had capital forequarters, and was rather of a fawn roan, and his horns were slightly curved, owing to the constant use of the board which he carried for safety. Then we passed on to that glorious group of Bride Elect, with a bosom which seemed to require a second pair of

forelegs to support it; "the Greek beauty" Queen Mab and that slashing and rather masculine-headed cow Nectarine Blossom, which had bloomed five months before at Chester and Northallerton. She was the biggest cow that ever left Warlaby for the show-yard; rather more square in her make than Plum Blossom, and with a capital udder. After the sight of such a trio, Queen of the Vale, good as she was, had hardly class enough. Poor Queen of the May had been brought onto her knees with training and railway trucks, and had eaten quite a bare space round her as she knelt to graze. In the house she "favoured" herself the same way so that you could hardly judge of those magnificent shoulders. Queen of the Isles was a marvel for wealth, but her calf bed was imperfect, and she went to the butcher.

Eight years later and hardly one of them, save Queen of the Ocean and Soldier's Bride and Lord of the Valley were left, but the young Commander-in-Chief and Lady Fragrant were in their glory, and there too in her blooming heiferdom was the beautiful 1,000-guinea Bride of the Vale, which was sold with Merry Peal (500 gs.) and Royal Briton (500 gs.) to go to Canada. Sir James was going out again on hire in the thirteenth year of his age.*

Yorkshire has had two John Jacksons of no small turf renown. One rode seven St. Leger winners, and counted Beningbrough and Altisidora among them; and the other, who was only

* The Warlaby herd was in great peril during the cattle-plague, which raged for six months within 1¼ miles of the homestead, and nearly 300 beasts went down by disease or poleaxe. The final outbreak was not more than a quarter of a-mile off, and the fate of this great herd seemed to tremble in the balance. Vaccination and M'Dougall's disinfectant were freely used, but Mr. Booth's main reliance was on burning tar in braziers at several points of the farm-yard. The fires were carefully looked-to first thing in the morning and last at night, and might be smelt down wind for a couple of miles. No case of any kind occurred.

a lad of eleven when the old jockey died nearly blind, at Northallerton, became the noted "Jock o' Fairfield," breeder and owner of racehorses, a leviathan bettor at "the Corner," on a carriage top, or in "any place set apart for that purpose," a mighty Nimrod with the Bedale and Sir Charles's, and an "all-round" man as far as any sport was concerned. It was by the side of the Catterick cords that Jackson, who then "whistled at the plough," first learnt to love races, and to risk half-crowns on his fancy. That life, with all its curious and often mis-directed activities, was closed early. Nature had given him a fine farmer's-lad constitution to begin with; but he had been too prodigal of it, and she had her revenge at last, when he was only forty-one. Well might he say (when he knew his doom) that he had seen more life in his time than most men of eighty. His temperament was, in fact, far too excitable for the stirring scenes in which his lot had been cast for nearly twenty years.

His connection with the Turf dates from The Flying Dutchman's year, and it was with the money he then won upon the tartan that he gradually became a leading member and a very Stentor of the Ring. He did not, like a living hero of Earl Winchilsea's lyre, simply take his stand at Newmarket,

> "Supreme upon the pump,
> Clear his fine voice, and give a warning thump;"

but he was ever on the move, a very locomotive Turf exchange. Davis was restless in his day; but as regards powers of speech, he was a "dumb man of Manchester" in comparison. Be the din ever so loud, Jackson's voice was heard above it, booming forth in quarter-minute guns, shotted to the muzzle with the unshackled Doric of the North Riding, his offers to lay or take. There he strode about, with his betting-book in one hand, and his favourite short

stick in the other, and if there was a row or a scrimmage of any kind, he was sure to project himself violently into the midst of it as bottle-holder or commentator. He always displayed great partiality for Lord Glasgow's horses, and would field strongly when anything of the old Earl's was running at Newmarket or elsewhere; and his jubilant shout, "*Lord Glasger wins!*" will be remembered by all racegoers at that time. Fortune was generally on his side. He was said to have won nearly £40,000 on Ellington, and those who saw him after Blair Athol's Derby needed no telling that he could have been happy with either the chesnut or the Glasgow bay as the winner. In his way he was a Ring institution, and was as much behind the scenes in the North as "Lord Frederick" in the South.

He was emphatically a man of action everywhere. The pounding-match, for a thousand a-side, from Crick, with Sir Frederick Johnstone, would have been quite in his way; but there was a desperate hardihood about the affair which made Mr. Payne, the umpire, and the friends of both parties feel not a little relieved when it fell through, as they were sure that one of such a never-say-die pair would have been carried off the ground on a stretcher. Sir Frederick had recently jumped a mill-dam in the Burton country on a bay horse with a white stripe down his face, which was afterwards in Mr. Clowes's stable at Quorn, and his other deeds of daring were legion. Mr. Jackson had six hunters up at the time —Tippler and Highwayman, which he bought at Mr. Hall's sale; Barney, by Barnton, the horse on which he jumped a flight of double posts and rails (16 feet, measured inside) with the Bedale; Ross (by Hospodar), Redcar, and Duke. Highwayman won a four-year-old prize at the Yorkshire Show, and Tippler the Cup at Driffield in '64. He would

have ridden the latter at 14 stone if the match had come off, and given more than two stone away. Greyhounds were not much in his line; but if he was at Altcar, he went striding over the ditches, betting-book in hand, and shouting, "*Live hare!*" "*Well done, black!*" &c., during the courses, with a glee that was quite infectious and irrepressible; and he was certain to be never far off if there was "a cheerful fight" on the field. Again, when his constant friend to the last, Mr. Tom Parrington, became secretary to the Yorkshire Agricultural Society in '65, he determined to give him a good "cheer from the shore" at Doncaster, and sent Blair Athol as a special entry, who was located in a stall-box lined with green and yellow calico, and attracted not a few visitors. Cricket had no faster friend. The "three Cambridge men" were constantly his guests during the winter at Oran, and Newmarket was witness to the quaint single-wicket match ("Bat *v.* Broomstick") between him and Diver. It was played on the Bury side of the town, and the Heath was the scene of his catch-weight match on Neptunus against Fordham on Levity, when he gave away some five stone, and got beaten by twenty lengths.

Racing was, after all, his sport of sports, as was certain to be the case with a man born at Catterick, where his brother still farms the paternal acres, and the "blue, white sleeves, red cap," often caught the judge's eye. Saunterer and Tim Whiffler are the horses by which he will be best remembered, and the Chester Cup with the latter, and the Great Metropolitan with Haddington, were his most important handicap victories. "Tim," as he strode along shaking one ear, was a wonder, and the style in which, after his sale to the late Duke of Cleveland, he fairly broke the heart of Asteroid (when he forced the pace from the Rifle Butts in Lord Derby's

Plate at Doncaster) and won both Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, left no doubt upon that head. Two such horses as "Tim" and "Mat's black" rarely fell to the share of one man. Another "honest nigger," Haddington, who eventually went to China, was a good second for the Chester Cup in '63, and ranked high in the second class both as a racer and a stayer of the great Blacklock line. When Mr. Jackson last visited the Root stud, he took an immense fancy to Buttercup, then a two-year-old, and offered Mr. Eastwood in vain every racehorse he had in exchange for her.

No one grudged less a good price for a yearling, and the moment he was seen with that jaunty step and open-mouthed laugh at the side of the ring, bidders had to waken up to some purpose, as they knew he would "follow the blood" if it had given him a good turn before. He gave some high yearling prices in his time—to wit, Elland, 300 guineas; Precious Stone, 500 guineas; Jupiter, 620 guineas; Repulse, 750 guineas; and so on; and when he removed from Oran to Fairfield, and began as a regular breeder of blood-stock in that model stud-farm, 700 guineas for Woodbine and £7,500 for Blair Athol did not stand in his way for an instant. Was "Jock o' Fairfield" to bow his head to "old Newminster and the Rawcliffe shop?"—a likely thing, indeed!

There were few horses he delighted in more than the handsome little Neptunus, who was fourth for the Derby, and, although he and Jupiter disappointed him, he never seemed to falter in his fancy for the Weatherbit blood. He also hired Carnival for three seasons, but unfortunately paid forfeit to be off his bargain after the first one.

Cost what it might, like the late Mr. Theobald, he would have the best of everything, and play the Napoleon, if possible, in whatever he undertook. He would have a stud of first-class brood-mares, and

a stud-farm inferior in its arrangements to none in the kingdom, and Palmitine, Flower Girl, The Swift, and Witchcraft were amongst the winners he bred and sold. In 1868, two dozen yearlings were sold at his sale on the Tuesday before York Meeting, and they averaged 215 guineas. A Knowsley-Violet colt (870 gs.) and a St. Albans-Hecate colt (700 gs.) were the best prices. Although he only weighed six stone, and his countenance was almost that of a corpse, he was out in his Bath chair throughout that August afternoon. As he sat there, in his pith hat and his drab great coat—which might have folded twice round him—there was a painful fixedness in his eye which told too truly that all hope was gone. Still he was very cheerful, and had a smile and a shake of the hand for every friend, and occasionally joined in as "the loving cup" went round. He also sent up a catalogue correction to Mr. Tattersall, and even mounted for a few minutes, when the Knowsley colt was selling, into a barouche, along with Mr. Morris and Mr. Hodgman. It was strange to see one who was so soon to pass away standing like a pale spectre amongst his fellow men, and quietly gazing for the last time at a scene, the marrow of those in which he had so often pushed his way to the front at Doncaster and Eltham in the days of his lusty manhood. No one ever expected to see him again, and it was announced that he had determined to sell everything in a month. During the York week he made a great point of old friends riding up to see him that he might say "good-bye." On the sale-night he was so worn out that his attendants thought he was dying as they bore him upstairs, but once there, and after he had taken some grouse and port wine, his indomitable spirit revived. Throughout the whole of the next month, the little excitement of speculating in his own mind on what his blood-stock would fetch, seemed to do him good,

and when the ring was once more formed in his yard on the Saturday after Doncaster races, he seemed much better and quite gay among his friends in a barouche.

It was a remarkable sale. Effie made 1,100 gs. and Tunstall Maid 1,000 gs., and these two, with Terrific, Lady Louisa, Nutbush, Hecate, Woodbine, and Violet, averaged 696 gs. After a good contest between Mr. Blenkiron and Count Renard, Blair Athol, of whom we believe that Mr. I'Anson had still a leg, went to Eltham at 5,000 gs.; and six of his foals, many of them quite little gems, averaged 246 gs. The highest price was 310 gs. for a filly from Effie, and the same was made for a Thormanby filly from Woodbine. It is rather remarkable that while the foals were making these prices, the three two-year-olds by Blair Athol only averaged 237 gs. The sum-total of the 119 lots at the two sales was about £28,500. It was, we believe, some £5,000 more than Mr. Jackson had laid them at, and his mind seemed much easier when they were gone. The bodily improvement was, however, quite fallacious, and he began to droop again, and finally passed away within a few days of his forty-first birthday. With all his curious ways, we could ill spare him, and through many a rolling year "poor Jock of Fairfield" will be remembered at Yorkshire firesides for his daring pluck and open-handed kindness.

From the pleasant parts about Northallerton, we make our way into the East Riding by the line from Thirsk to Malton. Mr. Samuel Wiley,* who has sur-

* Mr. Samuel Wiley, who was born on January 20th, 1777, came to Brandsby as a boy of ten, and in 1803 he was a tup-letter. He might be said to have begun on his own account by giving Mr. Mason of Chilton 50 gs. for the use of Butter Lump for the season, and then for fourteen years in succession he hired tups from Robert Colling. Shoulders, Carcase, Brother to Carcase, Ditto, a son of Symmetry, and Blossom (sire of the ram Ajax, for whom Sir Tatton bid up to 156 gs., against Mr. George Baker of Elemore) were the

passed by two years the days of Sir Tatton, and is as brisk as ever at a Leicester, pig, or shorthorn bargain, lives at Brandsby about five miles to the right; and a ride of a few miles farther brings us to Helmsley Station. The scenery of the country is a striking combination of wildness and fertility.

upshot of his hiring journeys; but Mr. Wiley valued none of them more than a 60-guinea two-shear, for which he drew cuts with Major Rudd. When the Barmpton flock was dispersed, he used his own tups for three or four seasons. He was then faithful for twenty or more to the Burgess blood at Cotgrave Place and Holmpierrepont. Then a three-shear, which he bought at Mr. John Stone's sale, did him immense good for five seasons in succession. He was the top price, and Mr. Stone always said that he should not have left Quorndon if he could have gone on with his flock. Since then Mr. Wiley has relied on his own flock for tups, with occasional dips by sale or hire into the Burgess and the Buckley blood from head-quarters, as long as the Cotgrave Place and Normanton flocks were kept up. With such antecedents, he may well pride himself on a flock of really "Pure Bakewells." He lets on an average about sixty tups a year by private bargain, and he has always shown sheep with great success at the Highland and Agricultural Society and the Yorkshire Society, and taken prizes more especially with his gimmers, which also won him a second at the Royal Agricultural Society at Chester. He was first with them at the Newcastle Royal in 1864, and beat Colonel Inge after a sharp contest with quite a model pen. At the Manchester Royal in 1869 he was second to Mr. Borton.

His long, low-pitched house, with the dark green Cotoniastus creeping over it, and peeping with its red flowrets in at every lattice, is quite the realization of a snug Yorkshire home. Young Painter (a son of the sheep in Mr. Wiley's picture), Young Fatback, Landseer, and others, were nibbling close up to the garden wicket; and one of Chester Symmetry's daughters was roving along the hedge-side, and seasoning her bacon by anticipation with a dainty meal beneath the "cock-pits," which have been specially chosen from among apple trees, on account of their peculiarly thin and open wood, to engraft upon crab-stocks in the neat hedge-rows of the farm.

Mr. Wiley's holding consists of 500 acres, and seems to take in three sides of a square. The ewes are kept principally on seeds, at his Warren House Farm, which is higher and lighter land, near the Wiganthorpe moors, while the tups are brought down during the summer to the Brandsby pastures. Sixty acres of the latter is glebe, and the remainder, a great portion of which is park, belongs to the Cholmeley family at the Hall.

Long and steady success as a breeder of Shorthorns, Leicesters, and pigs, has not one whit weakened the belief in Mr. Wiley's mind that the plough is the first great creditor of a nation, and he has fol-

Few foxes would care to be at home in Grange Whin or Waterloo Plantation or among the laurels of the Terrace walk, if they could know when Jack Parker and the Sinnington intend to call; and although the hounds are merely collected the night before, and drop off one by one after hunting to

lowed rigidly in the track of his father, who began with thorns and stones upon the Mosswood Farm in Craike parish, in 1763 (twenty-four years prior to his taking the Brandsby farms in addition), and then became one of the pioneers of hollow draining in Yorkshire. On his father's death in 1805, Mosswood was handed over to a half-brother, and Mr. Wiley entered on Brandsby. With his Shorthorns, which number about forty head, he has adopted the safe old rule of never refusing a likely offer when he can get it; and hence, except when he had something very much out of the common, he has never held for the more chances of the show-yard.

The blood of Comet was at fever-heat in the market when he hired his first bull in 1814, and Mr. Wright of Cleasby (one of the joint purchasers of the thousand-guinea wonder) found a youthful Lubin (388) exactly to suit him. Adonis, another son of Comet, from Beauty, and bred by Charles Colling, did him such good service the two next seasons, that he followed him up with his own brother, Jupiter (343), and the succession was kept alive by North Star (459) and Harold (291), which were sent home when Robert had his sale in 1818. Two years before that, Mr. Wiley had bought Midas from the Rev. Thomas Vaughan, of Houghton, near Darlington, and the strain pleased him so much that he bore off her sire Midas (435) in his tenth year in the Barmpton ring, after a tough rally with Sir William Cooke, for 270 gs., and a yearling heifer from Trinket as well. The money, which was laid out on this tribe, has never been a source of regret, as Grazier (1085), by Midas, more than brought it back. Old Anna's, of Helmsley, is not the only tongue which has waxed eloquent in the ancient red's behalf. Sir John Johnstone, of Hackness, used him for three seasons, and when Lord Feversham, Mr. Smith of West Rasen, Mr. Slater of North Carlton, and Mr. Wiley himself had all dipped pretty deeply into him, he ended his days at fourteen at Byram Hall. Ganthorpe (2049), of the Castle Howard herd, in which he was used, was one of his principal sons, and he was in his turn the sire of Malibran, for whom her breeder, Mr. Henry Edwards, got 300 gs. Mr. Whitaker of Greenholme's blood was also introduced at Brandsby, both through His Highness (2125), own brother to the 210-guinea Highflyer of the Chilton sale, and Abernethy (1602). Sultan (1485), for whose ancestress, Mary, General Simpson gave 300 gs. to Charles Colling, was purchased from Mr. William Jobson, after he had been extensively engaged in Northumberland in circulating what the borderers still fondly style "the good old Jobson sort." The principal result of the one year's service which he had out of him

their farm settlements, till Jack is a mounted general without an army, they can account for twenty brace a season.

The Trafalgar Column, which the first lord reared to the hero of immortal memory, towers above the park, which extends along a richly-wooded plateau;

was Sultana; and from her union with Belshazzar (1704), whom he hired from Castle Howard, there came a bull-calf, which had good looks enough to be honoured at once with Mr. Wiley's favourite cognomen of Carcase, and was sold as a yearling for 200 gs.

Belshazzar, who got his stock very large and good-looking, was the sire of Victoria, which was sold from the Brandsby herd for 160 gs.; but Carcase (3825) was the greatest hit. The latter won the yearling bull prize in 1838 both at Thirsk and at York, where he divided the winner Hecatomb and the great two-year-old Duke of Northumberland in the classes for all ages; but still Mr. Bates was enabled to say that his crack was never beaten by a bull of his own age. His Van Dunck (10992) was a second Carcase in the show-yard. He not only took the first £25 prize at the Yorkshire Society's Meeting at Thirsk as the best bull of any age, but carried off the prize for the best two-year-old bull at the Highland Society, and after being placed second to Mr. Anthony Maynard's Crusade in the Sweepstakes, passed for 125 gs. into the hands of Mr. Whitehead of Little Methlic, near Aberdeen. Since then Mr. Wiley has not cared much to show store stock; but he has not unfrequently had a prize bullock at the York fat show. Still, the leading honour of the show-year was in store for him, and in 1869 he took the first prize (£40) for the best aged bull at the Manchester Royal with Earl of Derby against 23 bulls, and was second at the Yorkshire to Mr. Booth's Commander-in-Chief, the first-prize Royal winner at Leicester.

Till within the last few years he showed small white pigs with good success at the Birmingham fat show, and also at the Royal Agricultural and Yorkshire, at whose Chester and Northallerton shows in 1858 a pen of young sows by Useful from Symmetry took first prizes. One of the Chester trio was sold to Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M.P., but there was another quite as good at home to complete the county prize-lot, which fetched 12 gs. a-piece, thus making up 50 gs. for the four. The breed is the small Yorkshire white. This rare line of winners owes its origin to Mr. Colling; but it has been carefully crossed with boars from Castle Howard, Mr. Hall's of Kiveton, and Mr. Cook's of Owston. There are now few leading pig breeders who have not set themselves up with a "Wiley" at some period of their existence; and Carcase, Young Carcase, Optimus, Dumfries, Dreadnought, Priam, and Stanley (Young and Old) have all upheld the Brandsby bacon dynasty, which has gone on at the rate of about half-a-dozen litters a year.

while at your feet there seems to be a vast plain in every stage of the four-crop rotation for miles, and then fading away in the far distance into some heather forelands, which almost shut out the view of the German Ocean. This Kirby Moor was at once the hunting ground and the death scene of the Duke of Buckingham, in days when the rafters of Helmsley Castle rang again with his revels, after he had retired from the court and cabinet of Charles the Second. The old castle lies just within the Duncombe Park gates, in the midst of the little primitive market town of Helmsley; but the wild music of the cannon which was once levelled against it for six weeks by the Ironsides, under Fairfax, is exchanged in these happier times for the caw of the rooks, which sail solemnly in circles round its ramparts. The only room left in it is used on rent days, and few farmers on all that vast property, which stretches away fifteen miles to Cleveland bank, and seventeen to the East Moors, once passed through the lodge at those *levées*, whether they loved shorthorns or whether they did not, without exchanging a word with "Old Anna."

It is many years since she resigned office as head cow-woman, and her Herd Book memory seemed to have stopped short at that point. She had caught no reflected glory from the Fifth Duke of Oxford and Symphony, and professed we grieve to say, quite a fashionable unconsciousness of their very existence. Her love was irretrievably lost some thirty years before to a "Young Grazier," and her love had known no change. As for Bates and Booth, she "might have heard their names;" but Mr. Colling and Mr. Wiley, they were the men for her. Grazier would be by one of Mr. Wiley's bulls, and he was always buying from Mr. Colling. No wonder there was such a sympathetic chord! What were modern breeders, and their Bates grandeur, and Booth sub-

stance, and Fawsley neatness to her? Give her the cows of her buxom womanhood—"*big roomy yans.*" Then, warming with her subject, after this general sentiment, she ticked her ancient favourites off on her fingers. "*There would be Emperor,*" she said, "*and Baron, and Baroness, all oot of one coo—Wildair;* THEM WERE *just the shorthorns! I could tell my lord, when the gentlemen came, every one of their yages for fifteen years back, and all aboot them.*" When we saw that fond and yet triumphant leer, we did not wonder (though in stature she was not the woman to wrestle with a bull) at the recital of that mysterious fascination on which she next dwelt, when the mention of Young Grazier touched another and a still tenderer key. Away she went at score, leaving our pencil and note-book staggering hopelessly behind. "*Aye! Young Grazier—you've got that right enough;—he was a savage one, but I could just handle him as I liked. None could lead him out to please my lord, like Old Anna.*" Waxing bolder, we then cross-examined her as to their parting scene. "*Took him away when he was sold? Now who's been telling you that? Of course I did. No one else dar come nigh him. I walked seven miles on end with him, that I did. I had clogs on in those walks, and I could use 'em quick too.*" To a last inquiry as to whether she had not extended her walks in another direction, and driven True Blue's dam to the butcher at Stillington, she gave us to understand that she had a slight weakness for that "coo" as well, and was determined to "*see the far end of her.*" And on we strolled from this old marvel to see the modern herd. We had received a parting assurance that "*they can give a good pedigree of me at the farm up yonder—a five-and-forty year yan,*" which would place the commencement of her premiership back to about 1818. Before that date, the first Lord Feversham, then Mr. Charles Duncombe, had nothing

but Devons, and found them too delicate for the climate, and the Barmpton sale was the beginning of his shorthorn herd.

Duncombe park is bounded on the west by the valley of the Rye. The broken ground across the river, which terminates in one point in the dark green of the Waterloo plantation, which was planted as a wood of victory by the late lordly father, is singularly rugged and beautiful; and a distant peep of the hills of Hambleton may atone, to "a stable mind," for getting none of the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, a little further down the valley. The Griff Farm, the scene of Old Anna's glories, to which we were bound, lies about a quarter of a-mile from the park, along a field route, lined, at intervals, with those dark-green holly trees peculiar to this Riding, and which catch a stranger's eye at once from their enormous size. Ear, however, came into play before eye, when we at last neared the box of the Fifth Duke of Oxford, and were saluted with a roar, quite worthy, in its depth and tone, of a Libyan King of Beasts. He looked the character to the life, with that shaggy lion-like old head and mane, as he was at last led forth, snorting, in blinkers. The fine length, beautiful touch, and rare union of hip, loin, and rump take the eye as much as ever; but although he had been reduced some twenty stone since he wore the Chester and Northallerton prize ribbons, his day of usefulness, like his temper, was gone. Feeding for shows had done its fatal work. The £5 prize at the Cleveland Show was his maiden one at two years old. In 1856 he took the bronze medal, which is equivalent to an H. C., at Paris; and at Rotherham that year he only bowed to Grand Turk. His son Skyrocket, from Swift, who faced Prince Imperial in the next place, did not serve till he was banished for penance to some poor land at Cockayne, adjoining the moors; and it was his fate to stand at the

head of that splendid class of old bulls, at the Leeds Royal, with Royal Turk as his second. In the winter of that year, he was presented to the poor of that town, and finished his career in the soup caldron.

Lord Feversham was not exactly a sportsman, although he lent a solid support to the Bedale and Sinnington packs. We never remember meeting his lordship on any racecourse but Doncaster, and then he would generally see the St. Leger from about the centre of the "Badsworth Gallery." He was not demonstrative on such occasions but no one seemed to take more interest in Johnny Osborne's and Lord Clifden's memorable "game of patience." Still, after all, "shorthorn racing" suited him best, and it was at Doncaster, two years later, that he won the head prize in the milch cow class with Pride of Southwicke, which never looked more blooming. His lordship gave 100 gs. for her at Lady Pigot's sale, where he arrived after the good old fashion from Newmarket in a chaise-and-four—a sight which created quite a healthy stir. When he came back to Duncombe Park after the session he would as often as not step off to the stedding to see the new calf arrivals before he entered the house. A good hack was also one of his fancies, and he generally ran his eye over Mr. Milward's lot and sometimes made a purchase. Be it where it might, he always liked to bid for himself. In his manner his lordship was reserved but always courteous and chatty upon shorthorns, especially when he was in his favourite bidding spot, a little behind Mr. Strafford's waggon with his umbrella under his arm. On the Willis's Rooms day he took the chair at the sale luncheon and declared his Kirklevington faith in such an unwavering fashion, that the Booth men said with justice that he rather ignored Bridecake's share in the Grand Duchesses. Whether in Hanover Square or at the Smithfield Club (where he was second with a good

heifer the year before his death) he was alike zealous, and pleasant to work with, and he was sorely missed from his accustomed spot on those May mornings in '67, when Kent and Essex raised the standard of Bates.*

A ride of twelve miles further up the fertile Vale of Rydal lands us at the station for Barton-le-Street, the home of the Yorkshire champion of the Leicesters, Mr. John Borton. He learnt his lesson as flockmaster in a good school under his grandfather, Mr. William Key, at Northolme and Musley Bank near Malton. The old gentleman, who died in 1832, and whose portrait is preserved to us on the canvas of Jackson, with his hand on the head of one of his greyhounds, was along with Mr. Marshall of East Newton, Mr. Dowker of Salton, Mr. Kendall of Ness, and Mr. Richardson of Lund Cote, a leading Leicester breeder in the Malton district. On his grandfather's death, Mr. Borton's uncle, who succeeded to the property, presented him with ten ewes out of the hundred which composed the ram breeding portion of the flock. These he took to Habton, where he commenced in 1833, to "paddle his own canoe," and eventually settled at Barton-le-Street, five miles from Malton.†

* After his lordship's death in 1867, a draft sale of shorthorns took place, and an average of £33 19s. 2d. was made for 38. Two of the females of each tribe were retained by the present Earl, and Orestes (22443) of the Knightley blood was used. At the Milcote sale in 1869, Hospitality who combines Princess and Bates blood with that of the old Fawsley Cyrilla or Cold Cream, was bought for 50 gs.

† In 1834 Mr. Borton bought a score of ewes at Mr. Dowker's sale, and began as a ram-breeder at once, while his father pursued the same business at Kirby Misperton. His fourth year of farm life found our young flockmaster in the show-field; and the two firsts and a second for shearling rams at Hackness and Thirsk were the best proof that he had not reckoned prematurely on his strength. When the Yorkshire Agricultural Show met at York in 1839, the hero of these two firsts was beaten by a sheep which Mr. Wetherell bought at Mr. Edwardes's sale; but the much coveted head prize for shearlings was won at Leeds the following year. In 1842-46 he showed very little,

The present farm which belongs to Mr. Meynell Ingram consists of 460 acres of limestone rock. It is mostly arable and there is very little old grass. It suits swedes, greystone, and whitestone turnips very well, but no mangel is grown, as Mr. Borton does not admire it for sheep food. The little show meadow is just behind the house, but it looked

but brought up his reserves in full strength when the Royal came to York, and he had £75 of cash to receive from the secretary, as first with the shearlings and aged sheep, and first for the local prize. Since then his entries have seldom been lacking at the Royal, or the Yorkshire; and with Sanday, Creswell, Inge, Wiley, Jordan, Turner, Pawlett (whose Chester ram he bought), and "all the swells" in the field, he has never shrunk from battle, and has seen the winning rosettes over his pen nearly two hundred times. At Doncaster, in 1865, he had two firsts and two seconds for rams, and a first for gimmers, and his winnings in one year reached £170.

As time went on he kept reinforcing his ewe flock from Mr. Allen's of Malton, and bought a score of gimmers from Sir Tatton and Mr. Sanday. For five seasons old Sledmere was his mainstay, and before he purchased him (for 25 gs.) he had sent ewes to him. The blood was partly his own, as he gave 28 gs. for his grandsire, then a shearling, at the sale of Mr. Owston's, of Thorpe Bassett, who not unfrequently accompanied Sir Tatton on his rides to Leicestershire. The old baronet attended the sale of his dead friend, and liked this shearling so much that he sent ten ewes to him. There were only two tup lambs among the produce, and Sir Tatton never parted with one, which was the sire of Sledmere. Mr. Borton bid 60 gs. for it when the Sledmere flock was sold, but Mr. Hall, who has (as might have been expected of so keen a judge) been very often after the same numbers, got him for half-a-guinea more. Hence, Mr. Borton had to be content with the son, instead of the sire, and "by Sledmere" is in the pedigree of Blair Athol, Sir Tatton Sykes, and in fact, most of his best prize sheep for four or five years back. The old ram only died this year, and was honourably buried in his skin. His son Sir Tatton Sykes, from an Eddlethorpe ewe, won at Worcester Royal in '63, and upwards of thirty times as well. He formed part of a trio which won Lord Londesborough's Cup, at Market Weighton, which Mr. Borton has carried off twice; in fact on the only occasions that he tried for it. Mr. Jordan took this ram twice at 30 gs. and 40 gs., then he stayed two seasons in Cornwall with Mr. Tremayne, at £40, and Mr. Hendey at 35 gs., and has been used at home for two seasons. His own brother, Blair Athol, began well by beating forty-two shearlings at Plymouth Royal, and since then he has been principally let, and won his prizes in Mr. Hutchinson of Catterick's, hands. Mr. Borton may well say, that the fusion of Sledmere and

dreary to what it did when we visited it the year before and found the hirers round the pens, the union-jack flying on the refreshment-booth, and Mr. I'Anson in his green-and-yellow cravat, and with "a correct card" of the sheep to be let in his hand, gravely examining Blair Athol. The old ram, however, was here again by the side of Sir Tatton Sykes, and so were the Royal and the Yorkshire sheep, with the twins Blue Cap and Blue Face, the first and second at Scarboro', while Bridlington was on the broken-down list. The fifteen-year-old ewe which we had seen such a perfect skeleton, and taking her grass on her knees, had joined old Sledmere in the Happy Pastures, and the capital second pen of Royal gimmers will be lucky if they can earn such a character as this "Belgravian mother of the flock."

Owston blood on Dowker, has been his mainstay. His Sir Tatton by Sledmere, from an Eddlethorpe ewe, and bred by the late Sir Tatton Sykes, was also a good sheep, and won at the Yorkshire Show at York in '66; and Black Eye by Ebor (another York winner), from a Sanday ewe was his champion at the Newcastle Royal. So far Mr. Borton has sold and let rams as high as 40 gs., and given Mr. Sanday 60 gs. for a hire. The ewe flock generally ranges from 150 to 170 in number, and upwards of 50 rams are let annually, at an average of 12 to 15 gs. In some years it has been as high as £16. Customers come principally from Yorkshire, Notts, Devonshire, and Ireland. Mr. Foljambe hired rams from him in 1866-67, and the first Yorkshire shearling was to have gone to Osberton in 1868, but he unfortunately died when he was being prepared for the Scarborough Show, and Mr. Borton stood first and second in the class without him. His death was quite unaccountable, except it was from high feeding, as he was found to weigh 42lbs. per quarter. Mr. Borton has also a good selling trade, and sent four rams in 1868 to Prussia. At the Manchester Royal meeting in 1869, he won a first, second, and third for rams, and a third for gimmers; and at the Yorkshire (Beverley) two firsts, two seconds, and a third for rams, and a first for gimmers.

CHAPTER IX.

"I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country Squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation, men of good heads and sound bodies, and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention foxhunters with so little respect."—*Spectator.*

The late Sir Tatton Sykes—Life at Sledmere—Old Bob Ramsden—Market Weighton Trotters—A visit to Givendale—The late Mr. Etty, R.A.—A Morning on Langton Wold—Blair Athol.

"Two hands across the breast, and labour is done," was a thought which Yorkshire seemed to put far from it in connection with Sir Tatton. "Grandfather Whitehead" vowed that his heart was as young and his step as firm as when he was twenty-five; and when a third generation beheld his vigorous old age, they were half tempted to believe that his rapier had done good service for the cavaliers at Marston Moor, and that the oak tree for his coffin was a sapling yet. The reverence felt for him in Yorkshire was akin to idolatry. To see him riding out of the Eddlethorpe paddock after a September ram-letting on his Colwick black, which then numbered with its rider 108 years, accompanied by the clergyman of Sledmere, and returning the greetings of friends and tenants, and to hear the half-whispered "*God bless him! how hearty he is—he'll put in for a hundred,*" read to us like a chapter out of *The Spectator.*

"*How's Sir Tatton looking?*" was one of the first questions asked as each York and Doncaster meeting

came round. Strangers might well descend from the Grand Stand as soon as he had been pointed out to them at his wonted place by the rails, and make a series of mysterious gyrations round him, in order to do full justice to the assurance, "*You'll never see such a man again.*" Then they would hear the regular string of anecdotes which have long been told of him by the woldsmen's firesides—how he had seen every St. Leger but Charles XII.'s since he was fourteen—how he nearly missed Blacklock's by riding 720 miles to "cannie Aberdeen" for a mount on Kutusoff, with only a clean shirt and a razor for his baggage—how he rose with the lark and slashed his own hedges, and how bluff Jack Shirley, the huntsman, complimented him upon the excellence of his work, near the Eddlethorpe kennels, before he guessed who "my old gentleman" was—how he helped to dig the big pond in his park—how deftly he could rebuke forwardness in the field or on the carpet, or give the retort courteous to a bizarre politician—how he often walked by the side of his young horses to and from the Marshes, and drove his first lot of Leicester ewes a three days' journey from Lincoln to Barton Ferry—how "Gentleman Jackson" and Jem Belcher had taught him their best hits, and to "clear a lane of such men," as once chose to measure the gentleness of his fist by his voice, and insult him at a wayside inn—and how he had consistently nurtured himself for these deeds of daring on ale and apple-pie.

Time had taken off nearly all his old acquaintances, except Mr. Bethell of Rise, who was three months older; but it never made him faithless to the old garb of Yorkshire—the long straight-cut black coat, the ample frill, the beaver gloves, the expansive umbrella, the drab breeches, and the mahogany tops, which were quite as much part and parcel of the constitution as "Old Glory's." Both in dress

and manner he was one of those few men, who, like Charles Davis and Tom Sebright, had such a stamped individuality that you feel that the mould must have been broken. He had been fashioned in stirring times, and there was not the faintest analogy to him in life or book. He could almost recollect the Declaration of Independence, and he had got one glimpse of Doctor Johnson, after much judicious perseverance, with his brothers Mark and Christopher, the latter of whom bred Fleur de Lis.

He first longed to "take silk" himself after watching the Knavesmire running from a stile with his brothers, when they were all three under a tutor at Bishopthorpe. When he had risen to the dignity of an "Old Westminster," he spent some terms at Brazenose, and then, during a short clerkship with Messrs. Atkinson and Farrer, he listened to the awful accents of Lord Thurlow in the Chancery Courts, or haunted Westminster Hall when Erskine was in his zenith, and the four judges who were destined for "the golden time" of the King's Bench were still at the outer bar. These days must have been very happy ones, varied as they were by a couple of Derbies (a race which he never saw after '92), and visits to Ranelagh and the Fives Court. His recollections of them lent a strong tincture to his conversation with those who cared more for the ermined Daniels of the past than the dark chesnut ones of the present, and invariably led on over a bottle of claret to the "Chameleon coach," the "Delpini colt," of the Grand Jury, and his other assize tales of York.*

His banking probation at Hull dwelt less by him, except in connection with his first essays at sheep-breeding, but a tradition still lingers there as to how he astonished his townsmen by leaving his lodgings in Dagger-lane on a Saturday afternoon, walk-

* See "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 10-14 and 134-145.

ing the 32 miles to Sledmere to spend the Sunday, and appearing by the same conveyance all fresh for the bank business on Monday morning. He was well built for the task, as five feet eleven by eleven stone five "would about fetch him." His forty seasons as master of foxhounds began some years before he succeeded to the baronetcy, and from 1823, the year after his marriage, his Sledmere life had flowed on in one almost unvaried round. "Statesmen might howl, and patriots bray," but *he* did not care to be one of "the faithful Commons" for the privilege of hearing them. His friend, Sir George, could tell him all about them when he came down in August; and, as for eloquence, his quotation from Mr. Jorrocks of "*Muck's your man*," could bring down far heartier cheers at a Malton or Driffield agricultural dinner than any which were echoed back from the pannels of St. Stephen's. His honest old Church and King creed found its best public vent in building and endowing schools and churches. Peel, Derby, and Palmerston might go out, but Snarry's Cabinet, with the tally-board of the yearling marks for its portfolio, and Cragg's Flat as its Downing Street, was perfectly immortal. Besides occasional fairs and horse-shows, there was the annual ride with Tom Carter his huntsman* to the Leicestershire ram-lettings; the three visits to York and Doncaster races; and then, at the fall of the leaf, his friends in Holderness knew that he would be there to an hour to sell his bullocks, and marshal his young horses on the marshes, and meet the old party once more. Her ladyship might go to London for the season, but he was not to be tempted away from Sledmere when the spring grass was bringing out "the Buckley legs of mutton" in the lambs, and the yearlings were fast coming to hand for York.

* See "Scott and Sebright," p. 332.

There was no spot more fitted by Nature for this pleasant pastoral of the Wolds. The inscription on the pillared fountain by the road-side bore testimony to what his father Sir Christopher had done in reclaiming those primitive hunting-grounds of Squire Draper of Beswick and his daughter Di; and for forty years Sir Tatton had followed steadily in his track, with his hedges, farm-buildings, ponds, and planting. Now, not one stone is left upon another of Falconer's Hall, and if Sans Quartier—that Nana Sahib of falcons—could be unhooded among the partridges, he would not know his old haunts again, and career over the enclosures far away from his lure. You wend your four miles from Fimber station to Sledmere, past rich wheat or turnip crops, or down an ever-winding ashen glade. The gallop at Marramat, over which "the long, thin, and lazy lad" from Newmarket—*alias* the redoubtable Sam Chifney—used to give Sir Mark's horses their breathers in Searle's day, is quite hid; and it takes all Snarry's eloquence to convince you, as you look from the Castle Field, that Tibthorpe Farm was once only a breezy wold, and "a good bit of Boddle a rabbit-warren." Sledmere lies deeply embosomed in woods, with its church scarcely a bow-shot from the house. No frowning fence severs the living from the dead:—

> "Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
> Is marked by no distinguishable line,"

and the lawn seems gradually to ripple off into grassy hillocks, 'neath the yew and the silver fir. Many a stone can tell of family-servants grown hoary, and gone to their rest. A simple cross is there, not to mark a sleeper, but "to preserve in his native village" the memory of a Sledmere soldier-lad who fell in the Crimea; and among them, on the north side of the chancel—shared with one

who spent nearly forty years in works of good at his side—is the grave of Sir Tatton.

The park vista, from the front door away to the Castle Field woods, presented an ever-varying group of mares and foals; but among them, day after day as two o'clock draws near, there is no longer the well-known figure on the black, and latterly the dark chesnut, and Snarry, in his snow-white jacket, as interpreter to a small troop of friends on foot or horseback, who have "come to look round." Now they would be scanning a short-legged chesnut Hampton, or a bigger, white-legged one by Pyrrhus, such as only the King of Italy could tempt from those pastures; then a brown, thick-set Caster; a smart chesnut, whose dark mahogany hue and tail-crest "testify of Daniel;" and bays and browns by Sleight-of-Hand, of which Snarry observes, in an almost defiant tone, "*We can challenge any stud in England with our Sleight-of-Hand mares. Bring what they like, we'll meet them!*" There, too, "giving colour" to the landscape, are a few white Stumps mares, the last of their clan, and emblems of a time when Delpini and Sir Mark's Camillus made the Yorkshire greys such effective place-getters. Still, of all his greys, Sir Tatton liked a Smolensko mare best—the Stumps necks did not quite please him, as "they are like the old horse's, a trifle the wrong way up."

Nearly every great sire of England has left some mark by proxy at Sledmere, on a Comus or Camillus foundation. Whalebone made his with Stumps, the first that Sir Tatton ever bought, Sultan with Hampton, Pantaloon with Sleight-of-Hand and The Libel, Defence with Pyrrhus, Touchstone with Rifleman, Bay Middleton with Andover, Venison with Fernhill, Emilius with Mathematician, Birdcatcher with Daniel and Womersley, Lanercost with Colsterdale, and Blacklock, whose sire Whitelock

was owned by Sir Mark, with his great-grandson Fandango. Sir Tatton sold a few draft mares, with Wicket among them, to the Rawcliffe stud, when it began operations, and it was well for it that he did not like Newminster's slow paces, and declined him; though he did homage to his after-prowess by going out of his course to buy one of his fillies. There were, we believe, about 120 brood mares, but several were not put to, and what with other casualties, about 66 foals was the largest return to Weatherby. How Snarry knew them all so accurately, and talked like a book of their breed (and always in italics when they were of "the Darling or Daniel sort"), puzzled wiser heads than ours. Amati's dam was the queen in point of success, cross her as you might, as Gorsehill and Elcho followed "the fiddle-maker;" and she had a chesnut, Marquis of Bowmont by "Daniel," almost as elegant a little fellow as Elcho, whose skeleton has been preserved as a model by the Royal Veterinary College. In fact, we scarcely remember an odd-looking horse at Sledmere, except one of the 170 Daniels, and he seemed to have strained back to a Flemish stock. It was a puzzle why The Libel (the maternal grandsire of St. Albans) should ever have been there, as he was so far above the fifteen-two standard, but he was bought without being seen, and then scarcely used. Mathematician was not long in residence, and then only because Mr. Drinkald, a great customer for yearlings, to the extent of five or six at a time, begged so hard. He had only two or three mares, but he begot the dam of Lecturer. Cervantes always got a good word, as it was from a mare by him that the brothers Grey Momus and Grey Milton, the 500-guinea yearling and foal, sprang; and it was his great-grandson which called forth Sir Tatton's reply to congratulations after his win at Doncaster, "*Well,*

sir, it is worth one's while to breed an honest Lawyer." Old Comus filled the paddocks with white-legged chesnuts, which the cross with Camillus changed to grey; and, like Hampton and Womersley, his blood nicked right well with Sleight-of-Hand. Daniel suited the Hampton mares, but a "Sleight" cross put more substance on his foals.

It was something for one man to have bred Grey Momus, The Lawyer, St. Giles, Gaspard, Elcho, Dalby, and Lecturer, to say nothing of several smaller winners; and he used to observe that if he could never breed a St. Leger winner, he got nearer the Derby each time, with Grey Momus and Black Tommy. His best sale was in 1861, when Brother to Gaspard headed the poll at 500 gs., and five by Rifleman and Daniel averaged 386 gs. Some of his sires he bought beyond their market-price, but he invariably sold them and all his horse-flesh remarkably well. He would only part with the "thin end of the yearling fillies," and thus the sires had little more than half a chance. We often thought, as we looked at those mares, which had never heard the roar of the Stand, or done a day's work in their lives, that perchance a Queen of Trumps or an Ellerdale might be blushing unseen, and wasting her sweetness in merely throwing fillies to wander on seeds, till they were at matron's estate in their turn. Ellerdale was a mare to whom Sir Tatton always hung, as she seldom failed to run well over York and Doncaster, and hence he did not grudge thirteen hundred for her own brother, Colsterdale. His original intention was to buy her half-brother, Loup-Garou, and he went to Cawston paddocks to look at him, but thought him too light below the knee. In his judgment of horses Sir Tatton was very much what Jem Hills was in hounds—he did not want them large and showy, but they must be thoroughly active and workmanlike. He was asked

to form one of the bench at Middlesboro', but he declined on account of his failing sight, and speaking from what he remembered of the horses from time to time, we gleaned that Saunterer, although rather light-boned, was more after his own heart than any of the cracks in that ring. For Kingston he had a great fancy, and if Mr. Blenkiron had not got the first refusal, he would have given £3,000 for him.

His opinions were invariably given in the most gentle way, and prefaced with "*I may be wrong, sir,*" Unlike Mr. Bates, he was a listener rather than an expounder in his pastures. He loved to get the best judges in Yorkshire and the racing world there, and to hear their judgments (which he never forgot) on the yearlings, as they were brought out one by one, and perhaps called for again, and compared in couples, Snarry always putting in a good word for a Daniel, more especially when Fandango began to "starve" him. Sometimes Sir Tatton would move an adjournment of "the taste committee" to the road, and the wayfarer, who had doubtless just passed some four-year-olds in the breaking bits, under Grayson's charge, would suddenly find himself pulling up close to a laurel hedge, to let a couple of young rivals, Rifleman and Daniel, swing past him at full trot. Perhaps Ben Morgan (a great favourite with the Baronet) and the hounds would call at this juncture, and hound shows would be talked over while the ale was sent for to the court-yard, and Ben would call up Warrener and his lovely Languish to give an account of themselves, and the way they had dropped on to Tom Sebright at The Cleveland Hound Show.

Then, if the party were so inclined, the grand circuit of the mares began—Diall's Field, Swale's Wold, Cottage Pasture, Cherry Wood End, Cragg's Flat, Castle Field, King's Field, and so home by the Park, to Daniel's Paddock. One canter round it,

with his flag flying, just to show his muscle, was a ceremony the chesnut never omitted; and after that he stood nibbling at his old master's stick, or letting him pass his hand admiringly down his back, which was "cloven like a ram's." Rifleman omitted the gallop, and was quiet as a sheep throughout, but Snarry had some sharp admonitions for Colsterdale (who was always tearing at his irritable silky skin), when his half-playful, half-mischievous "dot and go one" began, and there was never any love lost between them from the first. Fandango we never saw in a paddock; but we remember well Dick Stockdale's beaming face, when he begged Sir Tatton to send him to Driffield Show, and how with that point of the right forefinger, which he often adopted when he was making a jocular hit, while his face mantled with a hearty but noiseless laugh, the baronet slyly intimated that he dare not meet Maroon. Then Dick, who hadn't cared much for shows since his horse was "put aside" at Lincoln, said that he wouldn't send Maroon, and offered to lead Fandango with his own fair hands into the ring, and Sir Tatton rejoined that it "certainly was a temptation," and so they had their laugh out.* Mr. Blenkiron intended

* Dick Stockdale met with his death by a fall from his pony (which brought on apoplexy), within 100 yards of his own stable at Skerne. He was, in fact, just concluding his last round of the season with Walkington. His stallion and colt lore was immense, beginning generally with Tramp, and so through Brutandorf, Melbourne, St. Bennett, and Robinson, down to Maroon. He began life with Mr. Whiting of Leven, near Beverley, who had the first two horses, and he once acted as his foreman on the farm as well. As a stacker and thatcher he could give weight to most of them. Brutandorf filled the country with hunters, many of which were esteemed quite Gaylads if they had been trained, but still he was not *the* horse of Dick's heart. Dick's stories had invariably a Maroon moral, and were full of deep warning about men who had spoken lightly of him or his stock, and endured unspeakable anguish and loss of fortune in consequence. When the praises of some of Maroon's rivals were often slyly uttered in his guardian's presence—say, on the Driffield platform, to which his portly frame was quite an appendage, he never would stand it,

at one time to bid for Fandango, but he saw that Sir Tatton was set upon the bay, and he did not open his mouth. Such was the old baronet's desire to have him, that he bid 3,100, and forgot. till Mr. Richard Tattersall reminded him, that he had made the last bid as well, at 3,000. On receiving this hint, he merely pulled out his watch: "*Well, sir, it's nearly time for the first race, you'd better knock him down;*" and a very dear bargain he proved.

He was perhaps never in higher spirits than when he had "Mr. William" from Woodyeates as the companion of his paddock strolls, as that "young man from the country" always meant business, and generally arrived on the quiet after a good trial to

and his standing retort was that "*They had brok two men, and made another hang hisself.*" He was in a strange state of delight when Mr. Philipps gave him the horse, and he gave himself seisin with a most affectionate dig in the crimson bay's ribs and a second corn supper. In that moment of triumph he quite forgot all the bitter associations of the Lincoln Royal, when he was tempted across the Humber to be told that he might go back to his shed, and retired not with "a conquering hero step," but in a walking swoon, only to see the card of victory over "*that thing Loutherbourg.*" He seemed to be ever on the move after a foal or a trotting horse, or doing something in obedience to "a letter from the Captain," and we liked well to see him come bustling down Beverley to keep an early appointment at the Rose and Crown, looking like a jolly Triton just emerged from Spurn Head. An "At Home" with Dick at Skerne was also a marvellous sight—out-of-doors when he had Maroon up for a lecture on the knoll; inside when he was helping with the frying-pan, and beaming over our recital of Sir Tatton's prophecy, "*Mr. Stockdale will give you some excellent ham for breakfast to-morrow.*"

When the news did come that some of the Maroon colts had been sold into the Royal stables, one might have supposed that he expected a summons to court, and a knighthood when he got there. August and September were very happy months to him among the horse and foal shows; but he was not thought a particularly good judge of horses. Foals were more his forte, and he read their horoscopes well. The judges often went to have a little chaff with him, and ask him what the people were saying, and of course Dick laid bare his own feelings in the matter, and fathered them most liberally on to "They say." At Northallerton, where he led General Williams into the ring, "by special request," he informed them that he "*heard a man say, and I varra good judge too, that you ought all to be hung.*" Latterly,

look for some more of the sort. It was he who made the great hit for Womersley, when in 1855, the first year that Sir Tatton sold his yearlings at York, four, with St. Giles among them, returned without a bid, and he took them at sixty all round. He then tried some Womersley fillies; but they did no good, and were sent back to Sledmere.

Lord George Bentinck was once at Sledmere, but his lordship did nothing particular but pursue his pet system of rattling his hat to make the yearlings gallop in the paddocks, so as to find out whether they were roarers. "*Send me all the Grey Momus family, Sir Tatton.*" were his words when the grey turned out so well, but he tired of them when Grey Milton disappointed him so sorely. While the grey was in his zenith his lordship extended his love to every-

he was more of a spectator, except at foal shows. He got stout, and he couldn't run much, and he didn't care to strip off his coat and go at it like "Franky" (though he was quite open to a running match with him) for the special amusement of the outsiders. He loitered about generally at one corner of the ring, putting his lip down (which he always did, like Tom Sebright, when he was going to have a sly dig), wagging his head slightly, and giving his friends such a grip of the hand when he met them. When he was chaffed about his picture in "Silk and Scarlet," he always said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott had got him in at Whitewall specially to compare its lineaments with the original, and that "*they didn't think it half handsome enough.*"

A day at Sir Tatton's once a year, if he could manage it, was a great point with him. Dick at lunch with Sir Tatton in the dining-room at Sledmere, with one glass of ale in him, was a sight for men and gods, as his host kept poking him up about Maroon and divers incidents in his travels. Every little shot told, as Sir Tatton knew everything going; but Dick only replied, with a most jolly continuous grin, and went on to glass No. 2, to show Sir Tatton that he did not acquiesce in his remark, "*You live so well at Driffield you all get the gout.*" The bye-play between them was quite a bit of rich genuine Yorkshire comedy. Dick's retort that Maroon had only one fault, being "*a little ower-big for Sir Tatton Sykes,*" delighted the old baronet amazingly by its felicity and neatness; but, generally, it was more the way he said things than the things he said which distinguished him as a character. Nothing but the East Riding country could have produced two men so different, and yet so united in their horse-love.

thing of Comus blood, and gave Sir Tatton 750 gs. for three young hunters unbroken. Of Grey Momus he was wont to say that "nothing put him amiss; he was equally fit for a harness horse, hunter, or racer—his only fault was not winning the Derby." The Sledmere mares did not average above fifteen-one-and-a-half, and many of them looked mere ponies in the stable. They had been so little handled that they were very nervous about having their heads touched, and several, we are told, died from their own violence in the stable, when they left Sledmere. They were in fact pure children of the prairie.

There were too many of them and hence no stud lived so hard out of doors. When grass was very scarce they had hay, varied at times by oats and chopped straw. Only two sets of twins were reared, and yet the Sir Hercules mare, which suckled her own, was not allowed any corn, and was put in Mr. Hill's field that they might not favour her. Instead of reducing, Sir Tatton kept increasing his stock of brood mares; and unaccountable as it might seem, while he had some 320 head of horse stock, including hacks, in his stables and his paddocks, he would never keep a pair of carriage horses, but hired post-horses from Malton, and latterly the Sledmere Inn. At first he did not give a long price for his stallions, and Hampton and Sleight-of-Hand only cost him about £300 each. Hampton, after whom the Home Paddock was called "Hampton Court," left something more than his name on the shed. He was rather undersized, but he got his stock full of quality. The paddock, into which you might see Snarry and his assistants drive a herd of twenty or thirty mares to be tried on a spring morning, by Colsterdale or Fandango, might well bear his name as "he was the first one to call our own," as Snarry

has it. Stumps was also one of its tenants, and so were Spotted Boy, Comus ("a great horse with us once on a time"), Spencer own-brother to Green Mantle, Rifleman, and lastly Colsterdale. Sir Tatton delighted in Andover, whose walk and trot were as taking as his gallop, but he never "let down" or furnished, and he was also a little too near of kin to the Hampton mares. He was bought for £1,450 and sold for £2,000, while Rifleman came at the latter sum and departed after two years of good service at a £500 advance. "A good joke was Daniel—what a flying leap he took in Hampton Paddock" is a great saying of Snarry's, who never had so much sympathy with, or talked so confidentially to any one of the sires as he did to him. His price was £800 and he made it over again at the end of seven seasons. Sir Tatton's last yearling average was 131 gs. for thirteen, none of which fetched more than 350 gs., and the 310 lots at the sale made (58 foals inclusive) 24,571 gs.* Among the latter was Lecturer at the foot of Algebra, and the pair fell to the Hon. C. W. Fitzwilliam for 70 gs. A Fandango yearling from Monge's dam developed most remarkable trotting power one morning in the paddocks when he got separated from his mate. The late Mr. Crisp must have got the office from some one, as he bought him for 140 gs., and he beat the Norfolk trotters at the County Show of '68. Cousin Bet with her Blair Athol colt, Glenalmond, at her foot made 1,000 gs. at York, and the colt as a yearling cleared the purchase money at Doncaster, and Mr. Blenkiron averaged in 1866-67, exactly 1,312½ gs. for yearlings from Gaspard's and Elcho's dams. People said that the old blood would come out, and Lord Berners and Mr. Borton have won with a strong stain of it at the Royal, the Yorkshire, and the Smithfield Club.

* The highest priced brood mare (Sister to The Lawyer), yearling, two-year-old, three-year-old, and four-year-old made 260 gs., 165 gs., 135 gs., 135 gs., and 150 gs. respectively.

In his dining room, his own presentation picture by Sir Francis Grant had the post of honour; and it often elicited the story of how he rode the little chesnut to London, and how Sir Francis shared a bottle of pale ale with him by way of "improving my complexion" for the picture. Mr. Morrell rested on the floor below, with Mr. R. Duckfield Astley and his harriers. King Cob the greyhound, Grey Momus, Bay Middleton, and Pyrrhus the First formed the rest of this curious collection, along with a hunting print, in which old Will Carter, who never would wear a hat or carry a horn, is getting away from cover on the blood chesnut Anna Maria. Yorkshiremen sometimes wondered that Lottery had not found admission, but Sir Tatton gave a very good reason for it, that he had sent eleven mares to him one season and only had one foal.

The picture of the two Sir Tatton Sykes's, horse and man, which hung on the staircase gallery, would lead on to the tale of his visit to Mr. Herring, and his grotesque reception. The servant-girl could not speak when she opened the door, but shrieked with laughter for a minute or two, and then ran to her master's studio. There she did no better, and could only sit in a chair and gasp out, "*The old gentleman with the stick,*" and then "off again" like a woman bewitched, till Mr. Herring, finding that she would not "rise to explain," went to the door himself. The girl had evidently paused amid her sweeping labours, and conned over the likeness of "the old gentleman" at the head of the horse Sir Tatton Sykes, and the seeing it suddenly embodied in flesh and blood had quite overcome her. Sir Tatton was peculiarly tenacious of old friendships, and kept them in constant repair, and he would just as soon have thought of omitting this Camberwell visit to the great "Master of the Horse," or his Christmas present of game to Sam

Day and other old racing friends, as he would have left York races without calling on Mr. Kirby, when he saw him under the portico of the Stand no more. He often reminded Mr. Gully that they were born on the same day, "but eleven years apart, Sir Tatton," as "King John" used to reply; and as for Mr. Joe Whittaker's buff-waistcoat, he thought that he had known it at Doncaster as long as the Stand itself. Since his eyesight became worse, he did not photograph so well, and his face seemed to fall away.

The last he sat, or rather stood for, was that small group of himself, Sir George Cholmley, and Snarry looking at Fandango, in "Scott and Sebright." The sight of one eye was quite gone for some years before his death; but impaired as the other was, it grew no worse. Mr. Phillips thought it too acute on that memorable day of '62, when he arrived with Prince Carignan and Count Cigala (who bore the King of Italy's likeness as a present from His Majesty), and found himself dropped upon in the treasonable act of slipping a little water into the ale, in which the health of the king's second batch of purchases were to be drunk. The King got six Pyrrhus mares among his eight, and a hamper of that Sledmere ale, whose potency his London commissioner had so much dreaded, accompanied the second lot.

It was Sir Tatton's habit to get up at half-past five in the winter, shave himself in cold water, and wash his head. He would then go into the library, on the side of the house looking out into the park, and walk in his dressing-gown, slippers, and breeches. The library is ninety feet in length, and he used to calculate how many miles he walked by filling his pocket with silver, and depositing a piece of it on a table at one end every time he had finished the return journey. Sometimes the ultimate array of

monitors would speak to a strong four-mile exercise before breakfast. For three years previous to his death he was seldom up before six, and latterly seven o'clock, and ere he was eighty he gave up his early rides to Garton, Kirby, and Wetwang. When he took them he was always back to an eight-o'clock breakfast, and a basin of milk with apple or gooseberry tart was his delight. Bread he rarely touched, and he took tea occasionally, but the only meat he really cared for was a very fat shoulder of mutton. He always ate a great deal of fat, but he and it did not "assimilate," as Liebig could have wished, and he never grew fat, and at no time of his life could he do more than just turn the beam at 12st. Vegetables he cared very little for, and eggs and puddings were equally in the cold shade with him. For many years he only ate breakfast and dinner, and although he had friends almost every day to luncheon, he seldom took anything up to his six o'clock dinner except a glass of wine. The greater part of his days were spent with Snarry in the paddock or with his shepherd. He sat reading in his private room, which had pictures of almost every Yorkshire and world-wide sporting celebrity on its walls, while three photographs of Tom Sayers in fighting costume hung in his dressing room. He had been introduced to Tom and shaken hands with him most cordially at Doncaster. Nat Langham saw the ring which the spectators formed, and subsequently seeking out Sir Tatton at his wonted place near the judge's chair, he informed him that he was the only man that ever beat Tom. "*Well then, sir,*" said Sir Tatton, putting out his hand instantly "*I shall have the honour of shaking hands with two brave men.*" It was quite a point with him to see the champion of the year, and Jem Mace came in for a congratulation, but he only looked at "The Staleybridge Infant." We, however, never remember him asking us so

earnestly to try and point any one out to him as Sir Joseph Hawley, whom he looked upon as quite the Turf hero of the day.

He prided himself not a little on his field ponds, at which he often laboured hard with his coat off. Their formation was on this wise. A thin half-inch layer of lime was laid down to prevent the worm from getting through, and upon this was put a four-inch layer of clay puddled to the consistency of paste. This was limed again and the whole formed a surface as impervious as pot. A thin covering of straw was then put to prevent the stones, which he would often break himself, from perforating the clay, and upon that a layer of three-inch stones to prevent the beasts from slipping when they came to the water. When there was no vein of clay on the farm, supplies had to be sought from some of those dun and drab egg-shaped pockets of Kimmeridge, which crop out among the chalk strata. Sir Tatton was also fond of road-making, and he would take a turn with the turnip hoers if there was nothing special going on at the paddocks that morning.

Of the weight of a beast he was an excellent judge, but, unlike the present baronet, he took no interest in pedigreed stock. It was his invariable custom to attend Malton Michaelmas Fair and buy twenty or thirty West Highland stirks for the park, where they ran their first winter and were finished off in the smaller pastures. Agricultural shows were not much in his way, but he never missed going to see the hunter show at Driffield, where he stood in the centre of the ring with the judges. The Yorkshire Show very seldom tempted him out for the day, but he could not resist a visit to the York Royal, and dined and spoke at the banquet.

Leicester sheep were his delight, and he would keep at least twenty score of ewes. He let from 100 to 110 rams annually to ram breeders and tenants,

and liked a small, compact sheep as the most thrifty for Wold purposes. Mr. Hall of Scorbro' generally gave the highest price (which never exceeded £30) for a ram at his letting, and took from one to three every year. Fat lambs Sir Tatton never would sell, and latterly he only gave his wethers one winter on turnips. Buckley, Burgess, and Stone had laid the corner stone of his flock, but for nearly twenty years he had used no rams save his own. His sheep had grass, turnips, and hay, but they were as ignorant of cake and peas as the "Welshmen" on Snowdon. For early sheep-feeding, he more especially preferred White Stone Globe, and he finished up with Swedes. It was his rule never to sow mangolds and turnips before the first of June, as he did not consider that the land had absorbed sufficient heat. Cabbage he tried once, but gave it up; he only grew potatoes for home consumption, and oats while he had hunters and hounds to eat it. Bones were a great point with him; he first introduced them at Pockthorpe, and broke them up to half-an-inch with hammers.

The Wolds are essentially a sheep district, and horse-breeding has not been found to answer so well as in Holderness. Hence, Sir Tatton always held thirty-five acres of marsh land at his Ryehill estate, and made a practice of going down there once a-year with his three and four-year-old hunter colts. The yearling and two-year-old colts he put out on seeds along with the fillies which joined the stud at four years old. The tenth of May was "Marsh Morning," and soon after four o'clock Sir Tatton on his hack would head the cavalcade. He had generally three or four men with him to drive and help at the bye-lanes and corners. When he kept hounds, his hunters had three-and-a-half months of this Marsh life, and came back early in September, as soon as the ram-letting was over. Tom Carter looked to

them, but the younger ones were brought back into residence at Sledmere by Sir Tatton himself, when he paid his second visit to Holderness in October, and stayed two or three days with his tenant Mr. Dickenson, of Humbleton Hall.

There were no degrees in his courtesy; and it is rarely that such guileless simplicity of heart is united to such a keen intuitive perception of men, and a power of taking their measure. There was always the right word for them in the right place, to check or encourage; he was quite as patient a listener as he was a race-rider, and liked to answer questions; and if they left him without twenty curious scraps of knowledge, quite unconnected with Kutusoff, "Split Post Douglas," or the Beverley Club, they had only themselves to blame. "Mr. Argus," as he always termed him, when they met, was his great racing writer, and he loved dearly to have his feuilletons read to him, and to see him at Sledmere in person on his last grand field-day there with John Scott. Cows he did not care about, but sheep would soon bring out the story of Ajax, and the day when he would not let Mr. Sanday's father pick his first lot of ewes, and then found his mistake in going for all the most transparent ears. He preferred sheep of a smaller size than the Wold farmers liked, and his belief that they were more thrifty was so rooted, that he would not alter the style, and declared that he could build one of the modern Leicesters out of a fleece and a rail.

Then he would turn to hounds and those "Sykes Goneaway" days, when he hunted all the York country from Spurn point to Coxwold, and when the York Wednesday generally found them leaving off about forty miles from home. As the years of Sir Tatton and Tom lengthened, their hunting days grew shorter, and there was often time left for a little hedge-slashing in the afternoon. Sir Tatton was

always a quiet rider, as some men count riding, and if he liked to see Bill Scott on Ainderby and the rest go along, he never cared more than once to try and follow "that terrible man, Mr. Ridsdale." A few years before his death he appeared at the cover side in a new scarlet coat, and when he was warmly congratulated on the omen, he replied that he was wearing it strictly under protest from her ladyship, who thought him too old to kill foxes.

For hunting he never really cared, and although very cool and a capital judge of pace, he rode too long to finish well on the flat. The "orange body and purple satin sleeves and cap" have been in abeyance since he wore them at Beverley. He liked best schooling a young horse, and never was man more patient and gentle with them. His best young one was generally chosen for the Leicestershire ram journeys, and then most of his day's ride was done, when other people were in their beds. He never failed to get off and lead in his horse for the last mile. A great hunting maxim of his was "give your servants good horses, and they won't abuse them." Eight or nine years before his death, he gave up going to Leicestershire, and in fact he did not care for the journey after his old huntsman Tom Carter died. He really received his own death stroke two years before his death. The road between Sledmere and Fimber was being lowered, and he had worked very hard in his shirt sleeves at breaking stones. "Richard" took him his ale and sandwich for luncheon, and he went out of the sun, and sat down on a tree root in the plantation to eat it, and there fell fast asleep: and the draught brought on a chill which he never got over.

When Tom died, his master was no longer seen coming, all dusty, down Hall Gate on the Doncaster Monday, from a twelve hours' ride by Booth Ferry, but he quietly adopted the rail. In fact, he had no

querulous sighings after old times, and was content to enjoy the good of the present without comparing it with the past. At the death of the cowkeeper, where he put up for forty years, he moved to Bennitthorpe, and lodged during the meeting with Sir George Cholmley* and his son. About half-past ten,

* Sir George Cholmley divides his "Cholmley chesnuts" between Boynton, Howsham, and Newton. Hubert's paddocks are at the first-named place, and Angelus is the guardian angel of the last. For many years Sir George did not keep a sire, but used Sir Tatton's. When they were at Doncaster together one year, Sir George recommended Womersley to his old friend, and hence that Irish Birdcatcher chesnut went to Sledmere for a season. Codrington (who got his stock with rare shoulders and pretty little heads) was by him, and was one of those which William Day passed over, when he had his choice of "all the sort." Sir George declared that he had passed the best, and offered 40 gs. to have his pick of the draft. Codrington lamed himself off a mare, and was ultimately sold to Vienna. Record by Emilius was another purchase; and Orpheus, who is still on the Wolds at Kilham, cost 40 gs. at Tattersall's. Angelus was by him from Nutmeg, a Nassau Stakes winner of Lord Exeter's which was purchased at Doncaster. He ran five times as a two-year-old, and was second to Little Stag at Beverley. At one time he was rather talked of for the St. Leger, but he was a large, fat colt, and therefore excessively difficult to prepare. Sir George has about twenty thorough-bred and ten half-bred mares; and winners of the Great National Steeplechase and Hunters Stakes are his speciality. The park seems full of matrons with chesnut Angelus and brown Hubert foals. Among the mares we note Barnacles, the dam of High-flyer the steeplechaser; Whitefeet of the Hexgrave family; Miss Taylor by Orpheus, the dam of Belinda; and Hexgrave's dam, a Sleight-of-Hand mare, with white spots round the eyes. There are three cups at Newton, won respectively by Adonis, The Don, and Peep o' Day Boy; and Mr. Thompson, Mr. Boynton, and Mr. Spence have been in the "black-yellow sleeves and black cap."

Angelus has won three Yorkshire prizes in succession, and during 1868 with the Royal in aid, he made 140 gs. in the show yards. Bob Brignall was in great force as he opened door after door, and told his chesnuts' story. There stood the five-year-old Julius, who never ran, but won in shows; and Belinda, a small Orpheus hack which has won as a lady's horse both at Wetherby and Scarborough and London; but Don Juan was the crack of the stable. His head is a little plain, but his quarters are beautiful, and taking him throughout, we have seen few three-year-old hunters like him. As a four-year-old, he beat the almost invincible Topstall and all the hunters in the yard for the Royal Gold Medal at Manchester. He is by Angelus, from Whitefeet by Codrington. Emperor's dam

the three would be seen coming over the Hall Cross hill to the sale-rings; and there Sir Tatton stood on Mr. Tattersall's left, with his faithful "Richard" at hand to note the prices for him. The crack men would always have a word and a joke with him: he said that Captain White's cheery laugh did him as much good as anything in the whole year; and Mr. Greville and all of them drew up, when it oozed out that he might, perhaps, go to the three thousand reserve for Fandango. With an endurance absolutely miraculous for a man of his years, he used to stand each day at the sales and races for nearly seven hours on a stretch, and shook hands with scores of people who claimed acquaintance, and whom, he said, he had never seen to his knowledge. However, he had a good-humoured word for each; and no one was more ready. The card and list women always lay in wait for him; and the colloquies between them, all claiming a vested interest in his custom, and appealing to him if it was'nt so, must have cost him many an extra shilling to settle amicably when "*you ladies are so very quarrelsome!*" Still he seemed a most willing annual victim, and

was purchased from Mr. Anne without a pedigree. Emperor IV. by Angelus, now a four-year-old, is at Howsham, and is a chestnut, like nearly all his kinsfolk, and fully sixteen hands high. Emperor I. was a bay, and was sold to Mr. Little Gilmour for three hundred guineas. He was hunted at Melton for eight seasons, and was shot last spring. He was by Record, the sire of many good hunters, and Sir George's eldest son rode him for some time, before he (Mr. Gilmour) had him. Emperor II. was a bay by Orpheus; Mr. James Hall bought him from Sir George for 300 gs., and he was put up for sale at York, and Mr. Chaplin gave 400 gs. for him. He won his first race for the "all rose," to wit, the National Steeplechase at Wetherby, whose fine scope of course and large fences suited him to a nicety. Emperor III. was by Cock Robin, a horse of Mr. George Payne's, by Chanticleer dam by Charles XII. Mr. Chaplin gave 400 gs. for him, and he won the same race at Bedford. Sir George also bred Rosamond, the ten-year-old mare which was sold at the late Sir Charles Slingsby's sale for 430 gs. Caradon I. by Orpheus is a crack hunter of Mr. Hall's, and the hero of a very great day; and Caradon II. is full of promise, and has taken a head prize at the Yorkshire Show.

"parted" so well, that, if he got value received, he must have consumed nearly a ream of return-lists. He first became such an especial character at Doncaster when he led back his namesake to scale. He was only seventy-four then; but, ever after, the St. Leger jockeys looked for his hand-shake as the seal of victory when they passed through the little white gate of Fame. After Bill Scott died, he seemed to have a great partiality for Nat. The last winning horse he ever went to meet was The Lawyer, but he did not lead him in. The trainers of the cracks generally made a point of sending him word when they would strip their horses for him to look over, and he made a special point of visiting Old Calabar.

He was very fond of a morning at Whitewall, and till within a fortnight of his death he often said, "I shall be able to go and see Mr. Scott again," and, in fact, he quite built on that visit, which was never to be. There was a langour and general failing about him at Doncaster in "The Marquis's" year, and when his friends noted that he gladly sat down between the races, and came to the course in a carriage on the Friday, they might well feel a foreboding that he had paid his last visit to the "Moor." The real truth was that he had rather martyred himself with a new pair of top-boots (which he always had made at Doncaster), and would not send home for a pair of easy ones; but still the decline had begun.

A little quiet after Doncaster revived him, and he was once more away by the early train to Holderness. The late Mr. Leonard, of Hull, to whom he had sold his beasts for many years, was too ill to meet him, as of yore, and he did business with his son, and calculated the weight and value as closely as ever. He talked with apparent zest of old friends and times in Hull, but there were not lacking symptoms that his hour was nigh. An attack of bronchitis in November shook him still more, and it was aggravated

by his dislike to doctoring and his forgetfulness of age. During the winter, he liked to sit by the fire and be read to, and scarcely cared to go near his mares and foals, which those about him felt to be the strongest, involuntary confession of growing weakness, more especially in a man, who was always thought to have a strong secret wish of living to be a hundred. Early in March he had an attack of gout, which rather amused him than otherwise, seeing that his family had been subject to it, and here he was the premier sportsman of England, in immediate succession to "Old Kit Wilson," only caught by it at ninety-and-a-half. When it quitted him eight days before his death, dropsy rapidly set in, and the sad whisper, scarcely believed at first, went over Yorkshire, that "Sir Tatton is dying." Some hoped he might rally as he had done before, but the once iron frame had found its conqueror. He lay almost insensible, but breathing very heavily, from Tuesday to Saturday, and then his brave old heart went out with the dawn.*

The chesnut Wensleydale is the only one of the old blood that the present baronet retains, and he chose her out of a lot of eighteen three-year-old fillies. She is by Colsterdale and strains back to the dam of Grey Momus, that fountain head of Sledmere stud honour. Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher and her daughter Little Agnes by The Cure were then

* The funeral took place on Friday, 27th March, 1863, and was attended by nearly three thousand of all classes from the East and North Ridings. At half-past twelve the coffin was placed on a rest at the west front of the house, before which the tenantry were arranged, in pairs, and the procession was then formed to the church. Lord Hotham, Lord Middleton, Sir F. Legard, Admiral Duncombe, Mr. L. Thompson, Mr. R. Bower, Mr. James Hall, and Mr. Hill were the pall bearers. The day was clear but cold, and Sledmere, with the troops of deer moving in the distance, and the brood mares and foals throwing up their heads and trotting round the park, and then stopping to gaze at the multitude which had invaded their solitudes, never looked more beautiful.

purchased from the late John Osborne, who would not part with Agnes by Clarion, the foundress of the tribe. Bernice by Stockwell had a short sojourn of a year, and left Sophie by Lord Clifden behind her, and the speedy lop-eared Marigold by Teddington is one of the four perpetually in residence. It is a strange contrast to old times, when three or four stacks with eight or nine foals haltered to each, so that they might learn to lead, were the object of a morning's walk. The new order of things, limited as it is, has so far borne better fruits than the old. The Agneses arrived in foal with Bismark (500 gs.) and Tibthorpe, both of them winners, and the latter a cracker if his pipes had been as good as his pace. A Little Agnes filly has also won in a small way, and so has Amendment, the daughter of Wensleydale, and when we were in "Hampton Court" paddock one September we found Snarry lunging Frivolity, a pretty chesnut daughter of Macaroni and Miss Agnes and expressing pretty confident hopes that "my beauty" would let him read something to her advantage ere long in his Manchester paper. She did not belie his hopes with 500 gs. at the hammer, and she won the Althorp Stakes by a neck, with six or seven future winners behind her, the very first time she was stripped. Her dam had no foal at her foot in the paddocks, where three chesnuts, two Stockwells and a Thormanby, which averaged 400 gs. at Doncaster,

"Were glad, nosing the mother's udder,"

and playing havoc with the countless mushrooms in their gambols. Morphia, her half-brother from Wensleydale came in for a smaller share of Snarry's heart, but leggy and unlikely to "come to hand early" as he then seemed, he won the Goodwood Nursery on a Friday, and on the Monday he was giving a stone and finishing level with Catalonia for the Nursery at Ripon. Six winners out of four mares in three seasons is no small allowance.

Pedigreed shorthorn cows with rich-haired Duke of Townley calves are also to be found in the spots once specially dedicated to blood stock, and two drape cows were laying on Christmas beef in the well walled acres of "Daniel's own." *Coates's Herd Book* is at last having its claim allowed by the side of *Wetherby's Calendar*, and the red Duke of Townley, with a man on each side of that handsome but treacherous forehand, is ushered into the yard, and walks snorting down the high road.

The mares are always taken up when the hounds come. In old Sir Tatton's time Lord Middleton never drew the Sledmere covers (which are full of foxes and require an enormous amount of routing), but whipped off, as the troops of mares would have taken to galloping half the day and have probably cast their foals. The litters were, of course, carefully looked after, and carried off to another part of the country. However, when the railroad was made, the whips could very seldom stop them, and they ran to Sledmere oftener during the first three years after the line was opened than they had done in the previous twenty. Pry Whin is a beautiful cover for cubs, with that grand pear-shaped bit of whin, gorse and briars in its centre, from which we have seen a brace of old foxes leisurely cross the riding on a summer afternoon. Beyond it at the end of this line of woodland is the Gothic tower, which has been erected to Sir Tatton's memory on Garton Hill. A laboured inscription would have only mocked a memory, so rich in grand simplicity. Few words were needed, and none are there save "The memory of the just is blessed." A hot haze denied us a distant view as we scaled the winding stair, and stood at last in the little guest chamber near the top. On one side were the deep green woods of Sledmere; to the seaward the "waves of wheat which ripple round the

lonely Grange," (where Mr. Major had just shown us the paces of his first-prize hackney mare Polly) and down the Crussdale Valley. Driffield church stood out in the distance among those vast ash-tree hedge rows, which have been recently thinned out with Dutch regularity to one in fifteen yards, and the sky-line on the south stretches over many a rich arable farm, to the country of Philip Ramsden, once the patron saint of roadsters "by Huggate and Pocklington way."

Old Bob Ramsden of Market Weighton had Pretender and Reformer (both trotting sires) from Norfolk. At eighty he dressed the character to the life, in white stockings and shoes, long black coat, low broad hat, and kerseymere breeches. Even at that age he could show a trotter's paces with any man at Market Weighton each market Wednesday in May. He was never in a hurry about it, but sat in his chimney corner, and let the others trot on till his pipe was finished. Then he would reach down his spurs, buckle them on to his shoes, and mount his galloway to show off his stallion. Performer was his delight; he would gallop his galloway by his side on the turnpike, and then shift the saddle on to the horse, and, as he was wont to say, "*Trot over their backs.*" No horse could trot with Performer, and he trotted faster than he could gallop. Old Bob was six feet high when in his prime, and game to the back-bone. He was considerably above seventy when he fetched the cap and jacket of other days out of a drawer, and it was all his friends could do to prevent him coming up to London then and there to ride a friend's horse for a ten miles' trotting match. His son Philip, who died a few years since, did a great deal towards improving the size of Yorkshire roadsters, by introducing Roan Phenomenon.*

* The following is a specimen of a Yorkshire trotting conversation which we had with a noted Market Weighton character: "Our

We are now in the great Vale of York, to which Mr. Bancroft could find no parallel, save the plain of Lombardy. It comprises every kind of soil, from stiff clay to sand, and has grown all produce, from white wheat to chicory. The pleasant little town of Pocklington had just been making merry with a

auld black horse was first horse we had—our auld bay mare was dam of her as bred Merrylegs, and all of them good'uns. That first chesnut horse we selt him to Catlin. That Howden Show-week he trotted two miles in 5 min. 20 sec. on York and Hull Road. That was bay hoss as Duke of Gordon got, as had the match—he trots his first eight miles in 33 minutes. They said 'he'll loss the match.' I says '*he weant—touch him over shoolder, Bill.*' Little Bill they called him rode black mare the hundred miles in 11h. 48 min. She had 13h. 15 min. to do it in. She was only three that spring—if we had only roped her in that hundred miles we'd have brokken all Weighton. The bay horse I sold to the Duke of Gordon was the worst horse to get up a hill—he didn't pull, he met the hill. I never tell noo man in England yet what the Duke of Gordon gave me, and I never will. Creeper was migl ty fast, but an uneven tempered horse, nae style aboot him. T'auld mare was tremendous fast; some days beat owt in the world—some days we could mak' nowt of her. When she was 22 years old, she carried little Bill 2 miles 200 yards in 5 min. 16 secs., with a flying start. I knew when I went into the stable i t morning whether she meant trotting or not. If she was in one of her tantrums she would rear up, and squat on the ground. She had a way of whisking her tail round if she didn't want to act.

"I once ploughed a yacre of ground with her, and then trotted 16 miles to Beverley races and back. T'auld bay meer come of a black meer by Harrison's Sportsman, gitten with syke a horse as come of Jerry Boughton—little bit of fash down the legs, but go for yne summer day after another. They lived like racehorses—there never were noo mair syke. We had Merrylegs, and good job if we'd never had him. We selt him for £630 to Squire Dennison. Black Fireaway he was half-bred—black and blood. Old Pretender, a black, he was very bloodlike—I doubt if there was a better—fine legs and short fetlocks. He got Performer, a dark brown; and Merrylegs, a dark chesnut, was gitten with Performer. He had a queer white mark on foot that all the Performers had. It was white round the coronet, and down the front of the hoof. Merrylegs was about the last, and got bad ones. They tried to cross the blood, and stronger animals didn't do.

"The Norfolk Phenomenon did no great good. Philip Ramsden and Kirby bought them. There was a Fireaway and a Shales. The Prickwillows were rum'uns to trot. I've seen such goes from Hull to Hayton. The fellows used to pull up, '———, *I'll have noe mair oj you—you come from Markct Weighton.*'"

flower-show, and a banner flapped lazily in its honour from the old church-tower. We paused at Theresa Cottage, where Neville the racehorse was foaled, and Dalton the greyhound was buried, and then set our face steadily towards Givendale, on the Wolds. It lies about four miles away, on the high road to Malton. Everingham Park, where Tom Hodgson's old black horse of Holderness and Quorn fame lies buried, was deep in woods on our right. The country was once all open from Warter Wood to Mount Farrow, and for sixteen or seventeen miles there was no shelter for a travelling fox. Everything is changed now, and old Singleton, the celebrated jockey and grandsire of the brothers John and James, would look in vain for the springy turf, along which he could canter his horses gently for miles up the valley, before they put on the sweaters at Thixendale.

> "The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
> Are hung, as if with golden shields,
> Bright trophies of the sun;"

and both plains and wolds seemed white unto the harvest. A band of women on Grimthorpe were picking a crop of teasels, which are sown after bare fallow or green crop, and require at least two years to come to perfection, for the Leeds cloth-makers. Owsethorpe is the last farm on the road before we leave the level and climb the wolds; and our companions did not fail to tell us how a Lincolnshire man had moralised over Cousin Bet and her foal, which were "gnawing the pasture," and advised bullocks in their stead, and how the laugh was against him after Doncaster.

But the eyebrow of the hill is reached at last, and we find ourselves on a sort of table-land, with a lake, on which a widowed swan is sailing, in the glen below, hard by a little church. A turn to the left brings us to the hamlet of Givendale, which lies

among snug gardens and garths, on a great natural platform overlooking the Vale of York and its distant Minster towers. Mr. Singleton's holding comprises 640 acres, all on the wold, and belonging to his mother and himself. It lies from 500 to 800 feet above the sea level, and on the range of the chalk hills, which extend to Langton Wold, and straight across the East Riding to Filey. Oats, barley, and turnips all flourish well, but mangolds are rarely tried. The Lincolns do nicely enough in Holderness, but they fail on the chalk of the wolds, which is not strong enough feeding for them. There is no mistaking Mr. Singleton's homestead. To the left is the letting yard, where Mr. Boulton's voice is heard in the land as each first Wednesday after the 20th of August comes round, and the Leicester rams, and red and red-flecked shorthorns, headed by old Graceful, in the home garth make assurance doubly sure. We thought of poor John Thompson of Anlaby, and his remark on his last visit, "That's the right sort of flesh," as that wealthy troop of Lady Waterloos, Miss Waterloos, Ruths, and Floras, with their wondrous family likeness and "warm Christmas colours," grazed right up to the garden rails. Thousands have been thrown away on scores of pedigreed herds, and no such really solid and useful result has been attained.*

* Their owner was entered to Shorthorns, like many other good men, at the Kirklevington sale in '50, where he bought Waterloo 4th by Cleveland Lad (3407), in calf to Third Duke of Oxford. The produce was Lady Waterloo, which she supplemented with Miss Waterloo by Surplice (10901). Lady Waterloo bred in her turn Lady Waterloo 2nd, which broke its neck as a calf, and Lady Waterloo 3rd, both of them by Mr. Wiley's George (12941). Lady Waterloo 4th and Count Waterloo were her calves by Mr. Sanday's Ferdinand (12871)—a Royal H. C. at Lincoln, and a 100-guinea purchase by auction—but her finest calf, both in point of substance, size, and hair, was Lady Waterloo 6th, by her own son Count Waterloo—another fact for those who won't bear of in-and-in breeding. The latter unfortunately bred nothing but bulls. Vesta's dam was bought about

After these home studies, we had quite an excursion among the ewes—a wide, short-legged lot full of Buckley and Sir Tatton's blood—and the drinking-ponds, which are made much after the Sledmere fashion. There were some Masham sheep lacking the horns, seventeen Galloway heifers with Bridegroom (23453) as their esquire, and a very neat filly foal by The Cure from a Cawston mare, and one of the last he ever got. With these "musings by the way," we reached the far gallop in the plantations. It has been a time-honoured axiom that for every ten acres of wold one should be planted for shelter. The belief has obtained to the full at

this time, in-calf of Bullion (15706), who nicked well with Lady Waterloo 3rd in Lord of Waterloo, whose hocks went from long confinement during a snowstorm, when there was some idea of "going on with him" for shows. Bullion had two crosses of Booth blood in him, and Patriot, from Jacinthe by Leonidas (10414) (a purchase as a cow at the Panton sale) two or three more crosses. From the very first Mr. Singleton joined in with neither of the "great Herd-Book factions." He once stood upon four tribes—the Waterloos; the Floras, from Watson of Wauldby's; the Ruths, from Emmerson's of Eryholm; and the Medoras, which go back, through the Rev. Thos. Cator's Hecuba and Mr. Fawkes's Fair Maid of Athens, to Booth's Medora. He rears his bull-calves for sale, and shows very little, and has, in fact, only come out five times at the Yorkshire, but always been placed or thereabouts. Alice was highly commended in the calf class, which Booth's Queen of the Isles headed at York in '57, and was sold after winning at Driffield to Mr. Emmerson for 70 gs. Prince Tom of the Flora tribe earned the same honour that day behind Lord of the Valley and Great Mogul. Miss Waterloo 4th separated Second Queen of May and Rosedale, and took the second prize; Mirth was second to a cow of Mr. Radcliffe's of Brandsby when Pride of Southwicke was disqualified; and Fourth Squire of Waterloo was third yearling at Beverley. Mirth was by Ferdinand, dam by Surplice, grandam Doris by Belshazzar (1703). She "died well" at Liverpool in '64, after winning the £10 prize in her class, and the special cup as the best beast in the fat yard. The whole of the Waterloo females have since been sold at a high price to Mr. Cheney, and replaced by cows from Mr. Angus of Broomley.

Mr. Singleton began with Leicesters in 1844, by hiring a ram from Sir Tatton, and was pretty constant in his visits to the old baronet at the Eddlethorpe lettings, where he once gave 60½ gs., after a sharp contest with Mr. John Simpson. In 1845 he went to Mr. Wiley for the first time, and for fourteen years never missed drawing on his

Givendale, where the firs have been planted with no sparing hand, and a training gallop of nearly two miles cut through them. It was used for some years after the old man's death by the present Mr. John Singleton and his father; but the ruts have become deep, and no work is done, and "no questions asked" there now. From thence the transition was easy to Etty's favourite walk twice a day by the church. For many years this great Yorkshire painter spent much of his summer here, under the roof of Mr. Singleton's father. No spot pleased him so well, when he could escape from his easel and the olive-tinted haze of London. "I often in fancy," he wrote, "fly away to Givendale, as the most rural and quietest country retreat I know, like

beloved "union of Buckley and Burgess, with a dash of Stone." He has also visited the last-named breeder at Barrow, on his own account. His first Sanday essay was in 1854, with a two-shear, which took a first prize in Mr. Sanday's hands at the Royal Carlisle Show, and in one of his many hirings from Holmpierrepont, he took the shearling which Mr. Creswell bought at the sale. Mr. Edwards, of Market Weighton's draft ewes of Sledmere-Burgess blood, started him in 1840, and he continued to get a few each year through a friend. In 1854 he bought ten ewes and a ram from Mr. Buckley, and as many more at Mr. Hewitt's second sale, in the same year, and half-a-dozen at Mr. Sanday's first sale in 1860. He generally lambs about 180, and lets from 50 to 60 tups. This year and last they averaged about £10, but none of them have quite touched the Sanday and Wiley Tibthorpe, who was let to Mr. Stavely of Tibthorpe for £37 10s. as a two-shear, and for £30 10s. the next year. Firm mutton, thick wool, and purity of blood have been all Mr. Singleton's aim, and, unlike many flockmasters on the Wolds, he never would have a dash of Lincoln. His first public auction was in 1855, and his customers are almost entirely Yorkshire men, and include six or seven ram-breeders. "Sim" Templeman is a regular customer, and he is pretty generally brought in for a speech when "The Turf" is drunk with all the honours, as is only fitting in a Yorkshire congress. In 1867, Commander-in-Chief, so called after the celebrated Warlaby bull, stood at the head of the list, and there was no mistaking, when you glanced at his fleece, "the reason why" Mr. George Lane Fox's agent had given £28 5s. for him. Young Commander-in-Chief was hired by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1869 for £41. The best shearling at that letting made £35 10s., and the best two-shear £37 10s., for Ireland.

the bird that flees to the hill to be at rest." He would saunter for hours down that glen to his wonted bench beneath the elm near the cottages. There he would sit and sketch, as his fancy took him, the elm, ash, larch, beech, willow, elderberry, or Lombardy poplar in Pit's planting, or Beck's, just across the little brook. His walk seldom extended beyond a mile, to the common below Riding's Plantation, which Lord Middleton's know so well. He mourned over the pulling down of the old church—a very favourite subject, as he did whenever any ancient houses were cleared away in York, and he lost another bit of colour in the tiles. Sometimes he would gather flowers to copy indoors after tea, which, with all the eccentricity of genius, he would insist upon making for himself, putting cold water in to preserve the aroma. There are many proud family relics of the past in that parlour—the silver cup with "Success to Fox-hunting" on it, the goldsmith's racing cups in their quaint leather cases, and the goblet with horses' heads for handles which the Marquis of Rockingham gave his jockey Singleton for his riding of Bay Malton—and among them, Etty's painting of a pheasant, and some equally-vigorous heads will always be ranked as a memento of a very happy friendship, which only ended with his life.

A cry went forth some years since, that Langton Wold was doomed, and that Whitewall and the other training stables would shortly be desolate. Old Maltonians might well say that the site of their pleasant little town might be ploughed over and sown with salt, if their four trainers were to be thus driven into exile. Things at one time seemed gloomy enough; but happily a compromise was effected. The racecourse, over which the Brothers Scott tried many a winner, is now in turnips or white crops; the little stand is transmuted

into a farm building, and, 420 acres have been taken at one slice out of the Wold. Still there is a large portion left, a sort of mixture of hill and valley, with abundance of thorn trees and Leicester sheep. The tan gallop is laid out in the most intricate fashion, along the bottom of the valley, in order to eke out distance; but when some critical curves have been slipped round, there is a long striding reach up-hill of fully a mile. The farming man, who harrows over the tan every morning, had just unyoked his horses when we arrived, and the Whitewall lot were to be seen quietly walking over the brow of the hill, with Jem Perren on his bay pony in attendance. Mr. Scott soon arrived in his fly, which the old grey, that Doncaster knows well, draws no longer.

Not long before this Mr. Bowes was by his trainer's side on two successive mornings, and the veteran may well be proud, in these petty days of chop and change, to think that he has now trained for that "approved good master" for nearly forty seasons, and that they have never had the shadow of a misunderstanding. Four Derbies, a couple of Two Thousands, and one St. Leger, with Mundig, Meteor, Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, have formed but a small portion of their spoils, and yet Isaac Walker, the Streatlam Castle stud-groom, has seldom arrived each September with more than four yearlings "for school." Mr. Bowes very rarely goes to a race, and we believe that Fordham, who has so often worn his black and gold of late years, does not even know him by sight.

Before work begins another fly drives up, and a well-favoured "special commissioner," in a grey coat and crush hat, steps forth on to the sward, and goes to pay his respects to Mr. Scott. He is here

en route from Middleham, where Pretender has had his best attention, and he brings a glowing account of the chances of "Johnny" and the blue and silver braid. There is but doubtful news of Martyrdom, and Pero Gomez is mentioned with as much respect as if he were Mr. Peabody himself. The other spectators are few. The three "Jacks," Robson, Holmes, Charlton, whom we have seen on this spot so often, are all in their graves, and now that he has no Blair Athol in hand, Mr. I'Anson does not even spare an hour from his farming. It hardly seems like the Saturday before the St. Leger. Yorkshire is busy among her partridges and her sheaves, and cannot compass the idea that even John Scott, great as his triumphs have been, can descend on the cracks, and wrest his seventeenth St. Leger from them with a dark and an untried horse. As a general thing they have more belief round Malton in George Osbaldeston, but still there are plenty to shake their heads, and ask if the Belshazzar and Barbatus blood is the thing to bring a horse home in a St. Leger.

"George" has a small party of his own to look on, and three "literary touts," two of them regularly attached to the London sporting papers, note him and the rest of the lots as they do their work. Reports from training quarters have now become a sort of necessity, and as long as these writers keep their distance, and do not tamper with the boys, trainers and owners do not resent their presence. In fact, many of them rather like the reports, as they can hear what horses are doing elsewhere, and thus know better what they are likely to meet. There was a time, "long, long ago," when there were only two touts at Newmarket—the portly York, who could pull down eighteen stone on the scales, and a little ex-jockey called Garratt. The latter wore a smock

when he was professionally engaged—that is to say, when he "roamed through the dew;" and when Lord Foley once dropped across him before a trial, lying as snug as a hare behind a roller on the Heath, and asked him who he was, he promptly replied, that he was "a shepherd." "Are you, indeed?" rejoined his lordship; "I don't think you look after your flock much."

But a truce to these Scottiana. As ten o'clock approaches the schooling on the tan begins in earnest. Shepherd's, Peck's, and a couple of I'Anson's come striding along by twos and threes, and then Perren takes the Whitewall lot into the bottom. The Spy, with his plainish head and long legs, is not out, and Viscount is also taking it easy at home. Goldsboro' is reported coughing; and Westwick, that good-looking half-brother to West Australian, has never run since the Alexandra Plate of last year. Nobleman goes merrily through his work, and Toison d'Or toils away with a fair chance of Park Hill honours before her eyes. Old War, the King of the Slows, seems very much fined down, and in great heart, as if he knew that the wet which he loves so well has descended on the three Ridings in earnest at last. Five or six more, Silver Band, Tarna, Viscountess, &c. flash past in succession, and Mr. Scott calls out of his brougham to a lad to "keep your hands down." Then the straight-backed Taraban is seen creeping up the hill with his head well down, and H. Robertson in the saddle. The pretty little Royal Oak, a lighter chesnut with a white face and white on the off fore foot, comes "fighting," hard held by Grimshaw, and looking as if he were ready at any moment to go up and settle him. There was a time when Taraban was obliged to "liquor up" before every great race. Whisky did not stay long with him, and he in-

finitely preferred old port of a good vintage, but he is said now to be quite a reformed character, and no horse can play the schoolmaster more patiently. The funny man of the piece is a Malton publican on a roan racing pony. She has been winning at Margate in the early part of the week, but she is back again at her old quarters, looking as hard as nails. Still her owner is anxious to put on a little more "polish," and he rattles up the tan twice or thrice in the course of the moruing, going like great guns, with his coat tails flying in the breeze. After their first gallop the Whitewall team walked across the top of the Wold, and when Mr. Scott has followed and had them on parade for some twenty minutes, they are sent up the gallop again. Taraban takes his pupil three times up it, and then the morning's work is ended. All looked serene, and in our mind's-eye we saw the chesnut running home fourth or fifth; but the morning brought bronchitis, and his leg began to fill, and the Johnsonian pen went through his name.

Blair Athol, the last St. Leger winner that was prepared on the Wold, was "a perfect glutton," and Mr. I'Anson says of him that he did more work in the three weeks between York and Doncaster, and ate more corn than Lanercost, Vestment, or Inheritor, who once seemed almost invincible in this respect. His first Malton trial was at even weights with Borealis, after she had run in the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and he beat her by two lengths. Mr. I'Anson then asked him to give her 7lbs., but he rather ran out at the turn, and Challoner on the mare beat him by a head. Ten weeks before the Derby he was found to be very much injured in the muscles of the thigh, and his boy was discharged, and it was fully five weeks ere he was allowed to go out of a walk. At Paris he ran big, as it was im-

possible to gallop him, and yet, then sore as he was with the hard ground, he came back across the Channel to Ascot, and cut down Ely on the Friday over the New Mile. He was not intended for York, as, in consequence of his shoe coming off half as he walked and half in the Rubbing House, he had missed a sweat. Borealis and Caller Ou generally led him in his work, and a hard time they had of it. Mr. I'Anson never knew how good he was, and thinks that he never had a horse with such true action, as even in distress he never rolled or rocked.

CHAPTER X.

"A trainer on a lonely hill
Will do a deed of mystery,
And 'scribes' will several columns fill,
With that trial and all its history.
The trainer will be all surprise
At the facts they have collected,
And the owner when they meet his eyes
Will be equally affected."

Sporting Life.

A word on Knavesmire—Sir William Milner—The Hunting Tragedy on the Ure—Drax Abbey—Warping—Harrogate—Yorkshire Stock and Hound Show at Wetherby—Captain Gunter's Herd—Farnley Hall.

AMID the whirl and rattle of the present turf times, when the secrets of a man's stable are proclaimed on the house-top almost before he knows them himself, and touts send off telegrams far and wide the instant a trial is won, it is a treat to hear a Yorkshire elder have his say. Once set him going, with the full consciousness that he has a sympathetic listener, and he soon pierces into the bowels of the past, and recounts each loved recollection of "the horse and his rider." He will tell you how a great jockey "got into money," and rather let the cat out of the bag by offering a £1,000 note instead of a £100 one in change to the horse's owner on settling day; how Bob Ridsdale, who began as body footman to Lady Lambton, made £30,000 only to lose every half-penny of it again in the ring; of Colonel Cradock saying to Sam Chifney in amaze-

ment as they gazed on the saddle contortions of little Johnny Gray at a finish, "*Is he pricking, Sam, or is he pulling?*" of a noble duke only giving his jockey "a pony," when he had won the Oaks, and thinking he had done the correct thing; of Old Forth having his weighing beam in two rooms, so that his jockeys might not see what weight they carried in a trial; of Lord Suffield and his confederate taking their Bamboo revenge with Newlight to the tune of £12,000 on Lord George Bentinck, when his lordship managed the green and gold interest for Mr. Houldsworth, and had such a fancy for Destiny; and of Bill Scott making the judge and jury laugh when he was a witness, about the "three clean, Bank of England notes, clean notes for a £1,000 each, my lord," which he got for his horse Sir Tatton Sykes.

We have always had a great fondness for Orton's Turf Annals of York and Doncaster. We remember the poor fellow—before he fell, no one exactly knew why, under the ban of Lord George—who always left his mark on a man—as keeper of the match-box, and clerk of the course at York, as well as judge there, and at Preston Guild, and several other northern meetings. He was also, the "Alfred Highflyer" of the *Sporting Magazine*, a third of a century ago, and his descriptions of York and Catterick Bridge Meetings had a freshness and an interest, we shall never know again. In his introduction to his work he does not fail to do justice to the horse-loving tendencies of each county family. As the Dutchman of Communipaw, men fabled to have sprung from oysters, and each clad in ten pair of linsey wolsey breeches, marched to a bloodless battle under the banner of an oyster *recumbent* upon a sea green field, so, according to our historian, the Darleys of Aldby should have a Childers, and the Huttons of Marske an Eclipse on their family quarterings, as having imported the Arab, or reared

the sire to which the renowned bay and chesnut owe their descent.

One of the very finest races ever run at York was that Subscription Purse in which Actæon, with Harry Edwards up, defeated Memnon and Sam Chifney, at York, and a painting of the finish, by Herring, hung in the dining-room at Hawkhead. We have looked over many hundreds of Mr. Herring's portfolio horse sketches, and we still think Actæon the most beautiful. The chesnut's great peculiarity was that he would never leave his horses. He once had a race with Florismart, at York, when the latter broke down at the Bishopthorpe turn. Clift scrambled along as he could to the finish, and Actæon stuck resolutely to him in a slow trot, and it was all his jockey could do by clapping and encouraging him to get him to win by a neck. In the great race for the Purse, Harry Edward made his effort, about a hundred yards from home, and got a neck in front, but the chesnut put his toes into the ground and "retracted" so terribly in the last three strides, that when Sam Chifney "collected" Memnon and came with one of his rushes, victory was only cut out of the chesnut by a head. Edwards struck him three times, and, as they say, "with a will."

The race in which Newminster was defeated by Calculator, was the most sensational we ever witnessed at York,* but we have heard that it was

* Weights, which began at a thumping twelve stone early in the eighteenth century at York, gradually slid down to 9st. in 1751. By 1756 the 8st. 7lbs., which held its own for a century, had appeared at Doncaster; and in 1760 the York Subscription Purses were at 8st. 3lbs. Six years later, matches at four miles were made at 7st.; and, in 1786, three-year-olds were carrying 5st. 7lbs. and a feather. Of course, in Give and take Plates the weights had been very low for many years before that, and were even calculated by ounces. They had been given up and quite forgotten until some clerk of the course or other, in 1839, introduced one into Scotland, without having duly mastered the proper distance between the fore and hind feet when the horse is measured. Accordingly, the old

nothing to the scene when The Miner seemed suddenly to start up at Blair Athol's side, and beat him. It was on Knavesmire also that we remember poor Bill Scott having his last mount, a second on Snowball to Alfred Day on Tuscan. It is only twenty-two years ago, and yet seven out of the nine jockeys who rode in that race are dead.

In his way there were few more genuine Yorkshire lovers of racing than the late Sir William Milner. We seem to see him still, with his tall, light figure, his aquiline nose, his rather lank, black hair, and his glass in his eye, following a winner out of the York enclosure to have another peep at him before he was sheeted up, or on the pavement (or rather the horse-block) at the Salutation, getting a good "oversight" of a yearling, which old Mr. Tattersall or his son were knocking down. Lord Strathmore was just coming into notice then, and a good-looking young fellow he was, with that curious way of toeing the ground in his walk, and that off-hand devil-me-care toss of the head, as he seized the passing hour, and little thought that Sweetmeat would beget Saccharometer to his sorrow.

Racing was in the Milner family, as turf chronicles knew well, and gradually came out in the Oxonian.

stone was disinterred from one of the York rubbing houses; and it was ascertained that 5ft. was the distance, and that 2ft. was allowed between each of the hind as well as the fore feet. Under the system, horses of thirteen hands carried 7st., and 14oz. were put on for every eighth of an inch; so that horses of fourteen hands carried 9st., and of fifteen hands 11st.

Two-year-old racing had its origin in a match between Mr. Hutchinson—the genius of Langton Wold in his day, as well as the breeder of Hambletonian and trainer of Beningborough—and a Rev. Mr. Goodricke. In 1799 the first race of the kind was run at York, and won by Mr. Robinson's Belle Fillie, the first favourite, Allspice, running last; and in the following year Lord Darlington won the maiden race of the kind at Doncaster with the first of his two Muley Molochs. It was not until eleven years later that Oiseau, by running away, at weights for age over a mile and a half at Doncaster, from a four-year-old and a five-year-old St. Leger winner, provided what good two-year-olds really can do in the autumn.

"Mr. Milner" was christened after him. He had a few race-horses in his time, along with the Aske string, of which Grapeshot was much the best though he required a fortune in whalebone. Sir William followed the Voltigeur fortunes like a man, and then, without telling the stable, laid heavily against Lightfoot (whom Bobby Hill believed to be a clinker) for the next year's Derby. Most probably Voltigeur was quite out of form, or else Lightfoot would never have won the trial as he did.* However, it seemed high enough to put Sir William in a sad pucker how to shape his course and get out; but Chester showed the horse eventually in his real colours. As a politician, Sir William promised well, and took a good part in the conferences of the Orange party, to whom an Upper Room at Normanton was generally the Woburn Abbey. York had in him a painstaking member, and he quite astonished Mr. Leeman by the verve with which he spoke on one occasion; but his health began gradually to fail from that point.

It has been well said that—

> "The image of a man who died
> In his heyday of renown,
> Has a fearful power, unto which the pride
> Of fiery life bows down.

England has had many such lessons. London remembers yet the painful thrill when Lord Cantelupe lay dead in the very height of the season. Lord George Bentinck was found in his father's flood meadow, with the hoar-frost of an autumn morning on that finely-cut face, which had been so often turned defiantly on his foes in the House. The Duke of Dorset, one of the best sportmen of his day, died jumping a small fence with his harriers; and the Marquis of Waterford, who had come off scatheless

* "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 211-215.

among the "oxers" of Northamptonshire and the doubles of the Vale, met his doom at a little stone wall into a road. Death is more fearful when it is in direct contrast with pleasure, and the little ferry on the Ure will be remembered, so long as that river rolls its dark waters from the moors to the Ouse, as the scene of the most fearful tragedy in hunting history.

Yorkshire could hardly believe the sad tidings. The cathedral city was in the very height of her hunting term. There were visitors in plenty, and the Club was full of the doings of Sir Charles on Saltfish or Rosamond, and of news of good sport with Mr. Hall and the Holderness. Four familiar faces were suddenly lacking, and three of them were the very life-blood of the hunt—master, crack rider, and first whip. The meet on that fatal day (February 4th) was Stainley, upwards of twenty miles from York, but accessible by rail, and a special train was run on the occasion. Sir Charles soon found a fox which took them straight for Newby Park, where it crossed the river. He had found, as he thought, the same fox twice before that season, and it had baffled him by the same trick. It was no doubt this double beating which made him rather more keen and less sensible of his danger than usual, for both he and Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Robinson were generally timid and careful in a boat, though hard, and fearless riders as could be across country.*

* The boat was managed by a cog-wheel, which takes hold of a chain stretched across the river, and it is worked over by hand. This chain, which is of some weight, lies in ordinary times on the bottom of the river, and is picked up by the boat as it goes along, but when the river is full of water the weight of the chain is off the ground and upon the boat. It is usual in a fresh (*i. e.*, when the water is very high, but within its bounds) to cast the chain adrift, and ferry the boat over in the usual manner, but on this occasion the plan was not resorted to. The chain is on the down-stream side, and the weight of it naturally keeps that side of the boat a little down in the water, and therefore when any extra weight, like a horse, is added on that side

"Bill" or rather Powter, the first whip, (for whom an equally sad fate was in store), went round by Borough Bridge and stopped the hounds, which lost

the up-stream side of the boat rises and the stream rushing down underneath it sends it right over on the chain side. So it happened on this sad day.

There was a scrimmage and an "exchange" or two among the horses, and Sir Charles's "Saltfish," an old and a very good one, jumped out, and getting entangled fast in the chain added to the weight on that side of the boat, and upset it. Sir Charles had, we believe, his reins twisted round his wrist. At first, he struck out for the boat, and when he saw it go over he swam away and was within a stroke or two of the opposite shore, where there was no one to fling him the end of a hunting-whip, when he threw up his arms, and went down. It is thought that he took the cramp as his legs were very much drawn up. This is not improbable, as he was somewhat heated with a fast run. Mr. Lloyd must at first have been under the boat with the rest of the men and horses. He was the champion swimmer of his day at Eton, and he struck out manfully for the nearest shore, but the weight of his boots and hunting clothes in the rapid stream was too much for him. Captain Robert Vyner and Mr. William Ingleby jumped in and got hold of him, and for some time sustained him, but he was a very heavy man, and soon overpowered them. In his last extremity, he never lost his presence of mind. There was a total abnegation of self; he did as they directed him, putting his hands on their shoulders, and when he found they were exhausted, he calmly removed them like the noble fellow that he was, rather than imperil their lives as well as his own. No three men could have behaved more gallantly.

Of Mr. Robinson no one seems to know anything for certain, as he disappeared almost immediately. His usual custom was never to get off his horse in a boat, but whether he was off or on that morning no one seems to remember. Some say he was, some say he was not. One man states that he saw him rise in the water on his horse, but this looks like a mistake, for if he had been mounted in the boat, he and his horse must have parted company when the boat upset sideways. Orveys the huntsman can never have made an effort to swim, as he was found next day with his hunting-whip still tightly clutched in his hand. Thus he died as he lived, true to his duty. The poor ferrymen, two good and valued servants, were no doubt struck by the horses, rendered insensible, and sank at once. Of the others in the boat Mr. Clare Vyner was the first to come up, and scramble on to the boat, which was then bottom upwards, and he assisted first Mr. White, then Sir G. Wombwell, then Captain Molyneux and Major Mussinden on to the same place. Captain Molyneux, R.N., was a good swimmer, and reached the shore as did Captain Key, who, seeing the water coming into the boat, jumped out at once before she went over, and went back along the chain.

their fox in the Newby covers, and he had the sad mission of taking home the news to Mrs. Orveys.

Sir Charles, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Robinson were the very cream of the hunt, and it is a remarkable thing that they were the only three regular attendants of it who habitually wore caps. Orveys of course wore one. Sir Charles had shown rare sport when all the packs round, with the exception of the Holderness, had been doing very little. He was only forty-five—that year of fruition as it is called, when the harvest of a man's experience is gathered in—and ever since '38 he had been at the head of of either harriers or foxhounds. His lady pack, among which were prize ones of the Nelson and Comedy litter, was about perfection at all points, cover drawing, nose, and speed. For talent, and certainly for perseverance no gentleman huntsman, and probably no professional huntsman could have beaten him. Perhaps he was a little too silent in cover and chopped foxes occasionally that way. He did so on his very last morning, but the fox was so fast asleep, that, to use his own words, "I had to crack my whip twice over him to wake him." His casts were most extraordinary; when his hounds threw up, he never dwelt very long on the spot, but would lay hold of them and cast half a mile forward or back with almost invariable success. The number of foxes (50 brace) accounted for in little over four months, in a country which does not do much cub-hunting, fully attests his prowess. He was the nicest fellow in the field, never by any chance losing his his temper or saying a nasty word to any one. The consequence was, that his field, though comprising an immense number of hard-riding men, was perhaps the best behaved in England, and so many strangers have allowed. If men got into a wrong place (and no one saw it quicker than he did) he would never say anything, but they were wont to say in all verity,

that they felt more rebuked by his quiet look and his silence than if a master had been swearing at them all day. In fact, no one more truly united the charming companion and finished sportsman, and he also rode some fine winning finishes on Eggsauce, &c., over York and Thirsk. One of his ancestors was drowned in the Nidd, and another forfeited his head in the Royalist cause. He disliked politics (although he did not care to be on the losing side in Knaresborough); but during the Epsom and Ascot weeks, when he had his very brief season in London, the Carlton Club was his great resort. Still he did not care much for London, and his great enjoyment lay in natural history and general country pursuits.

Mr. Lloyd was also as genial a man as ever lived, but he had the misfortune to be deaf. This made it rather difficult to talk with him, but he was full of fun, and never out of humour. He was a very fine rider for a heavy man, and a most enthusiastic fox-hunter, never missing a day by any chance except for shooting. All through his last winter, although he lived four miles away, he was in York for the seven o'clock train on a Thursday, when the hounds (and nearly always the lady pack) met on the side of the country where the accident took place.

Mr. Robinson was quite a character. It is a big word to say, but many thought him the finest rider to hounds in England. The Rev. John Bower, who had perhaps not a peer in his day (Earl Jersey's was over) except it might be Lord Clanricarde, was the man, from whom he was proud to say he learnt all he knew in the saddle, and, like that great Holderness hero, on all kinds of horses. He took them as they came, and he was one of the cleverest judges of them in Yorkshire. He seemed to know every horse in it, its powers and its failings. No one ever saw him in difficulties, but always the first man in a run; no

matter what cut-me-down stranger (of which the York and Ainsty sees a great many during the season) might arrive, they never got any change out of him. Unlike most fine riders, he had not a particle of jealousy, but if he thought that he knew the way through a cover better, or had any advantage, he would look round for a pal to give him the office and share it. Not a few profited by his kindness in this way. He was the most good natured fellow in the world, the first to assist any one in difficulties, and he would get off his horse and wade through dirt to put a curb-chain right, or adjust any tackle that was out of place. Nay more. He had always a second horse out, and if a friend's nag was dead beat and his own was still fresh, he was quite ready to lend. The hunt might well be proud of their crack rider. Many will sadly remember how, when a few seasons since, he was borne away from the field with a broken leg on a hurdle, he raised himself on his elbow and cheered the pack as they crossed the road in full cry before him. Three such men could hardly be found in a hunt, and yet they are all taken at one stroke. It may be said, as a testimony to the sterling worth of those who are gone, that in a country where a good deal of that sort of thing prevails, they never belonged to any of the cliques; they were free and independent members of the hunt; their example prevented the field from being cut up into factions, and made a day with the York and Ainsty one of cheery, social enjoyment. Mr. Robinson's Brunow, which ran in the French Derby, was a very remarkable one; and he went so lame, off and on, that he was given to a farmer friend near York, who put him in the harrows. Here he kicked so violently and injured himself so much, that if the stable had not been nearer than the kennels, he would have been led off to the latter. He was sent back, and became so sound that

Mr. Robinson rode him all his last season, and he fetched 280 gs. at the sale. Mr. Robinson had nine hunters up latterly, and among them The Arrow and Traveller, a vicious horse in the stable.

Orveys was a ripe, good servant, and quite a right arm to his master, as first whip and kennel huntsman. He once suffered a good deal with rheumatism in "the round bone," but he had latterly hit on a wonderful cure for it, and no man was more thankful for the hint. His hounds—which went to Scriven Park in the summer—were always brought out in prime condition. The way he would get them out of cover to Sir Charles was perfectly marvellous. He was a bold rider, and as hard as pinwire, and had excellent nerves for a man of his age, nearly sixty. Added to this, he had a deal of quiet fun, which was heightened by a squeaky voice, and a most pleasant twinkle of the eye. He married the house-maid at Scriven Park for his second wife about five years before his death, and Sir Charles's way of repeating the annual report made to him from the kennels, of "another whip, Sir Charles, last night" was very droll. Like Mr. Robinson and Mr. Lloyd, he seems to have died quite easily, as his features were calm and unchanged. When his body was taken out of the river, the searchers leant it against the trunk of a tree in order to let the water flow away. As this fine old servant stood there a few minutes, with his hunting-whip still in his hand, those who saw him said they could hardly persuade themselves, that he was not still alive.

Drax Abbey was granted by Henry VIII. to the Constables of Everingham for their valour at Flodden Field, and Lord Herries sold it in 1849 to Colonel or "Hamlet" Thompson. The Abbey has gone, but the old sites still live in name. A chesnut pony

and a few shorthorn calves were ruminating on the herbage of Ave Maria Lane, and wandering at intervals down Paternoster Row. The Abbey Oak, out of which many an old fox has been flogged, when the Bramham Moor or the Badsworth drew the neutral cover of Barlow Hag, had still some sap in its branches, and a coffin lid, a bracket, or a boss-stone half hid among lobelias and fuschias in season are now the sole antiquities.

A view from the Abbey gârth that morning was full of sea-faring and country life. The ashes were just beginning to change in Barlow Hag, which made up a dark green-and-yellow background for the Daisies and the red Captain Shaftoes. Across the embankment of the sluggish Ouse, where the eel-catchers are ever bobbing, the tall spire of Hemingbrough stands out against the sky, and we note the progress of a barge, as it runs slowly up with the tide towards Selby. A billy-boy, which turns out on further inspection to be the "Elizabeth and Anne," is busy, not bringing gravel from Spurn Point this tide, but delivering its tons of linseed-cake from Hull, while carts keep steadily arriving with their loads at the potatoe "pies," which are being gradually built up on the river side, ready for shipment to London. Two troops of English and Irish females in every guise, from sun hats to guano-bag skirts, take their allotted furrows (which have been turned-up by a plough without the coulter), working so jealously against each other, and so ready to raise the Sassenach and the "St. George to the rescue" war cries, on the smallest provocation, that we secretly admire the bailiff for keeping resolutely, pitchfork in hand, between them.

A reedy swamp, half under water, with snipes skimming about it, showed the raw material from which that preserve of Flukes and Princes had been formed. It is only at the changes of the moon

that the sluice watcher can report that the fertilizing muddy swell, full of clay, sand, and vegetable matter, has come at last, and, with a ripple sometimes nearly four feet high, has—

"— like an eagre rode
In triumph o'er the tide."

In rivers like the Thames, the Severn, and the Mersey, the force of the stream prevents the tide from rolling the warp back. The sluggishness of its current, and the width of its estuary, make the Humber the only warping river in England, and thus the deposit which the Trent and the Ouse leave at its mouth are not carried out to sea, but can warp the lands for sixty miles along its banks. It has been stated, but of course, equally stoutly disputed, that the fertilizing sediment is composed of the concussion of the fresh water with the salt water animalcules, and that death thus contributes that life to plants on which insects in their turn take such a terrible revenge. It requires a very strong current to keep up a proper species of alligation between the sand and clay; and the constant alteration of sluices and inlets, in order to make the warping level, quite rises into the dignity of a science, and is as difficult a problem as can be set in hydrostatics. Certain places can with prosperous tides acquire four or five feet of warp in three years, and years after, when the ground is examined, each tide is found to have left the record of its presence in a layer of about the thickness of a sixpence. A block of such formation is a veritable "black-letter volume," of which every leaf betokens a day or night of silent and solitary toil. Coltsfoot, willow weed, and docks infest the warp the first year, and the feathered and the Whittlesea Mere weed have gradually given place to "the American," whose roots can strike five yards deep. Four feet under-draining at 10 yards apart,

with 1¾-inch pipes joined with anti-sand-collars, was Mr. Henry Smith's next process, and the plough was taken over it as soon as it could bear horses, and then it was sown with oats and red clover. The latter was mown for fodder, and the newly-warped land has been known to require the scythe three times in a season.*

It is quite a "popular error," that a Yorkshireman cares about no live stock save horses. "Give her the glory of going on, and still to be," from Tennyson's "Wages," would certainly suggest to him an epitaph for a mare that could stay a distance, and his only doubt would be about adding "there or thereabouts" to his author, but still sheep, pigs, and shorthorns have a strong grip of his affections. The agricultural year always seems to lack one of its pleasantest elements if we have missed the Yorkshire meeting. Some linger in the county six weeks from its date,

* The Drax Abbey herd began with Daisy, a cow by Northumberland (466), dam by son of Twin Brother to Ben, and Mr. Smith always hired bulls from Warlaby. From Daisy there came in succession Daisy 7th, the "best cow or heifer" in the yard at Birmingham in 1858. Five years after, Mr. Smith took the gold medal at Smithfield, but with a cow bred by his brother Mr. William Smith, of West Rasen. The purchase of Captain Shaftoe (6833) at one of his brother's sales for 40 gs. was a great hit, and the sole drawback about him was his aversion not to a red but to a black coat, a whim which nearly proved fatal to Mr. Parkinson at the Leyfields sale. "The Captain" had then seen twelve summers and he left seventeen heifer calves behind him. One of their daughters, Helen from Annie, was sold to Mr. Majoribanks at ten months for 80 gs., and proved the sire of Harkaway the first Royal prize bull-calf at Canterbury. The meadows were full of reds, or rich red roans whose compact frames, level tops, and good deep middles, told of the gay little Captain's handiwork, which Booth's Bridesman (12493), War Eagle, The Monk, and Prince of Warlaby followed up.

The name and pedigree of each shorthorn was hung above it in the byre, a process the necessity of which was enforced on Mr. Smith by finding that an Irish herdsman in his absence had become puzzled, and had not only given a wrong and a most tremendously high pedigree to an intending purchaser, but maintained that—"*Sure, sir, and I was right to put in the best word I could for the puir beast.*"

and what with Doncaster, York, and Ripon races, visits to herds, racing-stables, studs, agricultural shows, foal shows and ram lettings, a gentle St. Leger excitement, more especially if John Scott has a favourite, as in "the brave days of old," with a dash of Harrogate and Scarborough thrown in for flavour, those pilgrims may well call their sojourn the very "sweet o' the year."

Leeds looked more dreary than ever, as we passed it on our way to Wetherby, and we esteemed the vicar happy who had just escaped from it, mitre in hand, to the green orchard alleys of Herefordshire. On we go, past the meadow where the Royal encamped in '61. It was there that the Wetherby Duchesses, with Duchess 77th at their head, won a treble victory and retired on their laurels, that young Nutbourne vanquished old Sir John Barleycorn, as teetotallers never did, that Adam Bede and Overplus were dons in the hunter classes, and that Wainman's Silver-hair was such a dainty quene amongst sows.

We hardly know Harrogate again, and try in vain to recognize the traces of what it was, when we first saw it in '34, or Touchstone's year. "Old Johnny's Well," or the strong chalybeate, has received the cupola from the Old Sulphur Well; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well, is roofed in at last; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well, on the Moor, seems unchanged; and the cupola of the Old Sulphur Well, whose waters savour of the scourings of a gun-barrel, has been replaced by one thrice as large. It was the practice in those days of expensive travelling to meet the fashions half way, and therefore the moment the London season closed the Bond Street dealers detached a foreman, with a large amount of unsold goods in a van, to spread his nets in High Harrogate, before the "mothers and daughters" of the North. To some extent they do so still, but the things do not find such favour, now that the metropolis can be

reached by rail. The Dragon, the Granby, and the Crown were, at the time we are noting, the only great hotels, and the peerage, the "M.P."s, and the Lancashire visitors, were supposed to be their patrons respectively. Admission to the Dragon's balls was the object of countless hopes and fears. It seemed to be for the summer months a very Almacks of Yorkshire. We have heard a Crown president speaking as mysteriously of his diplomacy in a ball-room "difficulty," between the inns, as if he had been negociating a triple alliance. Being president was esteemed such an honour that, as it went by seniority; and one eccentric man was said to arrive in March, and possess his soul in patience and the solitude of the big room for months, in order that he might be in office all the season round. Bachelors gathered round him in plenty, quite

> "ready to take their stand
> Upon a widow's jointure land,"

if a likely chance turned-up.

The Queen's holds the lead now, and in the warm twilight the company linger on the garden terrace, and peer through the panes at the dancers within; and give little biographies of each of them. By day it is the old story, Knaresborough Dripping Well, Fountain's Abbey, Plumpton, Hackfall, &c., and Brimham Rocks, where Bill Scott, the winner of four Derbies, three Oaks, and nine St. Legers, once rode in a donkey carriage in state, with two donkey boys as outriders. It needs some excitement to keep the casual visitor in spirits on a dull summer's evening, and we sought for it in vain before the sun went down. There was not a soul in the room at the old Sulphur Spa. Those who were not at dinner had gone to hear the band play at a shilling a head to non-subscribers, in Montpelier Gardens, or to attend the readings of Mr.

Bellew. Punch and Judy occupied the green in front of the White Hart, and had many grey-haired sages in their audience; and if you did gaze carefully into the windows of the front shops, you only withdrew perplexed as to which was really "the last photo. ever taken" of a local physician recently deceased, and which he had most honoured with his approbation.

Early next morning there was quite an agricultural gathering on the railway platform for Wetherby. It is a very small place, but its National Steeple-chace ground, which Jacob Faithful, Israelite, and Emperor II., knew well, is, according to many, "the best in Britain, bar none." The town bade its visitors welcome with a few flags and a flower arch, but everything seemed very quiet, and the fear of sun-strokes kept some thousands away. Half-a-hundred goats of many colours formed an army of occupation at the bridge end. One word was enough to set off the loquacious Irishman who led them, and he soon priced us a kid at seven-and-sixpence, and a nanny, equal to a fabulous number of quarts per day, "Cheap, yer honner, at twenty-five." There was not the wonted waterfall to drown his chaffer, as the Wharfe had collapsed into a bed of shingle, and the whole stream might have gone through an eight-inch pipe. Two men and a woman, the usual company, were singing the song of "The Greet Agricultural Show" as we crossed the bridge, and rousing the local spirit by stating that its author is "a young *muck*-chanic in Wetherby." It was really an old halfpenny friend, and not with a new face either, but simply the well-known blanks, to be filled up by fact or fancy. Micklethwaite is the township over the bridge. It has evidently no church, as the overseer's list of men claiming to vote is hung at an inn door. There are only three claimants, and it is signed, "*W. Burley, Overseer.*"

Some one, with a sad lack of reverence, has drawn a fancy portrait of "ye overseer" close by his signature, in a Spanish hat and beard, and put "W. B." beneath it, so that all men may know.

Captain Gunter's farm is on the opposite side of the road to this work of art, and his herdsman, Taylor, looks over the wall with rather a sorrowful face. He remembers the days when he took Mr. Eastwood's white bull, Hero, to the Worcester Royal, and brought home the first prize ribbons. Hence he is pugnacious in the highest sense of the word, but the captain has retired from the show lists. Taylor's regrets are not lessened as the day proceeds. Two of the judges visit his "American heifer," and tell him that the roan calf Wharfedale Rose which has been sold at £100, to go along with her, would have won to a certainty if she had been entered. The pangs which he suffers in consequence must be untold. Mr. Cochrane's pair have a levee in their barn all day, and devotees go wandering off through the hot haze into the park to gaze on Duchess 86th, 87th, 88th, and 91st, as well as Mild Eyes and her daughter Bright Eyes, and a very fine Waterloo heifer.*

* When we first saw the herd in '59, not long after its removal from Earl's Court, we began with the earliest purchase Duchess 67th, and her daughter 72nd, the first calf that Captain Gunter ever bred. Her next daughter the white 75th was third in the array, and the handsomest of the three, and then came "the twins" 78th and 79th which ran such a splendid career in the show yard. We see the little roan and white through the mist of years once more struggling with the herd boys, and thought the roan rather nicer in her coat, but the white neater, and in after years the bench hardly knew which to take. Having thus exhausted the fruits of the first Tortworth bid, Duchess 70th bore her witness to the second with her calves 73rd and 77th, and we look back to our comment that "the former had more substance and the latter more elegance of the twain" and that she was the best, but no one dare predict such a future for her. She rose the Royal ranks step-by-step, third as a yearling at Warwick, second at Canterbury, and first at Leeds. Duchess 69th had only calved that morning, and though we could not rouse her after the labours of

The Grange Park was placed by Captain Gunter entirely at the disposal of the Yorkshire Society. It was once the property of "Kit Wilson," the Father of the Turf, who owned Comus, the blind chesnut, which did such good to Sledmere in the days of the first Sir Tatton. The whole of the arrangements, thanks to Mr. Parrington, to whom the general improvement as regards the accommodation of horses in the show-yards of England may primarily be said to be due, were admirable, down to the cloak-room, with cloak pegs innumerable, and "the jewel room," where a silversmith sets his wares

the day we could judge of her fine scale and enjoy the gentle grandeur of the head, which had been specially modelled for Mr. Brandreth Gibbs's testimonial. Sixth Duke of Oxford was waiting outside to receive us; he was a perfect Esau at his birth, and there could be no doubt whence his stock derived their rich hair.

["A period of nine years must be supposed to elapse," as the play-bills have it.]

The old cows were in the bottom of the Park, and took a good deal of finding in the heat. There was the roan Duchess 86th, with the old-fashioned wide-spreading horn; the 87th, of a lighter roan and with a rare loin; the white 88th, which had been amiss; and 91st, one of the same colour and rare substance. The twins and the 77th had died or been slaughtered, and 96th and 94th were in the home field, and Taylor tells us how once they thought 94th the best, and that the former is the only Duchess which lacks the Usurer cross. The numbers 100th, 99th, 98th, and 97th once roamed together in the home pasture unbroken, but Mr. Cochrane had taken his choice and borne off the last to Canada at 100 gs. She is from 92nd a daughter of 84th, "which broke down on us as a calf for Leeds." Her once constant companion 98th from 88th was a white with roan ears, and Taylor again calls to mind how she was "once held like a kitten to the teat." Writers who have to encounter there night-mare numbers may well be among those

"Who dread to speak of '98,
Who tremble at the name."

The wished for 100th was reached at last in the shape of a red roan, but a two-days-old roan, half-sister to "the American lady," was the latest arrival, and Duchess 103rd had been the Captain's private herd book entry. Fourth Duke of Thorndale was the monarch of the yard, and Grand Duchess 8th, from Penrhyn Castle was there to share his smiles. Mild Eyes 3rd (by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Mild Eyes)

in array, and fits up winners with cups. The police bivouack, thirty strong, in the same "Wood Street." They have plenty of night work, as the men, more especially the grooms, get very drunk, and make night hideous with their hullabaloo. They cannot sleep for the heat, and therefore they will, to use their own phrase, "still be lapping," which means that they are always at the canteen for soda-water, or something a little stronger. Under its influence they run foot races with nothing on but their shirts, and it is daylight before those gentlemen in white finish their revels and return to their straw wisps.

and a heifer by 5th Duke of Wharfedale from "the Waterloo heifer," have since then arrived; and Duchess 84th has lost the red Duchess 104th. It was jumping about its box when two months old, and burst a blood-vessel in the heart. Duchess 94th has had twins—a bull and a red heifer, the latter taking rank as Duchess 105th. Third Duke of Wharfedale (sire of Mr. Cochrane's heifer) from Duchess 86th now reigns at Wetherby (after two seasons at Penrhyn), *vice* Fourth Duke of Thorndale, who was found dead in his box last spring; and 2nd Duke of Wetherby from Duchess 77th, and 2nd Duke of Claro from Duchess 79th are both let. The 3rd Duke of Wetherby by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Duchess 32nd is coming on for home use. The 2nd Duke of Collingham, Duke of Tregunter (a name taken from an old family estate in Wales) 3rd Duke of Claro, 5th Duke of Wharfedale, and 2nd Duke of Tregunter have all been sold to English purchasers for 500 gs. each.

During the cattle-plague Captain Gunter's farm was in a deeply-infected parish, and cattle were dying or being slaughtered almost daily, close up to the park gates, for months. Chloride of lime was used liberally, but the Captain's main reliance was on the very strictest observance of the isolation principle. The Duchesses and the rest of the cattle were divided into several lots of two each, and placed in small sheds all over the six hundred acre occupation; the yards attached to these sheds were netted round the bottom, so as to keep out dogs, hares, rabbits, and other "travellers." The herdsman and his assistants never went near any other cattle or person engaged about cattle on any pretence whatever; and if the Captain had been out hunting, or anywhere else in the country, he never entered the sheds until he had changed his clothes. Second Duke of Wharfedale was slaughtered after a slight accident, rather than run the risk of bringing a veterinary-surgeon to attend upon him; and when the butcher came for fat sheep they were driven out of the field for him while he waited with his dog on the road.

There are some quaint characters among the grooms. One of them was attacked last year by five men in a garden at Scarborough. "If it had been nobbut one or two, I could have *warmed* him," was his version of the combat, "but five's owre mony; so I just put my hand in my pocket, and kep shooting till somebody came. I let 'em just batter away at my head; I can stan' a deal of rough wark that way, if I nobbut hod to the brass."

But we have to deal with day, and not with night scenes; and we first make our way, in obedience to old instincts, to the shorthorn ring. Three good judges are inside it—Jamie Douglas, who once could beat on "the grand tour" the heifers of the three kingdoms with his Rose of Summer and his Second Queen of Trumps; Charles Howard, of Oxford Down fame, who won his first royal prize at Leeds with one of twin bulls; and Stephenson, of Fourstones, a "well kent" man on the border. There is quite an excited buzz of conversation, as Booth's roan bull, Commander-in-Chief, has just been led out of the ring with only the second prize ribbons, while Knight of Knowlmere, who was second to him at Leicester, takes the first. The decision falls upon the shorthorn men like a rocket upon the Life Guards of King Theodore, and they know not what to make of it. It goes round that Jamie "shot him down" the moment the roan entered the ring, and went stoutly for the white. You hear the decision hotly discussed, not only at the ring side, but by lovers of shorthorns of both sexes, who sit hard by on inverted pails and bundles of hay.

If Mr. Booth loses with Commander-in-Chief, there is balm in Gilead with Lady Fragrant, a sweet cow with a "picture head," as they phrase it, and his two heifers, Lady Gaiety and Patricia, head the yearling class. Neither of the pair

had a chance with Lady Fragrant for the Female Winner's Cup, and one walk round the ring decides that Mr. Foljambe's bull-calf, Knight of the Crescent, beats Knight of Knowlmere and all his seniors when the males are on their trial. The proud little red is hardly in the ring an instant, and *Veni, vidi, vici* is the word to-day. The last decision is in the Extra Stock Classes, where a three-year-old shorthorn ox has nothing to meet but Zelika, a little half Brahmin cow. The first ribbons are handed to the leader of the latter by mistake, but Mr. Charles Howard dashes forward, with quite a melodramatic start, and rescues them from such profanation.

Mr. Borton has it all his own way in Leicesters. For more than twenty years he has held his place as the Yorkshire champion, and true to the county nomenclature, Blair Athol is his great ram. Southdowns do not take in Yorkshire, and as there was no entry, the Society saved their £55. Lincolns and Cotswolds came, and among the latter "Mr. Tombs's big sheep," but the Ridings have no solid resting-place for the sole of their feet. They have used the former on the Wolds, but they did not thrive, and one Leicester patriarch had a flying sarcasm at their expense, that if three came in a cart, and all stood with their heads on one side, they would infallibly upset it. The sheep rival to the half Brahmin was one from the coasts of Galilee, with a tail of 12lbs. weight, and described on its card as "a combination of fat and marrow."

Duckering, Sagar, Dyson, Eden, and all the familiar names are to be found among the pig-winners, but the judges complain of a lack of hair. It is a more popular part of the show than the sheep, but still it is at the horse-ring that the most earnest gazers are found. Mr. Burbidge, "Jack Skipworth," and Mr. Garfit from Cheshire, make up the bench. The blood sires come in first,

and for the third year in succession the big-boned Angelus takes the first rosette. He is the property of Sir George Cholmley, the oldest horse breeder in Yorkshire, and from a Nutwith dam of Lord Exeter's, which was purchased as a draft-mare at Doncaster. King Brian is second, and the neat, compact Wyndham, from Rawcliffe paddocks, to whom not a few, who remember how he "came to the rescue" in his racing days, hold most tenaciously, gets no mention among the ten. Among the coachers we look in vain for the old Cleveland bays, such as Howdenshire loved, and which once drew the heavy family chariots at six miles an hour. They have been gradually crossed up with blood sires, so that if any foal from a Cleveland mare falls smarter than usual, the breeder can cut its tail, and call it a hunter. In fact, a horse which a few years since was almost the champion of the hunting classes all over England, began his show life in a class for young coach horses. The winner on this day looked as if he had an extra cross of blood in him, and won easily enough. Two blacks, sire and son, the latter rejoicing in the name of Sir Edwin Landseer, headed the roadster class. There was only three years between them, and the sire had lost an eye, but still the six-year-old was fairly beaten. Trotting sires' conductors are generally "a set of wild Indians," and show their horses' paces with remarkably jealous zest. They trot them with a long rein, and use words in an almost unknown tongue, and they will watch half a market-day for a rival, whose owner has been "bouncing" in his advertisement, so as to lay their horse alongside of his pet, when he is giving him a sly trot, and thus make him eat or prove his words. Each medal recording a fresh victory is attached to a conqueror's neck collar, and one horse which came to Wetherby, and "took nothing by his motion," wore a breeching of medals as well, and

looked more like a charger of the middle ages than a trotter of the nineteenth century.

The young hunters had not many among them which would "pass the college." One class was so afflicted with curbs and bog spavins, that when at last three were left in, it was proposed to set them aside, and go on with the next class, while Professor Spooner decided which was least unsound. One of the judges said, with quite an injured air, "I like one of the five we've put aside best, but then his bog spavins aren't of a size." Sir George Cholmley and his chesnuts have a rare time of it, and Bob Brignall, the "first cross-country jock" to the stable, shows them capitally in "black waistcoats and pants." Many look at the grand chesnut three-year-old, Don Juan, and talk of cups in store. The riders are a study of themselves. One of them wears a black and yellow jockey cup, and is saluted with, "*Now, Fordham, wake her up!*" as he tears round on his pony. Another in a grey cap looks so stolid over it, and sits so artistically (in his own eyes), that the judges cannot resist sending him a strong gallop three times round, for the pure enjoyment of the thing. He is so dreadfully in earnest during the performance, that he does not see them laughing, and his look of disgust when he is put among the knock-outs at its conclusion, is like the mien of the warrior in the song, at once "stern and high." Bob Mulcaster is a great *artiste* both with the leading rein and in the saddle, and there is quite a buzz of delight when he leads out old Crafty, "the heroine of a hundred fights," as the local papers delight to call her, and sends her along with her thin tail extended, like the old beauty that she is. We have seen fat men of eighteen stone strip to their work in obedience to the call all round the ring: "*Now, Franky, man, it's thy turn. Thoo'se a bit too fat for't job. Now, mettle up!*" And away went Franky, top

heavy, and "*bad on thy pins,*" only to receive the consolation "*thoo maks a varra poor tew of it.*" There was a man of Mr. George Holmes's who had the knee in curb-chain action to such perfection, that he could teach his master's horses to be steppers. He did it in the ring with a face as calm as if he were carved from stone, while the laughter rung as it did in the Adelphi when Wright's voice was heard at the right or left wing. The boys made quite a Sir Roger de Coverley gallop of it on their ponies, before their ponies were settled; and a grey trotted in such style, that a hunting baronet declared that at last he had found the cover hack he had been seeking all his life.

The hunters from three year old and upwards are, after all, the cream of the thing. Lady Derwent, the queen of the season, had a long contest with Borderer and another, and once more the white rosette was pinned on to her bridle. She is a beautiful mare with a dish head, which she owes to her sire Codrington, a son of Womersley, whom Sir Tatton Sykes had for a season. He had given her so much quality that scarcely any one suspected that she had only one cross of blood in her. Sprig of Shillelah, Iris, Mountain Dew, and Cavendish, two bays, and two dark browns are in the ring nearly three-quarters of an hour before the judges can make up their minds. At last the battle waxed hot between Mountain Dew and Iris, and the saddles were ordered off. Then they were re-saddled, and the judges mounted them for some scenes in the circus, and Iris, a horse of tremendous power, and the one upon which Mr. Thomson is painted by Sir Francis Grant, gained the day. The hunter first prize winners are put together for the cup, and Lady Derwent has no chance with Iris, who seems to gallop everything down, and is ridden specially by the head groom, John Pye, who "sends him out" to perfection. Mr. Thomson looks on at the side

of the rails, and adjourns in due time to the Jewel House, to take his choice of a cup.

The hound show was held in a quiet spot in the park, just under the chain of woodlands which flank the grange. "The Bramham Moor and two-and-twenty couple" is the hunting toast in these parts, and their name is one of the thirteen above the hound cages. Sixteen or seventeen huntsmen and whips from England and Scotland are there in scarlet, awaiting their turn to bring their lots on to the flags. Only one wears a cap, and hats and "pudding basons" are all the go. There was an old Yorkshire huntsman, Will Carter, who never could be persuaded into anything but a felt wide awake even in the field, and placed a horn under the same ban. "Hard-riding Ben" from Lord Middleton's is there, but we miss old Tom Sebright, who fought many a good round with him at Redcar, Yarm, and Guisborough, in those pleasant summer days when the Cleveland Society held the lead, and gave such an impetus to agricultural meetings. John Walker, Harry Ayris, Charles Payne, Jack Goddard, Jack Morgan, and other celebrities do not show; but Peter Collisson, a worthy successor to Joe Maiden over Cheshire, looks on from the stand benches. Old Will Danby is the patriarch of the day, and wears his 75 summers as lightly as a flower. Will was at hunting for just fifty seasons, and then, in his expressive words, "he lapped it up." He is great in dates, and if you ask him the cause of his vigorous old age, you hear that he has tasted nothing stronger than raspberry vinegar for seven-and-forty years. He "goes into less room" than he did, and in his neat black coat and waistcoat, white cravat, and drab breeches and gaiters, he looks his profession to the life. "I can sleep like a man, and eat any mortal thing," and "I never wore troosers in my life, and I never will," is his general sketch

of himself. In this respect he differs from his successor in the York and Ainsty, who comes to the *fête* in grey trousers, and gets well joked about them, as he thrice walks up for a prize.

Thirteen kennels contend, but the prizes fall to the lot of four, and every county save Yorkshire and Lincolnshire is out of it. Lord Kesteven may well be in a high flow of spirits, and people may well wonder how he has achieved in six seasons what others cannot in a lifetime. There, too, on the front bench sit a bevy of fox-hunting peers—Hawke, Macclesfield, Middleton, and Wenlock. Sir Charles Slingsby watches the brilliant fortunes of the Nelson and Comedy litter, and Mr. Thomson of "the Pitchley," as Mr. Bright once called it in the House, to the inextinguishable merriment of the landed interest, vibrates between the front benches and the horse ring. Mr. Hall of the Holderness rides up with a geranium in his button-hole, and "looking as hard as stub nails," on Captain Gunter's grey Crimean Arab, takes his part in the fun. The hunting-field has no gamer or more battered hero, but he jests at his scars; and if his horse does roll over him and squeeze the breath out, his first impulse, when the lungs fill, is to ask to be helped on again. "John o' the Bedale," and nearly every other Yorkshire master, are on the back benches; but we miss the form of Mr. Foljambe, in his green coat, leaning on Mr. Parry of the Puckeridge, and of Captain Percy Williams. Jack Parker of the Sinnington, the very Zekiel Homespun of huntsmen, is not there to tell of the feats of his trencher-fed dogs; and that Tommiad of fox-hunting centaurs, Tom Smith, Tom Hodgson—with his big white hat and bigger white cravat—and Tom Sebright, are all in their graves. There are twenty-six couple in the entered hound classes, and Lord Kesteven wins them both. His lordship's have quality for ever;

but they are too full of flesh. Still, with Foreman and Primate to help in one class, and Artful, Rally, and Stately in the other, they have it *una voce*. Four of Stately's stock come with her, and one of them, Seaman, who won at Thirsk the year before, is among the winning lot. Yarborough Nelson—a useful, bony dog, but rather lacking fashion in his neck and colour, and still holding the line as well as ever in his ninth season—wins the Stallion Hound Prize.

The rain, which has prophesied of itself through divers thunderpeals, comes at last, rolling up the valley of the Wharfe before we are half done; and the huntsmen cage themselves up with their hounds till this happy harbinger of cub-hunting and drought-deliverance passes briskly by. There is a tent spread with dinner for the huntsmen when all is over, but nothing can tempt old Will Danby under canvas; either he thinks that he will be required to make an oration or to drink something, so he stoutly refuses to enter, and marches about in front of the cages, with a first-whip's wife, keeping the hounds in order. They are quiet enough till the Tallyhos begin in the tent after Mr. Fox's speech, and then they send up an answering cheer. Some simple-minded visitors don't understand these sounds. At York, we met two women running violently towards the spot from whence they proceeded—"Dearie me! Mary Ann, let's gan and see. Somebody's murdering somebody. Come along, lass!" Jack Backhouse's speech has accompaniments which may well make the fox cubs tremble in their pads. The toast was the "Unsuccessful Candidates," and Jack announces himself as "Yorkshire Jack." First he tells how, when he and his friend Ben Morgan are "ligging a long way fra yam," they don't "lap it up," but they draw for a second fox. Leaving the past, he dashes boldly into the future; and referring to the contests of

the day, he says, "I'll get a prize ye now—I've been what they call 'recommended.'"* It was a great speech. Mr. Hall can hardly believe in such eloquence on the part of Jack, when it reaches his ears later in the day, but he asks a huntsman or two, and they are unanimous in their testimony. The scarlets linger near the hunters for the rest of the afternoon, but by the morrow's morn they are far away. On Friday, the sixpenny crowd are in at one o'clock, and by four, man and beast are on the move homeward. Some lead the foal and dam, or ride the stallions, with the carpet-bag and sheets folded up in front of them. The owner of Lady Derwent is of this mind. The mare is in a white hood and sheet, and wears a collar studded with pieces of round pasteboard on her neck, each containing the printed record of a victory. He rides her through Wetherby in state, and we leave her standing in her groom's hands waiting to be trucked, with a bunch of white ribbons flying from her head, big enough for an army of brides.

"The Vale of the Wharfe is adorned with elegant mansions, and the views obtained from neighbouring

* No one knows that Jack was "recommended," as he states; but at Beverley, in 1869, he fulfilled his prophecy, and took a £5 prize and a £2 gratuity for being second in the dog puppy class with Leader. The Bishop of Oxford, who was staying with Mr. Sykes, M.P., and took his seat with his peers on the M. F. H. bench, could not resist the beaming looks of his brother Yorkshireman; and the oration which Jack delivered in honour of Leader, first holding him by the head, and then by the stern, when the dog tried to cut it, was one which the eloquent prelate will not forget. Soon after this, Jack was so struck with the tie of one of his brother-huntsmen, that he insisted that it was starched and ironed on him, and wouldn't believe in "one effort"—"*Nowt of the sort.*" Old Will Danby came over once more to the county where he and Mr. Tom Hodgson performed such prodigies among the foxes; and when a photographer placed the huntsmen and judges in a group, Mr. Tom Parrington took the modest old fellow by the collar, and compelled him "by gentle violence" to come on to the flags. Mr. Hall was reminding him of the Lammas Stream business when Will got over on a £15 grey, and he himself got "stabled between banks" on a 400-guinea brown.

elevations are at once noble and commanding." So says a Yorkshire Directory, and so old Coates must have thought from his heart, as laden with weighty calf-records, and still weightier bull data, beginning from Abelard, that descendant of "Booth's lame" and "Booth's old white" bulls, he gained the top of the wooded ridge of Sheven. Then patting his white mare's neck, he descended on his winding road to the homestead at Greenholme, which lay stretched, westward of the little market town of Otley, like a land of shorthorn promise beneath. It was here that "The Improved Durham Breed" found a home in those dreary, hopeless times which followed upon the Comet mania and the war, when 30 gs. a season was a great bull hire, and 80 gs. a marvellous purchase.

Mr. Whitaker never bated one jot of heart or hope, and "the quiet afternoons at Greenholme" have borne their rich fruit for shorthorn breeders at last. Without his earnest aid, Coates would never have ventured to bring out the first volume of the Herd-Book in 1822, when nothing but "Corn and Currency" was on every English tongue, and agrarian outrage and hunger were raging across the channel. It was "printed by W. Walker, at the Wharfdale Stanhope Press, top of the market-place, Otley;" and a manuscript copy of it is still preserved, written out in Mr. Whitaker's own neat hand, and with his red-ink annotations, which now almost need a microscope to decipher. It would seem as if he had walked about for years with the images of every great cow or bull firmly fixed in his retina. Of Duchess First he merely says "fair;" of Duchess Second "droops;" while Hubback comes in among other criticisms for "*flank and twist wonderful, shoulders rather upright.*" Three-fourths of the original list of subscribers have gone to their rest; and so too, within the last twelve years has the

patriarchal James Ward, R.A., who condescended to draw Maria and Miranda on stone for the work, and speculated on the coming fortunes of a certain young self-taught mail-driver, Herring of Doncaster, who had also borne a hand and sketched the heifer "Daffodil in two positions." A few years later, the present editor of the Herd-Book, then a mere lad of fifteen, fresh from his school studies of the Durham Ox and Coates's Driffield Cow, was sent over to paint Charles (878) for the second volume, and, like Culshaw, whose boyish embassy to the same spot has still to be told, he dates his chief shorthorn impressions from that weary journey, two-thirds on foot, and a third in the carrier's cart: In 1844, after the death of Coates junior, he took up the Herd Book with Volume 6th, and has now brought it up to the 18th, besides revising and reprinting the first five volumes of the series. No man ever threw more energy into a great task, or made such a succession of brilliant sale averages as he is done for twenty years past. Tim Metcalfe, the herdsman, was also a remarkable character in the Greenholme drama. He "*knew 'em when he saw 'em*" as well as any man, but as he never knew his alphabet, he invariably clenched the matter with, "*Give me t'pedigree, and I'll tak it home t'it maister.*" No wonder then that the taste for shorthorns should have gradually spread along the Wharfe, and not only brought new tenants to browse in the pastures of Farnley, Broughton, and Denton Park, but tempted the Duchess tribe to renew their strength in later years near Wetherby.*

* Mr. Fawkes's career as a breeder of shorthorns may be said to have begun in earnest with Mr. Whitaker's stock. His first purchase was Norfolk (2377), a grand roan bull by Second Hubback, and then such a favourite of Mr. Bates's, that he sent six heifers from Kirklevington expressly to be served by him. One of them was "*my best Duchess*" 33rd, the great grand-dam of Grand Duke; another, Blanche by Belvedere, from whom Roan Duchess 2nd is in direct

Farnley Hall, which was originally built in the time of Elizabeth, was added on to about a hundred years ago, and stands on a rising ground, a mile and a-half to the north-east of Otley. The road winds up through the well-wooded park, of a hundred and forty acres, and so along an avenue thickly lined with laurels, among which "the merry brown hares come leaping," and the pheasants feed in troops, as if the crack of a Manton was a sound unknown in Wharfdale. A road to the right, just before we

descent; and a third founded the Waterloo's of Aylesby and Springfield fame. Norfolk himself was from Nonpareil by Magnet, rather a gaudy cow, from Mr. Barker of East Layton's sale, where Sir Charles Knightley purchased Rosy and Primrose, which, along with Rufus and Little John of Mr. Arbuthnot's breeding, virtually founded the Fawsley herd. In 1834, Mr. Whitaker bought Verbena (45 gs.) and the grand Medora (40 gs.), both as heifer calves, at Mr. Richard Booth's Studley sale, and bred nine calves from the latter. In the previous year Mr. Whitaker sold off his herd, and again bought about three dozen well-bred cows, for the use of his work-people at the Burley mills. Mr. Fawkes was so much struck with the looks of some of them, that he arranged with his neighbour to allow him to select twenty for service principally by Norfolk. The compact was to be in force for three years, and 10 gs. was to be paid for each of them, doublets or not, at the expiration of a week, provided it was not a b lack-nose, and had no symptoms of unsoundness. Hence, sixty were t ransferred during that period from Greenholme to Farnley, and the first ten bull-calves by Norfolk averaged 100 gs. each. The very first bull-calf that was dropped received the title of Sir Thomas Fairfax (who won at the Bristol Royal, and twice at the Yorkshire Society); and the Ohio Company offered 400 gs. for Norfolk in vain on that trip, when, but for Mr. Whitaker's faint praise, they would have carried off Duchess 34th in-calf with the Duke of Northumberland. However, they took away the Duke of York (1941) for 150 gs., who had been sold as a calf for 14 gs. at Mr. Whitaker's sale the year before, and bought some lots at the Studley sale as well. When he was rising four, 250 gs. was accepted for Sir Thomas Fairfax, and he departed to Brawith, leaving eight-and-twenty "Fair"-named calves behind. Old Fairy Tale long remained to testify to this beautiful favourite, and she bravely supported his line with fourteen calves since 1842. Medora had been helping meanwhile to carry on the Norfolks, thrice from the old bull direct, and thrice from Sir Thomas Fairfax, and when the three years' lease of Mr. Whitaker's cows had expired, the Farnley herd mainly consisted of some thirty two-year-old heifers.

reach the quaint old iron gates, leads across a bridge, and past the aviary to the farmyard buildings, part of which once composed the ancient kennels, from which Mr. Fawkes in his younger days was wont to ride forth at the head of his harriers. All the cattle stand on wood spars in old-fashioned comfortable boxes. Robinson Crusoe, a bull on the shortest leg, and with the deepest bosom we ever saw, was then the principal tenant of the bull paddock, but we heard of Milton and his sire Rockingham, who owned no master but a certain dog after his ring had been torn out of his nose. Laudable was a good bull, and Bridegroom's three sons, Sir Edmund Lyons, John O'Groat, and General Bosquet were all Royal winners like himself. "The General" was not so neat, but more massive and mossy-haired than Sir Edmund Lyons, and his son Bon Garçon also kept up the Farnley charter, and beat Royal Butterfly as a calf at Chester. Mr. Fawkes was very unlucky with three, but sold the fourth, John O'Groat, for a good sum. Bull-breeding has always been his forte, and since those days he has won first prizes with Friar Tuck and his own brother Friar Bacon at Plymouth Royal in '65. At Newcastle Royal he also took a first with Marquis, and at Manchester Royal the same honours with Lord Isabeau. It is his rule only to show young bulls. He has always tried for roans, and it is his experience that white upon red is more likely to produce them than red upon white.

It was not, after all, an unnatural transition from calves with the martial and political names without, to the suits of ancient armour and the old rallying room of the great Yorkshire Orange party. Sir Thomas Fairfax, too, was reflected through his sword and his candlesticks, which hung, with Oliver Cromwell's hat, in the rich oak-panelled entrance. There, however, the chain of connection with the

herd ceased. Not one bull stirred up the remembrance of its Royal triumphs on canvas; and we felt as one green silk curtain after another was drawn aside by the hand of our host, that there must be a deep truth in the words of the author of *Horæ Subsecivæ* when he spoke of the six great sights of his life, and classed the Pyrenees, the Venus of Melos, Titian's Entombment, and Paul Veronese's Cain, with his wife and child, and The Rhine under a Midnight Thunderstorm at Coblentz, with the wondrous Turners at Farnley Hall.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mrs. Marcet admired his hams. 'Oh!' said he, 'our hams are the only true hams; your's are only Shems or Japhets.'"
Sydney Smith's Life.

The Pig Show at Keighley—Celebrating a Victory—Mr. Wainman's Pigs—Pig Scenes Abroad—Mr. Waterton at Home—Mr. Gully, "The Squire," and Mr. Tom Hodgson—Doncaster Moor—Purity's Five Heats—"Martingale."

"A BIT of good Pig-Racing," said a country philosopher to us, "is worth all yon horse-running business. It's twice the fun sure-ly, and nobbut one hundredth part of the expense. It taks up a yale afternoon, and t'Leger don't tak four minnits." It would have been hopeless to meet such an argument, especially when propounded by a brawny mason in his Sunday best, with unkempt hair, and collars up to his cheek-bones, and a visage absolutely beaming with the proud recollection of how "old sow wan." The turfite, who feebly suggested that he didn't see the great difference, as an owner could now eat his horse if he didn't run well, was at once suspected of "chaffing" (which countrymen hate of all things), and received a broadside in unshackled Doric, such as our "steel pen"—whatever Colonel Penn's might do—would despair of reproducing. The fact is, that pig racing, *alias* pig showing, is a very solemn British institution. Go into a local agricultural show in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the vast

majority of the rustics never get beyond the pigs, the poultry, and the washing machines. Booth and Bates cows are wholly lost on them, and the hunters are a drug in their eyes, except when they are "asked a question" over the hurdles.

No town in those vast hives of industry is more devoted to its agricultural show than Keighley. It is the high festival of the year, and on one occasion every window was illuminated. Choice quintets from the Branches, Towneley, and Warlaby herds have met for the cup in its ring. Sheep-dogs and rabbits are not kept back from honour, and the owner of the donkey in the best condition is rewarded with a sovereign. The "neddies" step out very differently since this stimulus was applied, when they

"Gang for the coals i' the morning,"

and "prods" will soon be a thing of the past. Still, Keighley reserves its highest sympathies for the pig; and £30 is given in "labouring men's classes" alone. For this, forty to fifty pigs of about £300 value, and nearly all of the middle breed, compete. The pig is the very Apis of the locality. At dinner-time the men devote half-an-hour rigidly to the stye. They sit and scratch their grunting idols if it is wet; they walk them out if it is fine; and they seldom throw away the soap-suds on Saturday night, till they have been put to do double duty. The Society keeps a special van, which it lets out at a shilling a ride for conveyance to and from the show-ground, &c., and the best rug or blanket in the house is freely given up for the candidate pig, if the day happens to be cold. A Court of Error, quite as learned as the bench in swine points, watch all round the ring; and it is a fearful moment when the cup entries have been called out, and all save two or three "toppers" are put back. The white, blue, pink, or

green (for "extra") rosettes are placed that night with as much pride over the mantel-piece, as a Knight of the Garter's banner above his Windsor stall.

"Drunken Barnaby," in his Northern Tour, spoke of the inhabitants of Keighley, as

> "Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,
> As if they were the world's controllers;"

and they certainly keep up the character right royally on their August show-day. There are two grand stands, and three thousand people in them, or looking on below, when the pigs come out for the Challenge Cup, and £500 has been taken at the gates. Carriage loads of visitors are driven off to lunch in the town, like tallies of voters going up to poll. There is venison from Bolton Park, ling-fed Lonk nearly equal to it in shade and flavour, and grouse from every moor in the West Riding. Regalias serve as toothpicks, and Roëderer and Clicquot don't spoil in ice. The volunteer tent was used on one occasion for a bazaar, and, as a wind-up, pug-dogs and "chintz-cats" were raffled for. Among the most curious components of that throng are the "Cowan Headers," who for many years bore the name of "the moon-rakers," owing to a rooted belief that one of them mistook the moon's reflection for a cheese, and tried to rake it out of a mill-dam. They are rather shy; and at their feasts lads dance with lads and lasses with lasses during the early part of the evening. Later on, however, Mr. Spurgeon, who so much approves of the other arrangement, would decline to be M.C. The Haworth and Wath Valley one-tram line puzzled them sorely. At last one of their philosophers gave the company his mind pretty sharply upon the point: "Did they think he was syke a fule as pay to gan and hev to walk back—you've nobbut line one way."

Mr. Tuley, a Keighley weaver, first inoculated the locality with high art pig-feeding. He showed at The Royal, and called his cottage "Matchless House," after his pet prize sow of the large breed. No small portion of the eighteen shillings a week which he and his wife earned at the loom was spent in oatmeal for his pigs; and Mrs. Tuley once "shaved a pig for our maister," when the judges preferred them without hair. He was a great man for pig pedigrees, and he could generally get £5 for the large sort at two months.

The enthusiasm for pig-showing also rages at Leeds, but does not take quite such a legitimate form. The Leeds system is in fact rather pig-buying than pig-breeding. Some of the owners keep public-houses, where people meet, not to troll (as we have known rustics do for nearly an hour over their ale) that dreary Wiltshire ditty:—

"Heigho! my dinner, oh!
Bacon and potatoes, oh!"

but to hear at the bar the result of the summer "pig races" by telegram, and to make sows and boars the theme of their discourse. Professor Simonds and his tooth-screw are names of dread, and when friends do begin to let out confidentially over the ale, there are some very awkward stories of pigs borrowed and rules defied. One of their great legitimate victories was when they "walked into Wainman" and Carhead Duchess, with Lady Havelock at Chester. The news was telegraphed to Leeds, and the whole of the owner's family circle arrived on the Roodee next day. The gude-wife was especially communicative, and said that there was "some sense in those judges," and that "Tom would niver have sent her but for me." They must have pretty well spent the £10 prize over the trip, and at night we met them in an inn drinking ginger-

beer and giving away oranges in the gladness of their hearts. "The missus" had a large basket of them on her knee, and pressed them after her hearty Yorkshire way on everyone, in honour of the event. "There, maister, you're welcome if you'll ha' yen—old sow's wan." The pair were pretty equal, but Mr. Fisher had four more shyes at her, and won the odd trick.

The conductress of Lady Kate was quite as enthusiastic as the Leeds dame. She rode up and down the country in the railway truck with "the lady" and her litter (exciting thereby the deepest devotion on the part of the porters), and sold her infant charges at £5 apiece. That summer she and her Lady Kate gathered many a rosette in Yorkshire and Lancashire; and she delighted to sit by her sow, and to reckon up on her fingers its thirteen crosses from the Chineze. This was the poor girl's only summer in the show-yards. The trip had been undertaken to divert her mind from her fate, as she died soon after from cancer of the breast.

Some of the rich Manchester men are also rather fond of the sport, and do not scruple to play off practical jokes on each other. One of them, who was not very sure that his pigs would win, overtook his friend's lot on the road. "You may turn back," he said to the swineherd; "your master's dead." He had therefore the show pretty well to himself. His friend did not upbraid him when they met on 'Change, but he bided his time. As Mr. Disraeli observes, "the opportunity came at last, as everything does in this world, if men are firm and calm." Finding his friend's pigs in their crates at a station, bound to a local show, and no one with them, the "dead" man changed the directions and despatched them to York; and the owner soon guessed the reason of their non-appearance.

Mr. Wainman of Carhead, in the Keighley district, had the most remarkable career as a breeder and shower of pigs during the twelve years he was at it. He took very little interest in the pursuit himself; and the whole management devolved on his steward, Mr. John Fisher, as great a genius among pigs as Mr. Culshaw, the Towneley "Talleyrand of trainers" is among Shorthorns, or the late George Newton, of Mr. Sanday's showing-days, amongst Leicesters. No pigs to speak of were kept at Carhead until 1853, when Mr. Fisher bought some of the Tuley sort, and crossed them with another purchase, Mr. Swan's Midas. It is not, however, our intention to go into particulars of crosses, or to tell how Miss Emily, the first high purchase, was the principal mould in which the middle breed were cast and quickened. The composition succeeded best by the union of a large sow and a small boar; and the Carhead average has generally been about 34 stone of 14lbs. at twelve months for the large breed, 30 stone for the middle, and 25 stone for the small. Midas was more adapted for store purposes than the show-yard. Still, at Ripon, Mr. "Val Barford" fought hard to place him first, and kept on saying to his brother judges, "Look at his gammons, gentlemen!" However, if they did look, they "didn't see it," and he got the blue instead of the white rosette. A cottier bought him at last, and sold one of his flitches to a Bradford provision merchant. Part of it found its way to the kitchen of a municipal dignitary; but the fumes were all over the house when the cook tried to toast a rasher for the parlour. The dealer being sarcastically apprised of its strength under fire, gave away the rest of the flitch to the children on "Collop Monday;" and thus freed himself for life from all "Pray ye a collop" levies, as even those strong-stomached innocents would "have no more of that old horse." The cottier kept very

dark as to what he did with the other flitch and the hams. All he would say was, that he "had fettled somebody with them," and that he "had made mony a waur bargain than that." In truth, an aged boar should be buried with all the honours, and turn, like "Imperial Cæsar," to clay, and not to bacon.

The first large-breed sow at Carhead was bought by mere chance in Lancashire. A working-man turned her out of a stye for her midday run into a croft near Colne, and Mr. Fisher (who won the Beverley Cup on Falcon as a boy, and was second horseman for ten seasons to Mr. Hall of the Holderness) chancing to ride past, was so delighted with her symmetry and action, that he drew rein, and bought her for £8 2s. 6d. The "uncontrollable impulse" was a correct one, as she became the dam of Chelmsford Duchess, the first Carhead winner at the Royal, as well as the Salisbury Boar and Carhead Duchess. Chelmsford Duchess was sold for £40 to the French Government, and Yorkshire Prioress went to Salisbury the next July. She turned 11 cwt. 2 qrs. 27lbs. at Kildwick station, when she was put on the rail in Yorkshire. During the journey water was thrown upon her, and she would stand up and drink, whereas Lady Airedale never drank on her travels in the hottest weather and seemed to sulk at the sight of water, although she would eat for ever. The Salisbury clock struck ten when the London cattle special cleared the great chalk cutting, and arrived at the station, where a goodly multitude awaited it. "Dick" and "Kit," who were then Mr. Fisher's gentlemen-at-arms, drew the crate, with Yorkshire Prioress in it, off the truck, and distinctly remembered hearing the sow rise on to her feet. She was only left for eight or ten minutes while the other pigs and the luggage were looked up, but she was never seen alive again. One

theory was that she had been suffocated by the crowd but Mr. Fisher considered that it had been done purposely with a little chloroform, which would tell almost instantaneously on so fat a subject. Almost before he could believe she was dead, a lot of rough fellows showed an immense anxiety to purchase the carcase. Her throat was cut, and, after a good deal of chaffering, a bargain was struck at £7. In the course of the week he espied some of the most talkative vendees presiding over a bread and fat bacon counter in a tent, and felt more sure than ever that he had a key to the sow's mysterious fate. "Dick" was inconsolable, and wished to return at once to his native vale, but the sale of the Carhead Duchess litter insensibly revived him, and enabled him to bear up under the dispensation. And well it might, as they were going off by 10 gs. and 12 gs. a-piece. One noble lord stood cheapening a pair, while the agent of another kept stirring the pets of his fancy on to their legs. They were pigged on April 12th, and the eleven which went to Salisbury cleared £116 10s.

The best of them, Sir Roger de Coverley, to whom the Carhead large breed owed so much, both for good and very large litters, was kept at home, and after winning sixteen prizes, was sold to the Russian Government at three years old for £20, and got suffocated on the road. The Golden Dream strain was not so big as the Chelmsford Duchess one, but the old sow was a wonder of fertility, and had 153 pigs at thirteen litters; while her daughter, Golden Days, had three litters of eleven each, and won nine prizes before she touched twenty-two months. Lord of the Wassail, the first middle breed boar that ever took a Royal prize, had a coat of hair 8½ inches long, and Mr. Wainman, who is a very keen fisher both on the Wharfe and the Spey, was wont to dress his flies with it. He was so proud of it, that he kept a

perpetual sample of this porcine Esau in his pocket-book. If "Wassail's" hair was the best, Fresh Hope beat everything for bulk; as when she was sold for 20 guineas and yielded up her hams to the slaughter, they weighed 94lbs. each. Those who descended to view these salted remains in the cellar, declared that but for their being "nearly all real sandwich meat," they might have pertained to a hippopotamus. For thickness of hide, no pig came up to Carhead Duke. It was found that it would only do for blacksmiths's aprons; but as it would not make three, and only cut up to waste for two, it was converted into a partition wall for a tap-room at Keighley. In that position it is made the text of much sound pig doctrine, and is always alluded to with the deepest respect.

Arch Trespasser was only beaten once, and appeared at the Royal in three different characters. At one year he was the small breed; at two years old, the middle, and at three years old, the large: and no general or special demurrer was lodged. He died at last of tumour in the chest, and was buried six feet deep in the Carhead stack garth, with a silver "perfect cure" ring in his nose. It has no legitimate hall mark, seeing that Mr. Fisher invented it, and it will give the Yorkshire archæologists some trouble as to its date and use, if a century hence they hold a picnic in Airedale with their pick-axes, and invade this good boar's barrow. One of his journeys was to the Royal Irish show at Clonmel, where he took the gold medal as the best boar in all the classes. The Earl of Kimberley, the then Lord-Lieutenant, was looking at him with his suite, when an outraged Paddy planted himself at his lordship's elbow, and said, "And sure if I had been a judge, I'd not have given that pig a prize at all, at all." "Don't bother yourself," retorted Mr. Fisher, "you never will be a judge at all, at all:"

and the critic retired without having the best of it. Irish pig-leaders are most unremitting in their blundering efforts to square the judges. "Give us a prize!" said one, nudging a friend of ours as he entered the yard, "by my sowle, you'll know the pig again, anyhow; he'se got a big scratch with a nail on his back."

The large breed of boars are very difficult to make up for show. Smaller ones sleep more, but their big brothers should live in solitude, as they hear and smell each other, and are always on their legs champing. Silverhair, from Mr. Unthank's (of Cumberland) sort, crossed with King of the West, a Watson boar, began the Carhead small breed, and Silverwing, their beautiful daughter, showed the light offal and short head of that "silver" strain to perfection. She won nearly thirty prizes "off malt dust and turnips;" but she went at last both in the loins and the muscles of her hams, and became lumpy, as pigs will do when they are brought out over and over again. King Cube, her "constant pardner," as Mrs. Gamp observes, was also by King of the West, and Mr. Wainman smoked many a cigar over this beautiful pair, when he did not care to look at anything else. Missing Link, Happy Link, and the rest of the "Links," were of the middle breed, and combined the size of the large breed with the thriftiness and quality of the small, but there was no keeping some of them within growth bounds. At Lincoln, Mr. Torr would not allow that Missing Link was of the small breed, and he placed her second. She was afterwards the best middle-bred sow at Battersea, and finally took the cup at Keighley, when she weighed nearly forty stone.

Mr. Wainman's greatest victory was at the Worcester Royal, where he won eight firsts and a second. In this year (1863), the Carhead pigs attended 33 shows, and won 121 first prizes and

50 seconds (many of them "to their own stable"), making £464 10s. besides one silver cup, six silver medals, and one bronze. Fresh Hope led the way with nineteen firsts and a second, and King Cube backed her up with fifteen and three. The last victory was at Birmingham in 1866, with a pen of five got by Fresh Fire, and then the whole were sold, Mr. Jacob Wilson going in for Dream of Pretence and Golden Link.

Their show-season generally opened, at Accrington, in April, and lasted to the Leeds Fat Show. Big Kit—whose biceps muscle was a marvel to behold—and Little Kit were found everywhere from Edinburgh to Exeter with the precious crates. Their heaviest reverse was at Newport, on which they descended in charge of four clippers, and had to strike their flag without a prize br a mention, before "those Irish-looking blacks and whites." Sometimes the army of Wainman Whites would be off in two divisions commanded by "the Kits," and then Mr. Fisher would meet them with the main body from Carhead, and they would close their ranks for a grand descent on the Yorkshire or the Highland Show. They very seldom went to the Smithfield Club, but at Birmingham, in the halcyon days of pig prices, when a fox-hunter boasted that he got three days a week hunting out of two sows, Mr. Wainman has made £15 each for pigs out of a prize pen, under six months old. The late Lord Berwick was the first to pay it, and 10gs. to 12gs. was by no means unusual. French buyers always fought out the point of "*No ginney! No ginney! Von pound!*" and when the bargain was struck, Mr. Fisher was generally seen sketching in chalks the imperial *fleur-de-lis* of *La Belle France* on his late charge's hams.

Nineteen young pigs, chaperoned by Silver Wing, Silver Beard, Duke of York, Rival Duchess, and Middle Link, went to the Hamburgh show in 1864.

The seniors, as a fitting reward for their excellent sea legs, got pretty nearly all they could from a committee, which attached more importance to gilt cards and waterfalls than prizes; but very few of the nineteen recrossed the German Ocean. At Hamburgh, a crate end came out with one of Mr. Bowly's Berkshires in it, just as it was being hoisted over the side, and the sow sank with a deep, sullen splash into the Elbe. For nearly a quarter-of-an-hour the German sailors stood craning over the side of the vessel in mute expectation that the fresh pork would reappear, but poor Fritz saw nothing but a few bubbles for his pains. Yorkshire and Suffolk worked very amicably together, and especially in one instance. A foreigner came up to Mr. Fisher to buy the last of the Carhead lot. "Ah! I see de beautiful gentleman; vot de prize (price)?" "*Fifteen guineas!*" "Fifteen ginneys. Ah! dat ginney again. Yah! Fifteen pound!" The bargain had reached this stage, when the mistake as to sex was explained. "Ah! de beautiful lady; if I could buy de beautiful gentleman for de beautiful lady, I would buy de beautiful lady." So Mr. Fisher took him round to Mr. Crisp, and for £30 he got "de beautiful" pair. The price was paid in thalers of three shillings each, and the two Kits carried them in a basket slung upon a pole. There was no telling where to keep them all day, so a hole was dug in the pen, and they were buried with a crate above them till the Kits could resume their burden, and convert them into a banker's draft.*

> "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take that for a hermitage."

So sang the poet of the Royalists; and Charles Waterton by that mysterious and solitary worship of

* Yorkshire and Lancashire breeders generally run on the middle or large breed, and fanciers on the small. Scotland and Ireland are all for the large, and so are Australia, America, Prussia, Holland,

animated nature, to which he had dedicated himself from childhood to old age, proved the couplet true. His lot brought with it no obligation to work for his bread, and he became a mighty hunter with the Badsworth, when "Darlington's peer" was in his prime. Sudden remorse seized him one day just before the hunting season began. He felt that scampering after foxes was "not life in earnest," and he longed to exchange the *Tally-ho!* and the *Ware wheat!* for the golden flash of the humming bird, the scream of the parrot, and the deep toll of the campanero in the forests of Brazils. A scarlet tempter, in the person of the Earl himself, met him a few miles from London, and, jumping out of his chaise-and-four, earnestly begged him to change his mind. Still, he was not to be headed back, although,

Spain, and Germany; and the Emperor of the French purchased large and middle for three successive years. At one time Mr. Wainman bred about 220 pigs a year, and sold about £1,000 worth. Until the cattle plague came, there was a brisk trade; but the regulations interfered and closed the English and Irish markets. In England the pigs were perpetually stopped at stations, owing to some informality, real or supposed, and, to save further expense, the butchers got them. Between Carhead and Forfar, five passes were required; and, after such a severe check, high prices became a dream of the past.

Mr. Wiley's small breed are remarkable for neatness and quality, and he has always got very high prices for them. The old gentleman has not been a very extensive shower; but he very seldom missed Birmingham, and won constantly till there were more "black judges" on the bench. Lord Wenlock's pigs are always very fat, and his lordship has never shown finer pens of the small breed than those at Battersea and Leeds, when the young sows were declared by the judges to be "magnificent," as in truth they were. Before Mr. Wainman came out, Mr. Harrison of Stockport, beat every one with small, middle, and big. Carhead caught him up at Canterbury and Leeds, and Mr. Wainman bought his Worcester Duke at Battersea for £23, and won thirteen firsts and four seconds with him. Victor, one of Mr. Harrison's boars, did Mr. Duckering a great deal of good, and corrected the coarseness of the Lincolnshire sort. Mr. Duckering has sows chiefly for the middle breed, but he has shown all three for some years, and beat Mr. Wainman, at Plymouth, with his Dexter Chief, who was beautifully got up. His two sons assist him, and they keep a coal staith at Kirton Lindsey. Mr. Hickman, of Hull,

as he used to say as he stood before the Darlington Hunt picture in his hall, "*those dark eyes fairly looked through you.*" The spirit must have been still strong upon him, as, when no convoy could be got for six weeks, he "stole back" once more, and then, true to time, forsook Womersley and Hemsworth Lane Ends, and dropped down the Channel at last. His life from that point is told in his Wanderings. As Sydney Smith wrote of him, "the sun exhausted him by day, and the mosquitoes bit him by night; but on went Mr. Charles Waterton. * * He rejoices that he is the only man there; that he has left his species far away, and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons."

It seemed passing strange when, after a walk of three or four miles from Wakefield, with railways to

was once an extensive shower; and for two or three years he was very successful. Among the Leeds pig fanciers, Mr. Gavin held a high place; but Mr. Dyson is quite the emperor of them now, and buys and shows a good one of the large breed whenever he can. Mr. Sagar, of Saltaire, is a great local shower, and once took a second at the Royal, with a sow of Mr. Wainman's breed, beating Golden Link. This sow won the Keighley Challenge Cup, which is decided, not by marching out all the winners, but by special entry before the classes are judged, so that the cup pig is got out of the way, and not allowed to compete in its class. Mr. Mangles is the largest Yorkshire pig breeder. He was a pupil of the late Mr. Watson, of Bolton Park, Cumberland, and got a rare boar, Bendigo, from him, of the small white breed. Latterly he has stood more on the middle breed and always prefers the small boar in the cross. He has won two royal prizes, but Birmingham has been his field of the cloth of gold. He "composed" a nice flecked pig by crossing blacks and whites; but sometimes it only comes out with a little blue on the quarters. Black-eyed Susan was a very nice sow; and she and the celebrated Brutus were both of The Squire, and full of Thormanby blood. Mr. Mangles maintains that bacon should be fed for less than 6d. per lb., and that pigs should pay for all they consume without taxing the manure. New milk, to encourage sleepiness, warmth, cleanliness, and regularity, keeping the styes rather dark, and laying down ashes for the pigs to root over when they are not in the field, are very salient points of the system. Mr. Peter Eden has been very successful lately at the Royal meeting with the blood of King Lear; and he and Mr. Duckering seem to be the great winners of the day. Each took four first prizes at the Manchester Royal.

right of you, railways to left of you, the park gate opened and shut you within leafy solitudes which were surrounded by a nine-foot wall. He had accurately gauged the jumping power of a fox, and we think it was his boast that one, and only one had ever got its pads on the coping, and that it made no second effort. Walton Hall seemed quite a city of refuge, where a man might lay by all care and sorrow for a season; but still, no one without the high spirits of a school-boy or the heart of a naturalist could enjoy it to the full. The birds were to him a living poem all the year round. "The change of seasons was his calendar." Rooks cawed gratefully as they dug up the wire-worm at eve in the old grass, and "the royal birds" built their clumsy nests, and did their fishing in peace. Not a gun or a trap was known about the domain. We ventured to suggest that the water rats must increase terribly under the golden age; and he replied quite angrily: "*Kill the water-rats! they're my greatest comfort—they're the English beaver!*" Still a stewed carp from the lake carried you back to the "good old times," and furnished a dish not soon to be forgotten.

The house was girdled by a moat, and the cross rising above the ivy stood near the draw-bridge entrance, as the earnest and symbol of his faith. Every tree had its story, or was peopled with some mysterious feathered tenant in fee. There was the owl's hole in the oak beyond the bridge; a tower was pierced with "chambers" for the jackdaws' parliament which never "rose for the holidays"; the American haw was there in plenty, for the miseltoe-thrush or the storm-cock; and there too was the shattered elm, from whose shade, as he so often recounted, under a prescience of ill which made him hurry home from the confessional, he warned off two visitors, just before it was struck by lightning.

He delighted to point out the window from which when a child the good Abbé rescued him, as he climbed along the sill to get at a nest in the eaves; but on the point as to whether he had really tied up his arm in a sling and tried to hatch an egg in his armpit, and was within four days of being a mother when a schoolfellow pushed him and broke it, we did not find him decisive. He seemed content to let the story rest in the shape which it then bore. We loved best to see him in his most inspired attitude, watching in the October evenings whether the rooks would take their regular departure for the season after their evening meal for Nostell Wood, or linger one or more days "over the ninth." He would almost drag you out, and stand bare-headed on the lawn long after nightfall, listening to the quack of the mallard, and telling each fresh waterfowl by its note, as it settled on the lake, with all the quickness of Fine Ear.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, who not unfrequently paid him a visit from Bishopthorpe or the Palace at Ripon, must have smiled, as did many others, when he scaled that wonderful staircase with its pictured walls, and found on the two landings, among cases of humming birds, toucans, and the other results of his Wanderings, the "English Reformation zoologically illustrated." If there was an uglier monkey than usual in the menagerie-offerings which were made to him, he stuffed it to represent Old Nick, or labelled it "John Knox." Titus Oates, Cranmer, and Bishop Burnet each found their equivalent very low down in the scale of reptiles; "Mother Law, Church, and her Dissenting Fry," looked like a group of toad dancers; and as for "Queen Bess at Lunch," it was a perfectly appalling combination of lizards and newts, and other unhallowed things. Beetles and flies, as being a special emblem of Satan, also bore their part in this

strange medley of polemics; but still there was no lack of high-bred courtesy on his part to those of another creed. You thought only of his deep devotion when you saw him bend his shrunken form before the Eucharist, and heard him bear his part at vespers in the hymn of St. Bernard:

> "My comfort in the wilderness;
> But oh! when face to face!"

He slept on the ground, with his head on a hollowed out beech block, in a little room next to the chapel, or in his Brazilian hammock, and always awoke himself at three by Sir Walter Raleigh's clock, which had been removed from the Knight's house at Chelsea, and stood near the staircase entry of his bed-room. The first hour so snatched from sleep he "gave to the health and preservation of the soul." Hermit as he seemed in his habits and guise, he entered keenly into everything in the outer world, and loved dearly to find that he was not forgotten among naturalists. "*Well, Mr. Waterton! The Times has got hold of you to-day,*" we said to him, when the papers came in, and we had to read twice over to him (and a very pleasant task it was) a column letter signed "*An Ape,*" which treated of Professor Huxley and his hippocampus theory, and alluded most affectionately to "*My dear friend Charles Waterton.*" If he was in London, he never omitted to visit the Zoological Gardens, and he went there we believe for the last time to examine the retractile claws of the cheetah. The people stared famously when they saw him enter the cage with the keeper, holding his right hand at a certain conventional distance from the ground. One woman said, "*Law! I'll be bound that's the Doctor.*" "*No, madam,*" he replied, never taking his eye off the beast as it crouched in the corner, "*you're mistaken, it's only the Apothecary;*" an answer which gave him great delight, and

puzzled the old lady still more. He left home very little, but every Christmas he repaired to his old college at Stonyhurst, for a week, to meet his friends and see the boys act Shakespeare.

As a modern medicine man, he believed thoroughly in "the late Dr. Marshall's excellent purgative pills," and many friends have a box of his presenting by them to this day. It was regarded by him as a special mark of consideration when he took out his cherished wourali poison, and told how the Nottingham Corporation had asked him to come and exercise his art on a policeman who died, unluckily for the test, a few hours before the North Mail was due. The cockade, "with which I carried Lord Cochrane's despatches in 1808," was another treasure; and so were the fatal blow-pipe of the Indians, and the hammock which he used when he was a wanderer in the forests from which he drew those inexhaustible chronicles. Still the stuffing of birds was his great forte, and he spoke with too well-merited contempt of many modern professors of the art. "Every feather is poisoned," was his invariable mode of introducing his handiwork. The large picture on the stair-case pourtrayed him a hale young fellow of thirty, bestriding the cayman, while all the forest birds of his acquaintance looked on approvingly from the boughs. Opposite was the cayman himself, which has been the very idol of three generations of boys, stretched out in all its scaly length and furnishing a vivid key to the picture. He scarcely ever quoted any other naturalist, but of Mr. Frank Buckland he expressed a very high opinion. As might have been expected, he was very stiff in his own theories, and did not seem to allow that the world had grown older, and other men as well as himself grey and white with thought. He would lay down the law most positively about stags and foxes, which he had not hunted for fully fifty

years, and the opinion of men like Charles Davis and Harry Ayris on the point did not weigh one ounce with him. Still it was this peculiar tenacity of opinion which gave his character that unique charm when once you got accustomed to him.

While you were looking through the big telescope, at the herons by the lake side in all their fishing attitudes, he would be donning his tattered sailor's jacket and his large leather gloves, and then invite you to stroll round his park. Every incident of that walk lingers with us still. First there was a long dissertation on the rumpless fowl, which seemed to take bed and board with the jackdaws. Then we paused to hear the history of the half-paralyzed vine near the stables, and to handle "the paragon bull," of whose august presence he had forewarned us, and of whose qualities, when sorely pressed, we hardly spoke so reverentially as he wished. We wound our way onward to the grove facing the rock, in one of whose recesses he sat like a prophet of the cave, the live-long summer day, "musing upon many things" in his green chair, and listening to the birds. It was with them far more than insects that he loved to hold communion. A hen-pheasant flew across the drive, and as we heard her mate crow to her in the wood, he recounted to us how that bird is the direct antithesis of the cock, and crows *before* it claps its wings. "*Hark! there's a jay,*" he would suddenly observe, grasping our arm; "*Listen! there's a jenny wren; did you ever hear her sing?*" Had he spoken of Kettledrum and Duchess 77th we might have said something, but this was a poser—only to be made a note of. Then a magpie struck in, and he was quite eloquent again. But there our colloquy was interrupted for a time. He suddenly discovered that some rude visitor on the open days had cut his initials on the bark of a tree, near the swings. Hence we had to seek out the carpenter

together, and get a neat little piece of wood; and ere long he had written, in his fine Roman hand, and nailed up against that tree, his love, in most pungent terms, for all such stupid clowns.

Once more we were on our way, past the spot where the watercress grew, perhaps looking at his peculiar wickets, and hearing of his charm for cattle. Not a hedge was cut within the park, which seemed fully two miles round, or else "there would be no berries for the blackbird or the poor man." Then he paused over the thorn which "bloomed in the winter of its days," like its sister of Glastonbury, and was rich with white honours on Christmas morning. We saw the keepers' huts, and then turned, near the spot he had chosen for his burial—over the little bridge by the cranberry tree, and away to the heron nests. On our left were twelve large willows, one of which had been broken during a thunder-storm, and had been spliced up again with iron. "*There,*" said he, "*are the Twelve Apostles; the broken one is Judas Iscariot; I hear it groaning like a troubled spirit, when the wind is high.*" And so we left him in his lodge in the wilderness, and we saw him again no more.

Like Lord Brougham, his death was forestalled, and he had the rare pleasure of reading during his lifetime a singularly graceful tribute to his memory in the *Daily Telegraph*. It showed him that a host of younger men might rise, but that there was still a grateful thought of one who had been foremost among the best in his day. We look with sadness at the last letter (Jan. 22nd, 1865) we ever had from him, written in a firm hand, which told little of eighty-three, and especially at the characteristic postscript, which contained the gist of the whole: "Walton Hall is twelve miles south of Leeds, and the nightingale breeds here and sings here charmingly.—C.W." The *Telegraph* article was written

in the winter of the previous year, and he saw the seasons round once more, and then sank from the effects of a slight accident, a fall from the rustic bridge near his future grave, when the insect world had burst into life, and all nature was carolling round him, in his favourite month of May. The sympathies of his earliest years were true to him in death. He directed by his will that he should be rowed to his tomb, which had long been erected near the top of the lake under the shade of two venerable oak trees. There he is buried, in a silence broken only by the cry of the heron and the waterfowl, a solitude almost as deep as that in which he had lived so long in the swamps of the Oronoco and the forests of the Amazon. He had written, in Latin, the epitaph meet for a wanderer: "*Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, whose wearied bones rest here.*"

We pass on to a neighbour of very different mould. It is seldom, indeed, in a lifetime that you meet with one whose self respect and manly bearing entitle him to your prompt fealty as a very "king among men," and yet scarcely a man who knew him if only by sight, would deny that title John Gully. That calm courage and inflexible decision were written on every feature, which stood him in such stead in those slashing Gregsonian contests, which made even Lord George's Doncaster Rooms irony return unto him void. It was, we believe, a remark like the "Napoleon of the Turf's," which first fired Mr. Gully, on the spur of the moment, to beard the Mexborough influence in person at Pontefract; and he had not miscalculated the previous influence of his character even on that mysterious, voter-bottling borough. He did not care for the honour, except so far as asserting a principle, and giving pleasure to his townfolk; and he retired, to their deep regret, when the first purpose was served, from what would have been infallibly a seat for life.

It was a glory to belong to the ring, and to ascend the stage at the Fives' Court, in the days when *he* stripped to the buff, and he had no mawkish scruples about referring to it. No one saluted Tom Sayers more heartily with his "*I wonder, Tom, how ever you did it,*" when the champion met him on the Heath during The Wizard's Two Thousand day; and he only smiled at Doncaster, as Alfred Day cantered Andover down to the starting post for the Eglinton Stakes; and Mr. Padwick prophesied that "*The Chicken beat you once, Gully, and he'll beat you again.*" As a betting man he formed one of the more scientific and daring school, which arose at the Corner, when Gentleman Ogden and his followers dropped off. Jem Bland, Jerry Cloves, his nephews Peter and Davis, Tommy Swan, Highton, Holliday, Crockford, Briscoe, Ridsdale, Bob Steward, "Goose" Davis and Tanfield, Justice and Gully were its great metallic heroes, and Gully outlived them all.

What had once been more of a pastime had now become hard-headed, cautious point dealing, and people learnt to speak of twenty to ten thousand books on the Derby, without any amazement. With the Yorkshiremen, John Gully was always an especial lion, and the young tykes gazed with reverence at the athletic form in the blue tie, and black frock coat, which had stood nearly five-and-forty years before, in swallow-tails, kerseymere breeches and top boots, on a St. Leger eve, in front of the Salutation, and pencil in hand, led many a dashing assault on those Middleham and Malton favourites, for whom their sires and their grandsires fought and *bled*. The literary partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher did not cause one whit more speculation among the men of the day, than the joint-book of Mr. Gully and Will Ridsdale, and it was said that they got £50,000 out of St.

Giles for the Derby, and stood to win £80,000 on little Red Rover, if the dark green of Sam Day, on Priam, had not brought them to grief.

With the 4,000-guinea Mameluke, over whom he stood with a cart whip at the Leger post, he became a man of mark, and desperately jealous, "George Guelph," and of course Jack Ratford, were of him, and his white-faced five-year-old, when they seemed likely to beat The Colonel for the Ascot Cup. In fact, the royal vexation at some strictures which he made about the Ascot arrangements to Lord Maryborough gave birth to an exclusive aristocratic clause in the Cup conditions, which prevented Priam among other cracks from having a shy for it. The coffin-headed Margrave won him his only St. Leger, and Robinson remembers to this day his stentorian roar of "I've won," almost before Jim felt sure on the point himself, as he stood on the rails near the Red House; while Mendicant, after a kick, which might have been heard to Leatherhead, and made Sam Day think that all was over, managed to win the Oaks, fetch 4,000 guineas, and breed a winner of the Derby. It was with Virago's sire that he led the forlorn hope for Danebury in '46; and with his Bay Middleton colts, Andover and Hermit, that he regularly circumvented King Tom, after winning a Two Thousand, on which he hardly felt sure he was right to risk even an extra fifty to make stakes. Such double luck at 71 was not to be improved; and after that he became a mere fancy bettor. He was especially proud of alone holding the triple honours in his hand; but his dream of supremacy was dispelled, when on passing through Doncaster in his invalid days, the news reached him that Caller Ou had at last brought I'Anson level with him.

In his conversation, "every word weighed a pound," and we never remember getting so much solid guidance from any one about old times, as we

did in a short chat with him when a Heath afternoon was over. No one could sketch old chums more deftly. One audience which he gave at his Newmarket lodgings was of a less satisfactory character to the person concerned. A most audacious young tout was standing near him as he sat on horseback, cigar in mouth, and book and card in hand at the cords, and hearing him offer odds against a horse, shouted to him "*I'll take you.*" He, of course, took no notice of the impertinence, and booked the bet with some one else, and lost it. To his surprise the tout came up, and claimed the money, and not satisfied with the curt disclaimer, kept dunning "Old England," at intervals, during the meeting. At last, Mr. Gully told him to come to his rooms after the races, and he would settle with him; and taking him by the collar when he arrived, he used his dog-whip with such stinging effect on his shoulders that he howled out promises of the most hearty repentance, and went to another bet-market in future. However, the story got wind, and the tout finding that he was universally called "Young Gully," put a good face on his chastening, and ever after reverentially alluded to the great book-maker, as "*my father.*" Once, in the May of '50 he wandered down to Danebury, where there was a solemn Derby council of war, to tout the horses at exercise; and poor Walter Day remembered how he roared to him, "*Go and tell my father there, that he need'nt keep looking at Pitsford with Mr. Hill; Voltigeur will be first, and the chesnut will beat the rest.*"

Hunting always had a charm for him, and during "The Squire's" mastership, he spent a great deal of time with him at Quorn. His observation of everything, Furrier and Vanquisher included, in the field or on the flags, was so keen, that if he had been obliged to take the horn for a season, he would

have given a very good account of his foxes. He was only four or five years older, but a great Mentor, to "the Squire" on the subject of condition, and he was so vexed at seeing "The Little Wonder" insist upon riding back into the town after his Newmarket match against time, that he told him he deserved a whip across his back, for trifling with his constitution in that way. "That 'ere friendly expression," as a jack-tar would have termed it, proved their intimacy; but a St. Leger shadow came the very next year between this Robin Hood and Little John, of the Charnwood Forest. At no time of his life was he a hard rider, and he had once a narrow escape from being drowned when with the Badsworth, from his horse falling on to him in a deep pond, in a farm-yard, whose surface was covered with chaff. Some years before he had very severe jaundice; but it was only within the last two of his life that he failed so decidedly, and latterly his surgeon had to be in attendance on him three times a day. The strong man was bowed at last; his strength, at four score years, had indeed become labour and sorrow, and he might well long to be at rest near his old Ackworth home. Jealousy he had long lived down, and in the years to come he will still continue to point a moral in Englishmen's hearts, as the especial type of one—

> "Who through the moil and dust of life
> Went forward undefiled."

When shall we again see such a man as Mr. Osbaldeston, on such a horse as Assheton, with three such hounds as Tarquin, Furrier, and Vaulter at his side, and two such whips as Tom Sebright and Dick Burton? It was a rare combination of human and brute talent. The ambition of "The Squire" from his earliest to his latest day was to be talked about. Modern men have the same aspiration, but the

means are very easy and Sybaritic in comparison. They don't care what prices they give for a hunter, a racehorse, a hack, or a yacht, provided it is duly chronicled. "The Squire," on the contrary, trusted not to pocket, but to hand and eye for his fame. He never rested till he was at the head of the hunting, the pigeon shooting, the steeple-chasing, the cricket, and the billiard world. Now it is enough for a man to be prominent in one branch of sporting science, but Mr. Osbaldeston aspired to nearly all, and not a soul breathing could touch him all round. Cue, bridle, trigger, bat, oar, and boxing gloves came alike easy to him. When the poets had called him the "very worst huntsman that ever was born," they had said their worst, and perhaps they were not very far wrong. Among gentlemen he was never popular. The Meltonians could not outride him, and they crabbed him to make up for it. For society he cared little, and the saddle was the easy-chair he loved. When he got home after a short day he was quite ready to have a second pack out if the humour suited him, and when he got home after a long one, he liked his chop and a pint of port, a chat with his friend Gully, and so to bed. Sport was, in fact, his business, and when he was fifty-four, and generally content to ride 10st. 9lbs., he wasted to ride his King Charles at 8st. 7lbs. in the Two Thousand. A keen limner describes him even at that age, as "short and aukward, shrivelled and shrunk, with round shoulders and a limping walk, ill-clothed in a brown frock coat with velvet collar, loose grey trousers, and cloth boots." Throughout his life he was singularly light of tongue, and the last time we ever saw him, when he was drawn about in a Bath chair, on the beach at Brighton, the unruly member was going with its pristine vigour.

Unlike

> "The shy-fed soda-watering youths
> Who now o'er a country sail,"

and will not be troubled with kennel cares, Mr. Tom Hodgson succeeded to the Badsworth at twenty-four, when Sir Bellingham Graham resigned, and found, as he expressed it, "twelve couple of hounds, and three hacks, as a nest egg." Three seasons there, sixteen in Holderness, two with the Quorn, and about one and half in part of Mr. Foljambe's country, gave him plenty to do till he was about fifty, when the cry of "*Foljambe and Fox-hunting,*" and his own worth, placed him at the head of the poll by 32 for the West Riding Registrarship of Deeds, after a tremendous contest (in which 3,393 polled) with one of the Lascelles family.

It was a lucky day for him when Jack Richards of the Badsworth bethought him of Will Danby as his first lieutenant in Holderness, and Will left his harriers and walked forty-four miles through the night in his top boots to strike the bargain at a guinea a week. No Crusoe could have had a Man Friday more to his mind. For two seasons there was barely £800 for four days a week, and once only two horses between them. Still with thirty-six couple they killed their thirty-seven brace, and their spirits never flagged. Between them they claimed the honour of having entered Mr. Percy Williams, and it was Mr. Hodgson's boast that he had built six kennels and sold twenty couple of bitches for a thousand guineas. The Meltonians made merry with his plain attire, and his gaunt lath-like figure in the brown coat, leggings, and knee-caps; as well as his gloveless hands. Still they had no small respect for him as a thorough sportsman—rather out of his element on Comical in such a flying country, but possessed of a lady pack whose Billesdon Coplow of Jan. 20, 1840, and Thorp Trussel's run in the same December, were enough to set the seal on any season.

The West Riding appointment gave him that competence which he so well deserved. He married

and settled down after his toils at Snydale Hall, and to the last he might be seen occasionally at the cover side on his pony or in a four-wheel. He did not forget the scarlet interest, and many a huntsman's son served a clerkship in the Registrar's office. His friends might well joke him and ask him whether he merely looked to their back ribs and good legs and feet. Woe be to them if they had presented themselves for his inspection with a beard or moustache! There was much to see at Snydale, both inside and outside of the house. The old grey mare Twilight wandered near the old hovel on the left of the drive, where the thousand guinea pack were housed a whole season, and where Ecologue foaled her Prologue, Catalogue, and Virgilius. He maintained that "hunting is the sport for young men and racing for old," and this mare and her foals were a great delight to him. Will Danby's portrait from the *Sporting Mngazine* was installed above the chimney-piece of his little *sanctum*, which he seldom allowed you to leave without bringing down the mysterious case, which was forwarded to him anonymously, with a hunting whip, in his bachelor days, and giving you a hint as to his after discoveries on the point.

It was delightful to see him after dinner—while the fire lighted up Comical, Ned Oxtoby and other hunting comrades on the oak pannels—settle himself into his great easy chair, dive into his capacious side pockets, and produce a large packet of hunting letters. In this respect he was quite a Registrar of Deeds, as several masters, Lord Middleton among them, made a point of writing to him when they had a great thing. We were in for the record of the Christmas Eve when his lordship's had run over nineteen parishes, and swum three rivers, and our host's recital and comments, given in his dry solemn way, were as long and thrice as amusing as an in-

augural address. He sometimes went to the hound shows, and his sinewy six-foot-two form, in black, with a white hat, worn rather on the back of his head, and a light linen cravat, was always to be seen on the Doncaster balcony, or on some hunting friend's drag opposite the stand at York. Virgilius was his delight, and he made very sure of the Flying Dutchman Handicap in '62, but he did not care much to back his opinion, and defeat never depressed him. We never thought him looking better than he did at Doncaster in The Marquis's year. We had a word with him on the grand stand stairs, and he told us of the death of Ecologue, and added "*it's an omen for me.*" The foreboding was too true, as his hour had come before the next May morning, and three veterans in Yorkshire history, Sir Tatton, John Gully, and Tom Hodgson—ninety, eighty, and seventy—lay dead, in the same county, almost within a month of each other.*

Each man sees and puts things from his own point of view. The Learned Blacksmith merely esteemed Melton Mowbray as a veritable Goshen of pork-pies. The Scotch Minister wrote of his spouse that "she was taken by a bilious attack from my bosom to Abraham's;" and Drunken Barnaby "saw nothing on the banks of the Don save a lively Levite," and sang not of racers and horse-copers, but—

> "As all things come by natur,
> Concerning looms from Doncastur,
> And weaving done by weyter."

It is difficult for any enthusiast to get away from his Doncaster theme. The Moor—with its long line of stands, its historical Red House, and "the hill" which breaks the flat so beautifully—looks more the real racing thing than any other course in the kingdom. The hill especially is big with the memory

* See "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 334-342.

of Bill Scott. Here, in '37, his horse Epirus (belonging to "the remarkable young 'un," as he always termed Mr. Bowes) rolled into the ditch, and threw him into the course right on the track of Harry Edwards on Prime Warden. His collar-bone united quick enough, but when, next year, he was on Don John, the first St. Leger winner ever trained at Pigburn, and reached the spot once more, he sent out his horse as if with a savage determination to be by himself this time in front, and Lancercost and every horse in the race felt it "like an electric shock." The brothers Scott have always been specially connected with Doncaster, and it is no wonder that there is a regular rush from all parts of the Moor at the Tuesday morning exercise, when the Whitewall fly, with the white horse in, is seen coming across it to its well known post, two distances from home.

There could have been no finer treat than seeing Blacklock go the first two miles in 3·37 min. of that four-mile race over this course, in which he fairly galloped the St. Leger winner Duchess to death. Old Yorkshiremen may well hate to hear him and his blood abused. They tell how he went four miles at the same pace without a falter, reaching further and further, as it seemed to their enraptured vision, at every stride. His queer forelegs and short tail, and "half-moon head," did not improve him, but his stride was what they loved. Mr. Kirby used to tell us about him, as he did of his dealings with the house of Romanoff, and the great Scotch trotting match with Lord Eglinton's father in it; and once when we sought for a little more information about General Chassé, the old man rose from his chair, at eighty-five, collared us, and made us support him across the room, while he followed, lifting up his legs, to show how the chesnut stepped on ship-board, when they had blindfolded him, and

he had become nervous by hitting the doorstep of the stable. "Chassé" was a savage, but there were many nearly as bad, and Major Yarborough wouldn't have Dumpling back to Heslington when, after rearing, he knelt down and bit the ground at York till he was absolutely beaten from the starting-post with a rail. We do not remember to have ever seen any demur as to starting, at Doncaster, or to have heard of more than one of those extraordinary waiting races, which sometimes occupy more than twenty minutes, because no jockey will make play.*

Many old customs have departed from Doncaster,† and among others, the late Earl of Scarborough's, viz., sending a subscription of £4 every

* The present Duke of Buccleuch was quite puzzled when he once started the horses at Dumfries, and each jockey had orders to wait on the other. "*Go, go!*" said his grace; but a walk was the only response. "*Go along!*" "I beg your pardon, your grace," said "Sim," touching his cap, "when you've said '*go*' we can do as we like. "Oh, that's it," was the rejoinder; "I thought you were obliged to begin and gallop directly; so good afternoon."

† A few words will not be out of place anent the sporting antecedents of the owners of the "Corporation Harriers," of which we read such a curious historical notice in the *Doncaster Gazette*. That distinguished body have always been true to the spirit of the couplet,

"God bless you, jolly gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay,"

and put this resolution on their archives:

"27th of April, 1762, That the Corporation do allow twenty pounds a year and a frock of blue shag, faced with red, for a salary for a person that will undertake to hunt the Corporation hounds; and that the Mayor for the time being and six senior members of the Corporation be a committee, to continue for one calendar month, to have the management of the hunt and the procuring of the hounds; and at the expiration of that calendar month, the next six senior members, with the Mayor for the time being, to have the management thereof, and so on from month to month, to be continued annually from the first day of May next; and if none of the committee be out a hunting on a field-day, the majority of the Corporation members present to have the management that day."

"Bill Stag," the huntsman, was equal to the crisis, even with aldermen, on the subject of halloos, and very fond of training his hounds to run a red herring trial in the four-and-a-half acres of "Tryers' Flatt,"

year to the race fund. Those were the days of race-balls and carriages-and-four with outriders, from the great county seats, all freighted with visitors to the stand. The cup was once simply a flagon of honour, which the stewards were supposed to present to the races, and it was handed round full of mulled wine at the race ball. It was then washed out, and the clerk of the course went the circuit of the ball-room with it, and it was not unfrequently filled to the brim with fivers, one-pound-notes, and sovereigns.

Mercutio and Lottery were among the old cup stars, and ran one of the most distressing four-mile cup races ever seen at Doncaster. The start was at the Red House, and some of the jockeys by mistake raced in when they had gone the present cup distance, and began to pull up. The people shouted

The Cookes, of Wheatley, do not seem to have been very genial in the matter with Bill and his thistle-whippers; as one of their keepers was repeatedly asked, and not without reason, "Who shot the dog?" When another velveteen laid impious hands on the worshipful Mr. Solomon Holmes, and took a gun out of his municipal grasp, the Corporation were fired with indignation, and took counsel's opinion, and wrote letters, and we know not what beside. Have their harriers they would.

They turned a barn in East Laith Gate into a kennel, and built a house for Bill hard by his charges. Such was the spirit with which these merry souls went about the business, that in February, 1770, they had a gala day of rejoicing when the first kennel stone was laid, and "took wine" (a delicate expression for sitting the clock round) when they signed the bills for payment. In fact, their hearts were so uplifted with their currant-jelly prospects, that very shortly after the next season began, they scorned to see their Bill on foot, and met and passed another resolution. It ran thus:—"Ordered—that Mr. Merryweather, of Rossington, be employed to buy *a good strong horse for the huntsman* not exceeding *fifteen guineas in price*; that the huntsman shall not use the horse from the ending to the beginning of the hunting season, and the Corporation shall provide an agist for the horse for the summer season." This purchase did not turn out well; but they voted their agent half-a-guinea for all that, and trusted to other eyes. They seem to have been very frugal in these matters, and in 1781 the hounds themselves did not cost more than £14 4s. 3d.; but, as they enjoyed a regular £5 field-day among the sheep the year before, the Corporate purse-strings may have been seasonably tightened. These sheep-killers, by-the-bye, were beagles, which

at them to go on, and George Oates forced Lottery once more along at such a pace, that at the distance Mercutio was fairly pumped out, and Lottery began to "crack" as well. George, who was no great rider, took to kicking, and Mercutio's jockey to nursing, which just enabled him to get up on the post and win. Mercutio was so exhausted that they had to support him into the rubbing house; but he came out next day and beat Sandbeck. This was perhaps the most cruel tax that was ever made on a horse's powers. Croft, the trainer, had taken 500 to 100 about the horse in the cup. He left no stock, and, in fact, died not very long after of inflammation on the lungs. Lottery was pulled out to defeat Barefoot, the St. Leger winner of the previous year, only an hour or so before he ran with Mercutio, and never was horse more knocked about by his eccentric owner. Laurel was a good Blacklock,

came into favour in the 12th year (with a view to conciliate the running and short-winded burgesses); and, such was the force of example, that, besides Sir Rowland Winn's and the Barmboro' Grange dogs, which were prior to them in time, five other packs of harriers soon hunted in the district. All was done well, and it was a question whether the body looked more venerable and respectable, starting with all their cavalcade from East Laith Gate to quest among the gorse bushes on the Moor, or marching to Church—the mayor supported by eight ex-mayors and three or four mayors expectant—on the race Sunday, behind the pindar and the mace bearer. All the burgesses liked the hunt, and the tradesmen who kept the hounds had many a good hare in their pot. Poor "Bill Stag" began after a few years to go down-hill. Like a degraded knight of old, his horse was taken from him, and his spurs chopped off; but he followed the hounds and Tom Bell on foot as long as his wilful brandy-and-water legs did not refuse their office, and then he was found dead in his bed. After lasting just twenty years, the hounds were given up, and Mr. Wrightson, who turned up his nose at them when he had the offer, established what has proved the germ of the Badsworth Hunt, of whose first huntsman, Frobisher, nothing is known, except that he "married Widow Halliwell, the heaviest woman in Yorkshire." The hunt was then opened with a concert of bugles in front of Cusworth Hall, and as the sounds stole down the Don to St. Sepulchre's, many an inhabitant thought with a pang of the departed glories of their own Stag and Bell, or flung dull care and business to the winds that day.

and his Doncaster cup week saw three St. Leger winners, a Derby winner, Velocipede, and Bessy Bedlam on "The Moor."

One of the gamest but the slowest of the four-milers was Lord Kelburne's Purity by Octavian, and she finished up another remarkable Doncaster Meeting, in which Humphrey Clinker (the sire of Melbourne), Emma (the dam of Cotherstone and Mundig), Fleur-de-Lis, Actæon, Belzoni (the sire of so many fine, brown, and forge hammer-headed hunters), and Memnon, all won, while Mulatto ran second for St. Leger and Cup. It was the last race of the last day, and run in five two-mile heats. Bill Scott won the first heat on Brownlock, George Edwards running him home on Crow-Catcher—so called from his having decapitated a crow, which alighted near him in social confidence when he was in his paddock as a two-year-old. In the second heat Scott led away, and Harry Edwards, on Purity, not fearing anything else, "flapped his wings a bit," as he expressed it, as if setting to, and ran in third. Thales won that heat, and Lord Kelburne began to be very anxious, and couldn't understand it at all. He came down from the grand stand for an explanation, and Croft took snuff in his quiet way, when he was asked what he was going to do, and replied, "*I'm going to saddle the mare, my Lord: the fun of the fair's only just beginning.*" It was time to begin with the third heat, in which Purity beat Brownlock by a head, after a slashing finish. Still the mare had not worn him down to her slow perpetual motion level, and hence it was necessary to get something to make a pace. Accordingly, as the chance of Thales was clearly *nil*, his owner accepted £25 to force the running. Tommy Lye worked away, and as Purity's jockey kept tickling him up with his whip, when he could reach him, Tommy's horse kept giving a series of marvellous shoots, which were somewhat puzzling

at first to the little man. Scott tried to get up between them, but failed; and when he did come in earnest, he made a dead heat with Purity. Half the people had gone home, and Lord Kelburne, who had backed his mare to win him £500, said that "*there will be no dinner to-day.*" Officials were not so particular then; but still it is remarkable that Bill Scott did not remember that the fact of two horses, which had each won a heat, running a dead heat, disqualified even Thales, though he had won a heat, from starting again. This oversight decided the fortune of the day. Away went Tommy, and the tickling, and the "shooting" began again; and although Purity finished quite black in the flanks with sweat, and could hardly be kept out of the judge's box, she got home first and landed the Plate for "the crimson body, white sleeves and cap," of Hawkhead.

We first looked on Doncaster in the mist and wet of a Sunday morning, when the races began on a Monday. It was then a long coach ride from Swinton Station. Herring's picture of Attila was part of our burden, and the Colonel's valet, who was in charge of it, was telling good anecdotes of his master's mode of shooting. That year some three St. Leger winners were walking together in one field at the Turf Tavern—to wit, Blue Bonnet, Charles XII., and Satirist; and there were also two Derby winners in the town—Little Wonder and Attila; and all, save Satirist, started. Crucifix and Bay Middleton were also at the Turf paddocks. The sight of the trio was almost as memorable as Blair Athol's and Gladiateur's mock tournay when they marched about in a paddock, and Knowsley neighed his *defi* over the wall. The Cure's bolt in the St. Leger, two years after, was the only thing of the kind in St. Leger annals. It began about sixty yards from home, and he seemed to come

right across the course, as if he was going to bury his defeated head in the judge's box—Mail Train's, in the Cesarewitch, was a trifle to it. The Eglinton procession of Van Tromp led by Eryx, as they came out with their jockeys up through the Carr House Gate, with Black Jemmy as beadle, and addressing the crowd, was a picture of itself; and we never met with such a model of a cup horse as "Van" was that afternoon, or many neater little beauties than Eryx his equerry. Templeman soon knew that it was not Cossack's day. The stable had pressed him hard to ride Foreclosure, but he had refused to do so, as he felt sure that the bay was not within 21 lbs. of the chesnut, and the race proved it; though Cossack was very short of preparation.

It was also a very "pleasant bit" when Tom Jennings took Gladiateur out of his van, behind the Doncaster Arms, but fewer saw that. So were Beeswing hugging the rails as she went round the top turn in the Cup as jealous as a surveyor, lest she should lose an inch of ground; Teddington answering to Job's searching rowels, as stride by stride he caught Nat on Kingston; Kettledrum flying over the hill in the Cup, and twice the horse he was in the St. Leger; Tim Whiffler cutting down Asteroid at the Butts; Jim Robinson coming up, wide on the outside, and getting level with Voltigeur; "The West" and St. Albans fairly romping home for the St. Leger; the Marquis just getting his head in front in answer to Challoner's last stroke of the whalebone; Lord Clifden lying away, and then reaching his horses inch by inch, at the Red House; the thick fog and rain which fell like a pall on the Moor, during Blair Athol's race, and made men look at their fellows and wonder if it really was the end of all things, and their hour was come; Lord Lyon, with a jaded, listless air, coming out once more to meet Savernake, whose middle

showed that he was at least two weeks short of work; Hermit and Thormanby refusing to face their canters, as if they knew that defeat was before them; and Formosa going to the post with a skin like burnished copper, to show the Yorkshiremen what an "Oaks, One Thousand, and 'Guineas'" mare can do.

None loved the Town Moor better than poor James White, or "Martingale." Thirty years ago he was in his zenith, with his book on "Country Scenes," and as a contributor to *Bentley*; and his powers knew no decay. He was quite the Prose Poet of Nature, and no man that we ever met with, was so keenly alive to her beauties, and could word-paint them so well. Edlington Wood, which seldom fails to produce a fox, when the Fitzwilliam call, was one of his especial haunts, when he was well and vigorous. He seemed to know the haunt of every badger, the name and the note of every bird, and the *genus* of every wild flower that grew on its banks and glades. He liked to wander away from Doncaster "when the mavis and the merle were singing," and, regardless of the prosaic days in which his lot was cast, take his dinner with him and "have a word with the woods." Weaving an old legend into shape pleased him best. The deserted hut, where a poacher had lived and died, a very lord of the soil to the last, seemed to conjure up in his mind a network of dark romance; and Sherwood Forest, and Merrie Barnsdale were themes which never palled.

His racing writings were very numerous; but as he rarely left Doncaster, he was too often compelled to take his descriptions second-hand. In dealing with current racing topics he was far too discursive, and pitched his key note so high, that matter of fact readers grumbled, that after wandering through such a labyrinth of fine words, they could hardly find one grain of fact. His strength as a turf writer

lay in his "Turf Characters," and his recollections of the Doncaster past. If he was not in the *Gazette* office, hard at work at his beautifully small manuscript, with his voluminous velvet cap on his head, or in a chancel seat in the old church, or in Edlington or Wheatley, or Sprotborough Woods, Doncaster Moor was a sure find for him, and he was pretty certain to be talking to himself. Seeing those races, and the gallops as well, was his delight, and he generally stationed himself, from old usage, on the St. Leger day somewhere between the Red House and the Hill, to catch the first symptoms of the "pace complaint." St. Leger after St. Leger was to him a scene he could unfold with a master's hand. Every little incident from the Duke of Hamilton's day had been treasured and invested with significance; and as John Jackson, the celebrated jockey, lodged with him for a series of years, he had an opportunity of "posting himself up" during the week, which he took care to use to the full.

CHAPTER XII.

"Right sacred is our Ox's rump,"
And history will evince,
If Fame deceive not with her trump,
'Twas deified long since;
To Mithras' Bull great Persia bowed,
To Apis Egypt preached;
To Baal's calf whole countries vowed,
And Greece her *Bous* beseeched.

"Like Britain's Island lies our Steak,
A sea of gravy bounds it;
Shalots confus'dly scattered, make
The rockwork which surrounds it;
Your Isle's best emblem there behold,
Remember ancient story;
Be like your grandsires, just and bold,
And live and die with glory."

Captain Morris.

The Towneley Herd—The Sale—Great Sales of the Century—Old Favourites—Mr. Eastwood's Herd—Mr. Peel's Herd—The Lonks.

THE Towneley domains, which have a private station of their own, extend right down to Burnley, and share with it in the discomforts of one of the wettest and rawest climates in the whole of Great Britain. Pendle Hill, whose fame has long been preserved in the not very smooth-running couplet—

"Pendle Hill, Pennykant, and Little Ingleborough,
Are the largest of the hills, if you search England thorough,"

rises guardian-like over the town; and a long avenue from the front-door of the hall points right

way, past the gamekeeper's cottage, to a range of grouse-hills on the north. The Colonel's home-farm consists of five hundred acres, chiefly grass. It is about one of the last "bowers" in which a veritable butterfly would think of being born. The land is on a cold blue clay subsoil, and the Government draining has done but little for it. Harvests do not "laugh and sing" there, as corn cannot be got to ripen on it, one year in six; mangold wurzels will have nothing to do with it; and hence nearly all the roots and straw have to be purchased from the Ormskirk neighbourhood. The herd has had a fearful battle to fight, in order to compete with the rich grazing counties, and but for the undaunted energy and science of the farm bailiff, Mr. Culshaw, backed up by the most liberal and spirited of masters, it could never have stood its ground, and brought so many great rivals low in their turn.

Mr. Culshaw was bred and born at Broughton, and used to run about and help his stepfather, who was herdsman at Mr., then Sir Charles, Tempest's, before he could even milk or fasten up a cow. His peeps at the different herds on the banks of the Wharfe had gradually inoculated him with a burning taste for the thing. He was never weary of telling Bob Gill, the farmer, that they ought to have something beyond mere dairy cows at Broughton Hall; and when Sir Charles bought Verbena and her daughter Vestris, and he was sent with the latter to the best bull Mr. Whitaker had at Greenholme, his future destiny was clear. No ambassador to a European Congress had a higher sense of his responsibility than "little Joe" that day. The cow lay down about twenty times in the last three miles, but those toils and woes were forgotten when Mr. Whitaker, admiring the lad's enthusiasm, showed him all over his herd. He returned home repeating

"*April Daisy*," "*Whiteface*," "*Prettyface*," "*Nonpareil*," and so on to himself, to beguile the road, and at last ventured to speak up to Sir Charles, who promised that he would go over and see them, and take him again. The visit never came off; and the appointed day dawned bitterly on the lad, when after lying awake all night, he received a message to the effect that Sir Charles and his party had changed their minds. However, Bell by Bertram was purchased on the Broughton account, at Mr. Whitaker's sale; and it was under Mr. Thomas Mason, who soon afterwards came as agent, that the future "Talleyrand of trainers" gleaned his chief experience. Twenty-four years of his life were thus spent; then followed a year and a half with Mr. Ambler; and in 1849 he came to Towneley, and, working on the good material Mr. Eastwood and Mr. Strafford had previously collected for him, he soon found himself at the head of a herd which was destined to play no second part in the annals of Shorthorns.*

It was in the Spring of 1859 when we first saw Towneley; and Vestris III., who won the first

* Culshaw took the command of the Towneley herd on the 1st of Jan., '49. While with Mr. Ambler he took Senator to the York Royal Show, and beat Mr. Bates's Second and Third Dukes of Oxford. Mr. Bates stood looking at the pair with his hat over his brow, and could scarcely believe it. Mr. Eastwood had just sold his herd to Colonel Towneley, and they were all at the low barn. The lot consisted of Parkinson's Cressida, Madeline, Mantle, Gipsy (a famous breeder and milker), her daughter Gem, the dam of Ruby by Lax's Duke, a very thick fleshed one and the dam of Richard Cœur de Lion, familiarly called "Dick," and the yearling heifers Alice from Madeline, and Beauty from Mantle. Buttercup was also there, in calf with Butterfly, and quite feeble from foot and mouth, Bessy, six weeks off calving Frederick, Parkinson's Lavinia the dam of Garrick, Lallah Rookh and Duke of Lancaster. Jeweller was another, and so was the yearling Horatio by Hamlet, from Buttercup, one of the first that Colonel Towneley sold. Lord George by Leonard, from Birthday, came soon after that, and got Second Duke of Athol from Duchess 54th, which was sold to Mr. Thorne, with Duchess of Athol, at 500 gs. the pair.

prize in the cow class at the Paris Universal Show, when she was only 2½ years old, was our first introduction. She stood with Pride at the lodge byre, and a drive of a mile up the avenue brought us to some farm buildings on the left, which were termed "Jacob's Barn," after a farmer who rented them. Old Butterfly, the first female, bar a free martin, that Colonel Towneley ever bred, was there, but the days of her glory were o'er, and she lay with her head low and her quarters high on a frame. She was so treated nearly all the time that she carried her last calf, Royal Butterfly. Among her thirty prizes, she won all the female ones at the Royal, and Culshaw considers that she "should have a book to herself." Precious Stone, a heifer calf and a great beauty, was one of "Jacob's lot," and so was Butterfly's Nephew, another white and with, perhaps, the broadest back and breast we ever met with in a bull. He was from Beauty 3rd, a half-sister to Beauty's Butterfly, and was sold for 300 guineas to Australia. Royal Butterfly held his court at the central barn, and marched out like a soldier at Culshaw's call. He was bigger than his brother, but not less cylindrical in shape, rather thicker in his flesh and richer in his roan,* and

* We should liked to have brought back Master Butterfly to the barn from which he issued in successive years to Lincoln, Carlisle, and Chelmsford, to vanquish Fifth Duke of Oxford, John O'Groat, and Grand Turk; but the wish was vain, and we could only dwell in memory on that symmetrical form, which knew little or no change, when it was shipped at the East India Docks, from what it was, as a winning calf at Lincoln.

He knew no check to his victories either in England, Ireland, or Paris; and such was his luck, that when disease came among the cattle in the French show-yard, he missed it entirely. Mr. Strafford negotiated his purchase for £1,200 with Mr. Bostock, after he had beaten Grand Turk for the first prize in the Chelmsford Royal Show Yard, and he was taken off to the shippers at once. He went to Mr. Ware, of Geelong, in Australia, and was exhibited soon after his arrival at half-a-crown a-head for the benefit of its Agricultura Society. Nothing could be more docile during his long voyage out

"perhaps more noble in his look." His thighs were always wonderful; and even in his thirteenth summer when he entered the ring, "a mere shadow of a King bull," at the Manchester Royal, but with two cows in calf to him in the yard, they had not greatly wasted.

Box after box was then opened in the higher yard—out marched the grand prize cow Roan Duchess II., who gave sixteen quarts a day after her first calving; Rose of Towneley, a future Smithfield first, and Beauty's Butterfly going on steadily for the next gold medal. Then we had the Chester ten in pairs, Frederica's Rosa and Venilia's Butterfly, or "Master Butterfly's last;" Alice Butterfly by Master Butterfly, and Young Barmpton Rose by "Dick," as also were Emma and Pearl; then came Evadne from Emily and Violante from Roan Duchess 2nd; and lastly Diadem and Fidelity, both of them by Frederick. That strawberry roan bull, then ten years old, was only a ruin, and we never saw his head again till it hung behind Colonel Towneley's seat, along with Butterfly's, at the sale lunch, looking down with glassy eyes on the scene they had called into being. Mr. Carr once claimed from the auctioneer's rostrum, the premiership of winner getting for Booth's Crown Prince, but in an instant "Joe" was at his elbow, and asking him in the most sug-

and while the passengers fed him with biscuits, it was quite a diversion among the sailors to see him answer to his name like a dog, and take so very kindly to chewing tobacco. Unhappily, the man who went out in charge of him died, and he showed some temper afterwards. The papers very early made him play in the farce of "Twice Killed," and when he rancorously persisted in living, they plunged him into "a very delicate state of health," which was also a mere play of fancy. Eighty cows calved to him his second season in Australia, and then he died of a sunstroke by the road side, after a long walk, with a stallion, to a Cattle Show at Melbourne; so he never became beef after all. He must have had a rare constitution as he was turned out among an almost indefinite number of cows in a large run to fight his way for eighteen months.

gestive tones if he "*ever heard of a bull they called Frederick.*" "Fred" was never shown, but the tenants used him for three years, and soon found that they were getting something better than their neighbours. The calves generally fell about equal in sex, and nearly all the heifers possessed that milking specialty for which his dam Bessy was so remarkable. Such were our memories of '59.

Strangers and natives concur in describing Burnley and the parts adjacent as a veritable "vale of tears," all the year round. Mr. Jorrocks would have observed that he was "saliwated by the wet;" and profiting by our previous experience, we dare not have obeyed Mr. Strafford's "call of the house" without an undeniable dreadnought in reserve. "The Drum" has been certainly a symbol of fair and not of foul weather at Towneley; but be that as it may, Culshaw, amid his other avocations, had made quite an Admiral Fitzroy of himself for some time previous to the sale, and derived much solid comfort from the deluge on Sunday and Monday. There was quite a house levée in the course of Tuesday afternoon, when the cow-boxes and bull-houses were thrown open to Lady Pigot, Captain Gunter, Mr. Torr, Mr. C. P. Gell, and the other visitors. The entertainment was more quaint than usual, and her ladyship "dallied with her golden chain, and smiling put the question by," as Culshaw suddenly thirsted for information, not to say "paused for a reply," while Roan Knight's Butterfly and Royal Butterfly's Duchess were under review, as to why two Hanover Square cheques should have been recently sent to Colonel Towneley with certain names erased.

Wednesday's atmosphere was clear and keen, and the sun went down for the last time on the first Towneley herd with calm promise for the morrow. Knuckles were busy on the weather glasses, from an

early hour on Thursday, and the advance of six degrees to the good during the night in the one we noted, had its set off in a slight fall of snow during breakfast; but twelve o'clock came and departed without any more bad symptoms, and an afternoon loomed at last well befitting The Butterfly's Ball.

It is calculated that nearly 3,000 people were present. Messrs. Atkinson, Woodward, and Barber showed up, as stanch supporters of the Towneley blood; Sir Charles Tempest and the Hon. George Lascelles came, but they were not to be tempted; the two friends from Norfolk also steeled their hearts; Mr. Noakes allowed Mr. Freeman to have all the "Kentish fire" to himself; and Mr. J. G. Wood, of Clarionet fame, was the silent "member for all Ireland." Mr. Dodds only looked on, and thought of the firsts he would have scored with Grand Turk and Prince Talleyrand if the "Brothers Butterfly" had not stopped the way; Mr. Knowles, of course, held "a watching brief" for the Duke of Wharfedale, and Mr. Thomas Booth for the Jeweller blood; while Mr. Fisher, as spruce as a bridegroom, had deserted his Silver Beards and Golden Dreams for a season, and received some very legitimate chaff on his taste for "*The Happy Link.*" There, too, was Simmy Templeman, scanning Rose of Lancashire as respectfully as if she had been a first favourite for the Oaks; while the great Ex-Chief Justice of the leash was surveying Royal Butterfly's Pageant, and wondering as to whether his favourite Indian corn had a share in those plump proportions. There was also a strong sprinkling of the small dairy farmers from the hills, with their unmistakeable hats, and of course one hand in their pockets, for the fame of Barmpton Rose had spread far beyond Skipton and Settle, even to Langdale Pike and Helvellyn.

The beautiful condition of the cattle was on every tongue; and even those outsiders who, with very

good reason, distrust the "racing shorthorns" and their breeding powers, were fain, after a turn "through the nurseries," to believe the testimony of their own eyes, that thick flesh and fertility can exist together, and especially in the Butterfly tribe.*

* The heavy artillery, with the exception of that from Penrhyn, seemed to be planted on Mr. Strafford's side of the ring, and we do not exactly remember where the Whitworth gun was laid, when its victorious boom was heard for Tenth Royal Butterfly. Mr. Freeman (for Mr. Betts), whose practice was very fine, took up his position on the right of Mr. Strafford, and Mr. Wetherell looked on as the "Nestor" of the assembly at his side. He could have told how the dam of Second Roan Duchess was sold for 30 gs. at his Kirkbridge sale, how his Barmpton Rose was sold to Mr. H. Watson and calved Buttercup (the dam of Butterfly) three weeks after she arrived at Walkeringham, and how he too had bred Bessy (the dam of Frederick) from her, and sold her to Mr. Downs, from whose hands she passed over to Mr. Eastwood. Royal Butterfly's Pageant proved the champion price lot of the day. She was put in at 200 gs., and in an instant Mr. Eastwood covered Mr. Freeman, and had the 350, 400, and the 500. Then came such a rattling cheer all round the ring, and Joe dodged about near his red and white darling, and rubbed his hands, with a noiseless chuckle. Then their firing grew slower; Mr. Eastwood's measured "and ten" fairly wore his opponent out. "Will you have any more, Mr. Freeman? Did you speak?" "No!" "And the glass runs, and your last chance with it," at 590. And so three Royal Butterflies from Young Barmpton Rose, Alice Butterfly, and Pageant, were bound for Thorneyholme, at an average of 413 gs. "She handles like a lady's muff," said Culshaw, drawing his hand daintily over the little 5½-months white. Captain Oliver needed no telling on that point, and was not shaken off before 160; but Mr. Freeman would not separate mother and daughter, and went in boldly up to the finish, which was 170.

Culshaw himself took hold of the halter of Duchess of Towneley. Then came a very grand sleight-of-hand scene, as he played with her, and deftly coaxed her to stand up at the mature age of a month and four days, as proudly as if she was in the Royal ring for the ribbons on her own account. It was an immense treat, and certainly we have seen nothing like it, save Rarey at the Round House, or Jem Mason handing one of Elmore's over a fence. Then "Joe" changed his tune, and resigning the rope, he placed his hand on the loins of Duchess of Lancaster, as if he was an anatomical professor, lecturing for the benefit of science in general and Towneley in particular, to rather an extensive class. Phœbe Butterfly, a red, with a spot of white on the quarter, was in consideration of its 17 days allowed to run loose, and with it the female lots were ended, and in an instant

Mr. Eastwood's career as a shorthorn breeder dates back to 1843, two or three years after his father died. His first essay was hardly to his mind, and he got rid of everything, and started afresh from Mr. Henry Watson's sale. "*Which do you come for?*" said the late Earl Ducie, when they encoun-

Mr. Thornton handed round the average of £123 19s. 4d. for the 46.

All Mr. Strafford's assurances that Mr. Booth was getting a 200 gs. hire for bulls not one whit better bred, while here was the fee simple of Baron Hopewell, could not coax Mr. Mitchell fresh as the bull was, quite up to half that sum, and Mr. Waldo stalled him off. Then Royal Butterfly marched into the ring, with the white rosette on his head, preceded by the bandmaster and two musicians of the Fifth Royal Lancashire Militia, who had volunteered their services for the day. With all due respect to that gallant corps, we do not think that melody is its forte, and the duet they performed on cornets, in honour of that bull, made our very blood run cold. He has known many proud days in a ring, where, "after the first five minutes he made everything, save Dickinson's Prince of Prussia, and the mighty Soubadar shrink into nothing by his side;" but it was "the proudest of them a'," when five of his stock averaged £449 8s. The world may wax old, and no man ever be able to say what Colonel Towneley can, that at one and the self same time, he had a Royal Butterfly with all his four-year-old bloom in the paddock, and a Kettledrum at the post. The real "champion of England" stood a few minutes while Mr. Strafford declared that a five-guinea bid over 1,200 gs. would be taken; but although many a man thought that he ought to fill a five-and-twenty or thirty guinea subscription list, after such calves as they had seen that day, there was only a respectful silence, "*That's a choker; take him away!*" The musicians assailed him in his retreat with "*The girl I left behind me*," and after that stroke of genius they collapsed.

Royal Butterfly's Duchess had mellowed into a cow of remarkably grand girth. When a calf she struck us as the living *fac simile* of her father, on a scale for inches; and her huggins and loins are so beautifully covered, that Mr. Strafford might well say—"She'll be one of the pictures in my book." "Ninety," said Captain Oliver, but he stopped at 180; and as Mr. Betts's and Colonel Pennant's agents fought it out by tens and twenties, to 500, the face of Culshaw, which had worn a most blighted expression up to this point—despite Mr. Strafford's assurance that "the young 'uns will set you all going" —quite lighted up at last. Nothing walked more proudly round the ring than Frederick's Farewell, with her grand depth of rib and well-filled forequarter, of which she gave such promise, as, at 10 *h.* 17 *min. p.m.*, on that October night when Culshaw "lent his soft, obstetric hand," and "The Druid," watch in hand, at last saw this rich roan heroine of nine firsts "blowing her nose in the straw." There was a

tered each other going the rounds on the Walkeringham sale morning. "*Well, my lord, that's hardly a fair question,*" was the rejoinder; "*but if you like, as I'm pretty certain we're both after the same two cows, we'll each write their names on a slip of paper.*" And write them they did, and both wrote "*Butter-*

bottle of wine uncorked forthwith in her honour, even without the aid of the "judicious bottleholder."

Every ring motion of Culshaw's was very keenly scanned, and he was much more demonstrative than when we found him some years after in front of the eland's cage at Smithfield, and deciding, after a protracted survey, that such beef regenerators are "not for Joseph." On this occasion he was very calm until Barmpton's Butterfly came out, and when he advanced and patted her head all knew that a rally was nigh. Flesh, hair, and forequarters were "all there," and so was Mr. Eastwood when he came up under the sale waggon to give battle for this fine combination of Royal Butterfly and "Dick." The fight was short and sharp. "*It's against you at* 300, Mr. Eastwood," "and ten," "*against you again,*" "and fifty," and Thorneyholme was her destiny. Mr. Young, who was on the look out for Forth's successor at Keir, took Royal Butterfly 11th at 400 gs., and at Newcastle that very summer he avenged himself on The Hero for his Worcester defeat.

The results of a day which will be a red letter one, as long as Englishmen love a shorthorn, may be summed up in £7,189 7s., or a total average of £128 7s. 7½d. for 56. On reference back, we find that Robert Colling has an average of £128 14s. 10½d. for 61; while Charles Colling, thanks to Comet, has £151 5s. 5½d. for 47. It must also be remembered that eighteen of the Towneley lots were under a year, and seven born within the year. The Willis's Room Sale, when 17 averaged £481 3s., hardly comes into the sale category, except merely by way of comparison with the average made by the Duchess blood on the two previous occasions of its being put up, viz., £116 5s. for 14, at Kirklevington, and £412 1s. for 10, at Tortworth. Taking the greater sales in order since Lord Ducie's, they stand thus:

	Lots.	Average. £ s. d.
Mr. Betts's	63	... 180 19 0
Lord Ducie's	62	... 150 19 11
Colonel Towneley's	56	... 128 7 7
Mr. MacIntosh's	57	... 116 12 6
Mr. Marjoribanks's (1857) ...	59	... 90 2 4
Mr. Ambler's	50	... 83 4 0
Mr. H. Combe's	63	... 80 12 8
Sir Charles Knightley's ...	77	... 80 1 0
Mr. Tanqueray's	101	... 77 13 5
Mr. Marjoribanks's (1862) ...	80	... 74 3 4

cup" and "*Princess Royal,*" and it was settled that his lordship would not oppose Mr. Eastwood for the former, which he bought for 130 gs. His lordship was equally pleased with his own purchase. Looking round the herd at Tortworth, some years after with Mr. Eastwood and Mr. Knowles, he stopped at each of

The average of the three leading bulls at Towneley was thirteen Royal Butterflies at £252, the same number of Dukes of Wharfedale, of all ages, from July 12th, 1863, to Feb. 29th, 1864, at £69 4s., and seven Baron Hopewells at £115 1s. The six tribes averaged as follows:

		£	s.
1	Mantalini	105	0
8	Pearly	106	1
5	Vestris 3rd	103	19
9	Second Roan Duchess	179	11
28	Barmpton Rose...	121	16
5	Alice 2nd	138	12

Having settled this little matter, we must run over, chiefly in the words of one who knew them well, a few of the Towneley cracks. We'll miss Royal Butterfly and Master Butterfly, and get to Royal Butterfly 10th; he was from Parnde by Duke of Glo'ster; his head was not first-rate; he was a great fine bull with such a back, and such dash about him; he should have been a rich roan. Richard Cœur de Lion or "Dick" as they called him, had as good a head as was ever stuck on a pair of shoulders. At the Dublin Show, Mr. Baxter handled "Dick," and Culshaw led Master Butterfly—he never would walk but seemed to go on springs as if Irish soil wasn't good enough for him. Mr. Douglas's Captain Balco, a splendid bull, was second that day, and "Dick" third. At Chelmsford, one of the judges said "he walks like a gentleman," and Culshaw nodded to Dodds at those words, and said "I've just done you." Grand Turk had not the same beautiful blood-like offal as Master Butterfly. "The Royal" was better let down in the thigh, and was a little bit better in the back than Master Butterfly, and his bosom was rather wider. His breast wasn't so deep, and his head was a little better and not quite so long. Dick was thick fleshed, and hadn't a vulgar hair about him, and thighed down to the hock. He gave Towneley stamp, thick flesh, true form, and mellow hides. He got Young Barmpton Rose and Emma—she was lovely—and Butterfly's Nephew with that wonderful back and substance. Then there was Master Butterfly 4th, by him from Beauty 3rd, by Frederick—he was poor and delicate as a calf—he went to the Emperor of the French, and he had no luck. When Frederick was a calf, he did so badly that they had very nearly exchanged him for a female with Mr. Manning, of Rothersthorpe, but he was given to the tenants, and Messrs. Willis had him for a time. From him their Lord Frederick was descended, and the 1869 Birmingham medallist

them, and said, "*There's that dreadful tribe again;*" but when his companion brought him up with, "*Well, my lord, how much for the whole of them?*" he only laughed, and said, "*I knew what you'd be at in a minute or two: you'll not have them.*" Mr. Eastwood had been to Killerby from the very first,

cow in a slight degree. He was the first bull bred at Towneley, and Butterfly the first female, with the exception of Frederick's sister, the freemartin. Frederick by Lax's Duke, and Butterfly by Booth's Jeweller, were out of Bessy and Buttercup, both daughters of Barmpton Rose. Frederick came home a perfect ruin at three years old. He had been on the Bowland Moors. Mr. Eastwood saw his rare roan heifers at rent day and asked his price. The farmer said £8 10s., the same price as Hubback, and Mr. Eastwood gave him a ten pound note. He was calved on the 5th of February, 1849, and Master Butterfly was one of the first calves he got when he came to Towneley in '52. He was rather high-mettled and treacherous at times. He once regularly set Culshaw, who made a masterly retreat over the side of the box.

Barmpton Rose was beautifully filled up behind the elbow, and Culshaw, who was then a lad, was quite "lifted up," when Tom Mason first brought her home to Sir Charles Tempest's from the Walkeringham sale. Her first calf was a white bull; then she had a red heifer calf to Mehemet Ali: she was a smart one, but she died at six weeks. Barmpton Rose had head to spare to look at any thing, deep and with fine arched ribs, back if anything a little up, and a great milker—she was a good strawberry roan, not much bigger than Buttercup. Bessy was smaller, and on a short leg, and much below the average for height. She had such ribs and such a bag and head! Princess Royal was more of the style of her dam, and very gay. Buttercup was a sort of yellow red, and like Hubback in her flecks. Briseis was another daughter of Barmpton Rose. The late William Smith had her, and Christmas Rose and Rosa sprang from her.

Norwich, in 1849, was the first Royal Show we visited. We took Beauty and Surmise there; one was the second yearling heifer, and Surmise highly commended. Beauty was second again at the Yorkshire, when the Duke of Lancaster was the first bull calf, and Ruby the first heifer. Beauty the dam of Beauty's Butterfly, was a thick, heavy fleshed one, with a splendid head and bosom and shoulders; she held her head well up and had thighs like The Royal; she hadn't the thickest of loins, and her offal might have been finer. She was the heaviest and biggest framed cow we had, but she had not Butterfly's length. Alice had a pleasant head, and "cheerful 'ticing looks" —enough to fill any one with admiration at once. She wanted perhaps a little width of breast; her hips were beautifully covered, and her underline so perfect. She was a light roan, with a little on the neck and ears, of more than the average size, but half a size less

and his next step on getting Buttercup home was to hire its red Jeweller, a son of Necklace. He was rather a short bull with a bad head and a light neck, but with capital sides and quality. His hirer was confidently assured in the North Riding, that it would be "*destruction to your herd* to use such a

than Butterfly—a great lady with nice offal, and it would be well if we could breed a dozen more like her. Her neck certainly did not let in nicely from the top of the shoulder, but necks are only stews after all.

Ruby was a daughter of Dick and Gem, and she had a good deal of Emma's style. She beat Butterfly as a yearling, but she had not her style, and like Alice her neck dipped a little coming out of her shoulders. The others were no use with them that year. Butterfly's breast was not so deep as some, but her touch and hair was such that if a man was half dead, he must revive if he could only get his hand on her. She beat them all when she was four years old; they couldn't keep their eyes off her, and she knew it—such grand mellow loins, and and so good through the breast! Then she got a bit loose behind and looked a little lighter than she was. She was a killer; one of those ladies who sail into a ball-room and seem to say by their looks "*Stand by—I'm here—you're not in the same day with me?*" She was so active too. She had to go up forty steps—one side of which was open to the sea—at Liverpool when she came from Ireland. Poor Edward led Jasper, and Culshaw Butterfly. She gave Jasper a good start and caught him up. She lay all the way from Liverpool to Towneley, and then she knew the place and got up and stared about her. She always lay down at once in the railway box. Alice and Ruby found out the comfort of it, and there were plaited straw mats in the boxes for them. Butterfly had six living calves, and was very unfortunate with her heifers. She had a roan one eight weeks before its time, by Frederick, and it only lived a week, and her heifer, Butterfly 2nd, died in calf from lung disease. Edward put her by mistake to Gavazzi, and she had Butterfly 3rd which broke her stifle joint. Then she had a heifer by Master Butterfly 4th, one of the very best we ever had, but it took fits. She finished up with Royal Butterfly.

Master Butterfly went as a calf to the Lincoln Royal on July 14th, 1854. He was just a year old, as old as he could be for the Royal, and therefore he was obliged to give several months away for the Yorkshire. There was nothing but what was winning about him. At Carlisle he beat John O'Groat; he was not so heavy fleshed as The Royal, but he used his legs more like a thorough-bred horse. He was first put to Vestris, and she cast her calf early on. From a yearling to a two-year-old he made a great stride. He left England before he was three years old. In '56 he went to Paris, and was a month away; we had four thereand got four gold medals—the foot-and-

brute;" but he wisely choose to rely on his own judgment in the matter. Harlsonio, of Lax blood, had died just before of cancer in the nose, and therefore Jeweller had no rival for the love of Buttercup, and Butterfly was the issue. Bessy, half-sister to Buttercup, calved Frederick by Lax's Duke, and thus

mouth broke out, and Voltigeur died. Two took it, and Master Butterfly escaped; he was a straightforward chap—all was fish that came to his net. In colour he was rather richer than Royal Butterfly. Culshaw saw him into his horse-box at Chelmsford, and he went to Grays, and from there to the docks. Red Butterfly was about the last of his get in England. Vestris 3rd was out of Venilia, and Rosemary out of Rosa. The former made up best as a heifer from two to three, but she turned patchy after that. Roan Duchess 2nd by Frederick, g. g. d. old Blanche 5th, was a gay lady, with such a back as we seldom see; she died worn out, and the last calf came wrong way first. Some said that Blanche 6th by Frederick was better; they were nearly own sisters. Roan Duchess 2nd won everything she could at the Royal and the Yorkshire, and she beat Booth's Bridesmaid at Ripon.

In 1850 Butterfly and Venilia 2nd were shown at Glasgow, and were beaten by a pair, one of which looked nearly pure Ayrshire. The judges said that the roan wasn't good enough for the pair. At Alnwick the roan was put first, but at Thirsk it was Butterfly first and Venilia 2nd nowhere. All three shows were within ten days. Hudibras, own brother to Alice, came out about this time. He was a great leathering fine bull, the same colour as his sister, but queer behind the shoulders; rather a long loose bull. In 1851, at Windsor, we had Garrick by Gaylad, from Lavinia, a fine strong-backed bull, red and white. Butterfly 2nd was by him. In the two-year-old class that year, Butterfly, Ruby, and Venilia 2nd were first, second, and fourth. Frederica, the first yearling heifer at Lewes Royal, was sold as an in-calf heifer, with Lallah Rookh, for 700 gs., to America, and shipwrecked. Their boxes were blown down on deck, but still Frederica produced a living calf, and did well for Mr. Thorne. The best prices besides these were 500 gs. from Mr. Douglas for Ringlet, the dam of his 500-guinea Queen of Athelstane, as well as Maid of Atheletane; £1,000 for three heifer calves to go to America; and the £1,200 for Master Butterfly. Alice, Butterfly, Frederica, and Vestris were all firsts at Lewes Royal, or the Yorkshire at Sheffield in 1852. This would be the lot that took Mr. Jacob Bright's timepiece at Sheffield the same year. Vestris was a grand cow, but she had only one calf. She took a surfeit one frosty night and it killed her. Ruby (dam of Jenny Lind) was the first cow at Birmingham, where she took the female gold medal. She was also first in her class at Smithfield, but a Hereford beat her for the gold medal. In 1853 there was a great meeting at York, and Towneley took six firsts and two seconds. Voltigeur was the first bull, and Roan Duchess 2nd

these two crosses produced the pair from which Master Butterfly and Royal Butterfly sprang. Neither Frederick nor Butterfly were born when, in 1848, Mr. Eastwood sold his herd of twenty to Colonel Towneley, and when Frederick did come, it was in twin-ship with Dot. For many years Mr. Eastwood

the first heifer calf, but Booth's Bridesmaid beat both Alice and Frederica. They didn't send anything to Glo'ster, but they met Lord Berners' old bull Pat (who had won there) with Jasper by Jeweller, and beat him at Killarney. Jasper was a fine level bull, and a twin like Dick and Frederick before him. In 1854 Master Butterfly came out as a calf at Lincoln, where the herd took three firsts and two seconds. Then the Yorkites got a dresser at Ripon. The Squire had a first—he was a thick, heavy, fleshed dog, still not so thick on his back or very nice in his huggins. Hogarth by Booth's Harbinger (who got many of his bulls rather big in their hips) was first in the younger bull class. He was a deep roan and red on the neck. Colonel Towneley only tried in seven classes, and took six firsts and a second. Butterfly, Columbus, Roan Duchess 2nd, and Ringlet (a calf then) were the other firsts. Ringlet was by Frederick, out of Pearly. Ringlet's chief fault was that her head was down a bit. Butterfly won the Purcell Challenge Cup three times, and got it into possession that year at Armagh. Dublin Show brought four firsts in 1855; and at the Yorkshire, Blanche 6th paid back Booth's Bride Elect in the two-year-old class for beating her at the Carlisle Royal. At Paris in 1856, Master Butterfly was the first bull, and Pro Bono Publico the second; Vestris 3rd was the first cow and got the gold medal. She was only two and a-half years old then, and her first calf was six months old. Gold medals were given for extra merit, and Colonel Towneley had four animals in three classes (Rosemary and Voltigeur were the others) and took three firsts and four gold medals. Victoria came out and won as a two-year-old heifer at Chelmsford that year, and she and Blanche 6th, Roan Duchess 2nd, and Rose of Towneley made a great sweep at Rotherham. She was a beautiful cow, and won her honours at Birmingham and Smithfield, in calf with Gold Medal, which was sold for 400 gs. to the Atkinsons.

There was little done in 1857, but at Chester the next year the ten yearling heifers came out and were beaten by Booth's Queen of the Isles. Frederick's Diadem was second, but Culshaw always thought Emma the best of his lot. All of them had calves, and some of them were in calf then. Royal Butterfly went and was highly commended in the bull calf class, where Mr. Fawkes's Bon Garçon won. It was the first time that Culshaw ever took a nurse, but he made an exception for this pet calf, as he always drank too greedily from the pail. He was seized with purging, and had to retire from the yard under Professor Simonds's care, but it did not interfere with his winning trip to Northallerton a fortnight after. Queen of the Isles was beaten

contented himself with watching the progress of the Towneley herd under Culshaw; but, like an old coachman, he still liked to hear the crack of his own whip, and a small, but terribly select herd, of about fifteen, with Rosette as its Lady-patroness, has gradually sprung up at the Hodder side.†

easily by Fidelity and Pearl at Warwick the next year, and the former, after producing one calf, ended her days as first prize fat cow at Liverpool. Baron Hopewell's blood brought out a first and a second in the bull-calf class at Hull that year, where Emma, Royal Butterfly, Beauty's Butterfly, and Frederick's Diadem were all winners, and the Warwick heifers replaced in the same order. Col. Towneley and Mr. Richard Booth pitted the best lot of beasts against each other at Blackburn for the Cup, and the former won. At Durham County, Nectarine Blossom beat "The Royal" for the best beast in the yard. Save here and at Chester and Manchester he never suffered defeat. They once thought Beauty's Butterfly was in calf when the Duke of Athol ran with her, and in fact she had every symptom of it. She was a month away with Rose of Towneley on their Fat Tour in '59, and they took fourteen cups or first prizes at Birmingham, London, and York. She was best in the yard at all three places. She was kept more than twelve months after her Smithfield Club medal, and won at Rugby the next year without any extra keep at 3 years 9 months. Perhaps she might have been a trifle heavier in the thigh, and the "dimple" at her tail-head, of which *Punch* talked, might have been dispensed with. She was never weighed alive, but her girth at her best was 9 ft. 1 in. At last she was killed by a butcher near Huddersfield, and her womb was found to be quite contracted. Neither she nor any of the rest ever had a gill of porter (as some people reported) but only natural food.

After this year, the showing strength of Towneley began to slacken and Romulus Butterfly was only second at Canterbury, and Royal Butterfly 10th second at Battersea. Frederick's back gave way early in '61, when he was about twelve years old, and his *last calf*, Frederick's Farewell from Vestris 3rd arrived in the September of that year. The Towneley fortunes revived considerably at Worcester, where this heifer won as a yearling, and Double Butterfly and Perfume as a pair. Roan Knight's Butterfly and Royal Butterfly's Duchess also took first and second honours in the in-calf heifer class, when Second Queen of May and Rosedale proved barren. Culshaw's greatest disappointment was not winning there with Royal Butterfly's Pageant in the calf class. She was sold at the sale for 590 gs., and died after calving. Ten firsts and one second was the wind up

† Mr. Eastwood gave 105 gs., not 405 gs., for Pearly at Mr. John Booth's sale, as stated at p. 199. Read also at p. 209, "Sir James *is* going out"; and at p. 284, "Duchess 82nd" for "Duchess 32nd."

Except where Mr. Peel joins in on the Sladeburn side, the whole of the valley of the Hodder and the adjacent hills belong to Colonel Towneley; and Mr. Eastwood has about 1,000 acres in the lowland, and 4,000 on the fell in his hands. His flock consists of upwards of 2,300, and of these the lonks and cross-

at the North Lancashire, and the herd left off in full show swing with Royal Butterfly in his seventh year, and as brisk as ever. The Royal was a wonderful traveller, and Culshaw always fought him with great pluck. He beat Prince of Prussia at Canterbury after Mr. Douglas had gone for the latter in Lancashire the year before, and when he had no more "Royal" worlds left to conquer, he went to York to meet Van Tromp and Skyrocket, who beat Royal Turk and such a large field of bulls at Leeds Royal the year before. In his last circuit (1863) he couldn't go to Ulverston, as he went home with his hind foot cut, so Master Frederick went and won there. Two days after that he was at Lancaster with his foot tied up, and then off by night to Skipton, and the next night to Halifax. He then rested at home for two or three days, and off to Keighley to appear in a winning family party. On he went all night to Wigton for Mr. Clark Irving's Cup, and beat Mr. Wilson's Duke of Tyne, who had won at Worcester that year, and off all night again to Clitheroe. Thus he finished his show course—in the railway truck at night, and in the show field by day—and without a blemish. Clitheroe witnessed the close of the showing, and the five that went there had each a first. At Wigton, Mr. George H. Head, the Cumberland banker, offered 250 gs. for Royal Butterfly 11th, and Culshaw would have taken 300 guineas. There were not many in calf to "The Royal" at the sale, as the blood suited Second Duke of Wharfedale, but all the dairy cows held to him. After the sale the four shorthorns which were re-purchased held, and the dairy cows missed.

The first herd won in fourteen years upwards of £2,000 in money prizes, besides 22 cups, which included the Farmers' Gazette Challenge Cup, which was won by Colonel Towneley the first three years it was offered, and the Purcell Challenge Cup at the Royal Irish Agricultural Improvement Society, which had been offered for several years and had never been won thrice in succession by one breeder before. There were also 26 gold medals, and more than a hundred silver and bronze medals and other trophies. The situation of Towneley has always been bad, both on account of "the blacks" from the chimneys, the countless dogs which accompany the pedestrians along the open footpaths, and the butchers and others who will handle the cows as they pass along, forgetful that they may have been near diseased beasts. Belching chimneys are coming nearer and nearer, to within 100 yards of the farm yard, and one where several tons of salt are burnt to glaze tiles, spreads smoke like a

In p. 275 read "The Abbey *is* gone;" in p. 295 read "as he *has* done;" in p.p. 326-327 for "Ecologue" read "Eclogue."

breds stick to the fell, and the Shropshires and Southdowns to the grass-land and turnips of the valley. "The Shrops" are a new introduction, and at first only mustered ten gimmers and a tup of Horton and Crane blood, from the flock of Mr. Charles Holland, of Northwich. Robert Parker, the ancient

thick white fog, and taints the air with sulphuric acid. Several of the oak trees have died from its effects, and the herbage suffers as well.

"The Royal" was born on August 12th, 1857, and he never showed any symptoms of failing until 1867, when he had a sort of climacteric, and it was thought that he must be killed. However, he got over it, and although his thighs had wasted a little there was still the grand frame-work, as we visited him at Towneley on his eleventh birthday. He drew himself up as proudly as of old, when Culshaw put his arm round him and bestowed some of his wonted endearments upon his cheek and forehead. His daughter Alice Wharfedale's Butterfly, a light roan, was at his side, and so were his Royal Butterfly 21st from Duchess of Lancaster 2nd, Young Butterfly 2nd from his own Young Butterfly—in short quite a birthday party round him, with Culshaw as *M. C.* He looked likely to live to the age of Usurer and Rockingham, and Will Edmondson watches him with the most tender anxiety; "*just one more calf from Alice Wharfedale, and then poor old fellow he'll have done his duty.*" When that comes Will yearns for "just another," and so it goes on. Alice Wharfedale was repurchased at Mr. Carr's Rugby sale in calf of Alice Wharfedale 2nd. Frederick's box was not deserted, and there sat Culshaw on the manger, with the last of the sort, Royal Butterfly 22nd, performing a sort of figure-dance—head and tail and legs—before him. His only judicial comment was on this wise, "*it's just their way—the Butterflies were always dancing,*" and he seemed to live the proud old days over again, and to long to be "up and at them" once more on a Royal Monday. Especially stylish heads told of Baron Oxford, and there he was on the old parade ground, a very handsome bull to meet, with Baron Oxford's Beauty and Baron Hubback, to mark his first Towneley season.

The Towneley herd is fast assuming its original dimensions, and numbers between thirty and forty. The first purchase after the sale was British Beauty, at Mr. Robinson's, of Clifton Pastures. She is the dam of Baron Oxford's Beauty by Baron Oxford, which took a first prize as a yearling heifer in 1869 at the Manchester Royal and the Royal North Lancashire shows, the only occasions on which she was exhibited. Young Butterfly was bought back at an advance from the late Mr. Crisp without her Baron Hopewell bull calf. Alice Wharfedale was bought at Mr. Carr's Rugby sale, Royal Butterfly's Duchess at Mr. Bette's, then three Duchesses of Lancaster at Mr. Bowstead's, Concord at Mr. Adkins's, Baron Oxford with two Oxford heifers (from the Windsor sale), and Wharfedale Butterfly and her calf Towneley Butterfly

shepherd, who has been in the Eastwood family since he was ten, has taken his spud and spectacles, and sallied forth to make his observations on "these new-comers." He speaks most cautiously, though, we may say, patronizingly of them, but still he hardly sees why they should be crossed, even for an experiment, with those cherished lonks, the delight of his boyhood and the solace of his old age, whose tap-root he considers as fixed in the very dust of time.

The change of scene has wrought wonders with Frederick's Diadem and other breeding recusants, and "The Royal" has also renewed his strength by the side of the salmon-haunted Hodder. The beautiful Emma, who completed in Ireland what Rosette began, and brought home the Purcell Challenge Cup,† has gone and left nothing behind her, save Duke of Bowland, who was sold to the Duke of Buccleuch. The day of the massive, staring-coloured Esther, whose cushion would have served for a cushion dance, is ended. The Hero, a fine framed white bull, with hair a trifle sharp, brought back

followed. The two last were bought at the late Mr. Packe's sale, the cow at 110 gs.; or a 30 gs. advance on her Towneley sale price, and the calf (bred by Mr. Packe) at 130 gs. Alice Wharfedale had four heifers and one bull, all singles, before she was six years old.

Duchess of Lancaster 6th was the first great disappointment that Colonel Towneley experienced in his new herd, as she flatly refused to breed, and she was only 2 months 20 days above the age of the heifer class at Smithfield. She was three weeks and four days on her Birmingham, London, and Liverpool travels, and took the extra stock prize for females at every place, and she was then sold by auction for £419 7s. in Burnley. She went on to the weigh-bridge directly she was sold, and had only lost 16lbs., or just a pound per day since she weighed out (2,023lbs.) at Islington with Mr. Charles Howard and Mr. Duckham as joint clerks of the scales. Culshaw might well quote this, as showing the constitution of the Butterflies, and dwell with rapture on "above a pack weight of good loose fat inside her," the fine blending of fat and lean, and the weight of beef which was carried on that delicate bone.

† Col. Towneley gave another with the same title, which Mr. Eastwood won.

first prize Royal honours from Worcester, and the ever bonny and buxom Rosette, whose life has been a chequered one between fat and store shows, and whose loves with Royal Butterfly have been unthrift ones, was still there in August (1868) with two daughters and a grand-daughter at her side. There too, in the Thorneyholme meadow, were those relics of a great Towneley day, Double Butterfly, Barmpton Butterfly, and Phœbe Butterfly and Double Butterfly 2nd, which are never apart. William Ward indulged in all the joys of anticipation over a red heifer calf from Phœbe Butterfly, and when that was over he led out the Witch of Endor to drink at the fountain and show her Christmas beef. Then came the delightful stroll over the drawbridge and away to the stables. Heseltine was off to York with fifteen yearlings, each led by one of the "Whitewell Rangers," as he calls that fine clan of young fellows who live in the valley, among blood stock, game, or agriculture, and bear a hand when August arrives with its pleasant York meeting holiday. Gutter Sands, hard by the great salmon hole, in which the Colonel delights on fishing days, was once the training ground, but there was no hill in it, and how Heseltine could ever prepare Doefoot and Rejoinder and win with them as he did, was a miracle. Buttercup hit her leg before the York meeting, when The Sawyer's running with The Spy at Stockton told them that some good things were in store, and she never could do strong work again. Her dam Butterfly was barren in her third year, and then she died producing her third foal, quite a chesnut monstrosity by Kettledrum. Water on the brain had swelled its head into the size of a young West Highland bullock, and it took eighteen "Rangers" at the ropes to bring it away. The grave of Butterfly is in the hot corner of Lea Wood plantation, near the gateway, where Miss

Grimshaw stood and brought down her twelve brace of pheasants on a memorable day, and farther on we reach the boxes which hold "The Kettle" and "The King." The old horse's back is beginning to give a little more from age, but one-and-twenty summers have not been hard on him, and when he does go there will not be a Velocipede sire left in the land. Middleham still remembers how he used to go up the gallop, "cracking his nose," and how carefully his tender heels were washed out with milk each morning. The elegantly turned Breadalbane was full of spirits and quality, and his attempts to dance a solo before the Bishop of Nottingham were of the most graceful kind. Kettledrum's white reach head has hardly a peer, but with his stallion top upon him he looks a trifle light in the arm.

From here as an interlude between hippothine and beef, we strolled along the Hodder side to the farm and saw the twenty-three West Highland bullocks, over whom Ellison presides, and which had a first prize winner amongst them for the next Smithfield Club Show. An active bay Clydesdale mare, which had just won in a pair at Burnley, shows us her paces, and then we visit the upper box yard. The mares and foals to which it is devoted are bedded on the proceeds of the fern harvest, which, as the valley is guiltless of white crops, is the great substitute. Sometimes they and the foals both eat a little for a relish, and thus rob the potatoes, as fern litter manure is remarkably well adapted for "that esculent." The mares were all stabled in boxes, with sliding doors, which no chill winds can penetrate, and out of the twenty-three a score had foals at their foot, and seventeen of them by Kettledrum. Two of the "half-bred" mares, Passion Flower and Hesperithusa, which first brought out the "white with black sleeves," had pledges of Cape Flyaway, and Honeydew had the only black

foal of the lot, which were exactly equal in sex. Evadne the dam of Evelina, had been found dead in the field, and Corrivall, the dam of The Sawyer, was barren. Mr. Eastwood had a very tender spot for this colt from the time he first looked at him as a foal, and though the chesnut was not always i' the vein, he was sold for five hundred guineas. There was a good omen the week we were there, as one day Lord Hawthorne and Evelina both won at Stockton, and The Sawyer was only beaten a short head by The Spy, so that the stud won as nearly as possible three races off the reel. The Moët corks were drawn vigorously at Thorneyholme, when the tidings arrived. It is generally brought by pigeons, which are taken in by the carts to Clitheroe in the morning, and there handed to a saddler, who ties the telegram under their wings, and starts them back. They make very short work of the twelve miles, and come sailing up the valley, poised mid air, with many an anxious eye watching their flight. If they don't go into their house, the saddle-room, that great Tattersalls of the place, is in a feverish state, as men and lads are burning to hear the home favourite's fate. Oddly enough, on this especial day, the lad was so busy with the York yearlings that he forgot the pigeons, and Heseltine heard the news on his march to York.

Knowlmere Manor is barely two miles from Thorneyholme. Nature and civilization in the shape of fell and meadow have long waged a fierce strife for the sovereignty of the spot, but twenty years ago Mr. Peel threw a handsome Tudor house into the scale of the latter, and forced Nature to fall back upon her foxes, her grouse, and, we may almost add, her Lonks. The valley of the Hodder is one of the last places in which we should have expected to find such a substantial tabernacle, and we could almost fancy that some wandering band of Freemasons had

reared it in the days when Tudor or Plantagenet were living names, carved their quaint symbol as a memorial on the stone, and departed as silently as they came. To a lover of wild scenery, however, the choice is fully justified. Knowl Hill is on the right, with its cap of fir-trees, and in the distance the dark Staple Oak ridge crosses the valley of the Hodder, so dear to the Northern tourist, and looks down on the Root Stud Farm. About 125 acres on millstone grit and heather make up Mr. Peel's sheep walk, and of the remaining 355 acres at the Home Farm, Harrowfield and Gibbs, about 50 acres are arable. The estate lies on the western edge of the Great Craven Fault, and the union of this limestone formation with the millstone grit on the hill side caused endless calculations and searchings of heart both to Mr. Peel and his stalwart bailiff, Henry Clapham, who originally acted as foreman of the drainers.

Only one thing was certain—that the grit would be always above the limestone, and not directly in it; but there was no great comfort in that. A.D. 1844 saw the commencement of these fierce labours of spade and pick-axe, and although the higher land does not aspire to the glories of the Hodder side meadows, which have been known to let as high as 7 guineas an acre, and feed off two sets of beasts and sheep in summer, it has already brought back its increase with compound interest, in the shape of swedes, orange ovals, cabbages, and kohl-rabi.

Salmon, as well as horses and calves, have also had their turn in the park, and a stream as pure as crystal, from between the limestone and the grit, was trickling down the now deserted beds, in which the *ova* boxes were deposited for hatching. The stream ran over the young fry for twenty-one days, at the end of which they were removed to the first pond; the second became their local habitation when they were yearlings, and they then took their

start for life as two-year-olds in the river. It was here that Mr. Ramsbottom, who has been to salmon what Nesfield is to landscape gardening, acquired much of the experience which he has brought to bear in Ireland, Scotland, and Hungary, and solved the much-vexed question to his entire satisfaction, as to whether "smolt" are the salmon fry of the year before, or the year before that. Of the merits of the controversy we know nothing; but those who feel dull when they are waiting for the train at Clitheroe, and yearn to know what a young "cock salmon" looks like when it emerges from the egg, and is magnified 64 diameters, had better stroll up street and look into his shop window for some minutes as zealously as we did.

We were first at Knowlmere in the days of "Mountain King," who was then in his hey-day, and had just won his thirteenth out of some forty first prizes. He made quite a picture as he stood, held by a rod through holes drilled in his horns, and with a fleece of 16lbs. on his back, of which fully 10lbs. had been made since the 6th of May. Through the heart and in the breast he was all that could be wished, and the family failing of the Lonks over the loin was very small indeed. This was in '60, and he died on November 12th, 1864.

The "black mutton," as the Robin Hoods of the district delicately termed it, has quite disappeared from the Forest of Bowland since the fiat of disparking went forth. Those who just remember the killing of the last buck have long since grown into greybeards, and when antlers were extinct, the curved horn of the Lonk King reigned paramount on the fells. His prescriptive title among sheep may be traced back for more than a century all round the Keighley Moors, Pendle Hill, and along the Forest of Bowland to Lancaster. Nearer Rochdale the farmers are wont to cross with the Saddleworths

for the sake of greater size, and the blackfaced and sometimes a Leicester cross comes in on the lower lands near Lancaster; but the Lonk never nicks well with a Cheviot mate. Fastidious breeders consider that there is a separate breed of Lonks on every sheep-walk, and discern the difference not in the shape, but in the lighter or darker mottle on the face and legs. Quality of wool is a great Lonk attribute, and hence Mr. Peel has never crossed his flock with the Saddleworths, in spite of the temptation of the extra size both in fleece and mutton. Width of loin is their failing point, and by way of mending it, and getting quality of flesh as well, Mr. Peel resorted to the Shropshire Down. The experiment was, however, not wholly satisfactory, and Mr. Peel returned with all speed to the "pure unmitigated Lonk." The Knowlmere flock consists of about 220 ewes, of which about 70 or 80 are drafted every year, and brought down from the fell to the valley, where they are put to a Leicester tup. The effect of this better fare is to bring many more doublets, and except the foot-rot (for which the fell is an infallible specific) attacks them very badly, they are never moved back again. Their lambs are sold fat in the summer, and the draft ewes are passed on in November to the Lancashire butchers, and average from 17lbs. to 19lbs. a quarter. Such is their peculiarly tameless nature, acquired from four roving years, that they will not bear being taken up to feed.*

* The hill ranges of Yorkshire and Lancashire are believed to be the earliest home of the Lonks. We find them extending north from Clitheroe over the Forest of Bowland towards Lancaster, east by Colne and Skipton as far as Keighley and Ben Rhydding, and south along "the backbone of England," by Pendle Hill, Burnley, Todmorden, and Bacup, almost to Blackstone Edge. The Penistone breed, a shorter and thicker description of Lonk, then hold the hills, and Saddleworth has also a large and plain sheep of its own, with a white face and legs and coarse bone. The Saddleworth is a slower

Mr. Peel's first herd was swept off at the end of five years by murrain, in 1856. The disease raged without intermission from the October of that year up to the April of the next, and the Knowlmere homesteads became one great lazar-house. A common cow, which was bought in for milk, was supposed to

feeder than the common Lonk, with which it is often crossed for the sake of size, and its wool, which is worth as much, is a little closer and shorter in the staple. Derbyshire has also Lonks on most of its hills and peaks, and its flockmasters often go over to "report progress" at the Craven Show.

Where there is a mere copyhold fell-right attached to a Lonk farm, the wether lambs are nearly always sold, but never where a flockmaster has a great fell range, as, for instance, on the hills behind Bacup. A right of common is attached to many farms, and the flocks go mixed, with nothing but the "Lonk Book of Marks" as a guide to the owners. The old system of the flock going with the farm has been worked out except in one instance. It very much tended to support purity of breed, as now, if there is a flock of pure Lonks on a farm, the incoming tenant will not give the price for them, and commences forthwith to cross. On the fells from beyond Bowland Forest to Lancaster there are Blackface flocks, but some of the owners have lost on the wool, and have accordingly fallen back on the old sort. The Falkirk Blackface ewe drafts still come over Foulscales and Browsholme on their way from the trysts, and sometimes wait at Birket Moor to gather a little bloom before they proceed to Clitheroe Fair. Lonks in their turn have gone as far as Sutherlandshire, and the Grampian ranges between Perthshire and Argyllshire, and in some instances to Northumberland, as a wool cross. The cast ewes are generally sold at Moiser Fair near Keighley, and four to five thousand of them are dispersed round the neighbourhood among the small farmers, who take one crop of lambs from them by a Leicester tup. This cross knocks out the horn in the gimmers, and makes capital hoggs, which feed to 16lbs. a quarter at twenty months on good lowland pasture, without any artificial food. Cotswolds and Southdowns have also "hit" pretty well with them, but they have been but seldom tried.

Some maintain that the pure Lonk should be copper-coloured on the nose, and have the face and legs of the same hue; but fashion differs from them on this point. A white face is generally eschewed as soft, and any approach to a brindle shade as indicative of cross-breeding. The blending of pure black and white is now generally endorsed in the show-ring, more especially if the poll is white, and the white streaks fall over each cheek. Lightness in the fore-quarter is a characteristic of the Lonk, and, as in the Ayrshire cow, betokens good milking. Their scrags are rather light, and their legs long, and the loin too often lacks strength. The lambs shoot their horns with

have spread the taint, and in less than a month it had gone through nearly the whole herd. In the height of its violence it seemed to obey some subtle law, as while it swept all the east side of one house, two Alderneys on the west side never suffered at all, Even when it attacked the first in a row, it did not

the new year, and the wethers never go beyond one curl. Breeders make much of the horn, and consider its strength a great proof of constitution. It ought to be self-coloured and finer than that of the blackface; but it should come out low from the head, and with the same fine, gentle curl.

For cunning the Lonks are unrivalled. They are, in fact, always working for themselves, with a zeal and sagacity which makes them very bad neighbours. Small farmers buy the wethers from the Moor by twenty or thirty at a time, and if there be one better acre than another in a parish, be it garden or churchyard, the strangers very soon make themselves tenants at will. Hence, it is often necessary to "hopple" them in spring time. On the hills they run up walls like a cat, when they cannot take them "off and on;" but a wire fence five feet high is too much for their philosophy. A curious anecdote is told about one which wanted to get back from the Ings to the hill. A canal was in the way, and the bridge-gate was strongly barricaded; but the Lonk bided his time till a canal-boat sailed past, and then jumping on to its deck, cleared the canal at twice. The story is true enough, and, as our informant naïvely added, "*What possible inducement could a man have to lie about a Lonk?*"

Both ewes and lambs are very hardy, and a little cow near Skipton might once be seen suckling four cades, and as proud of them as if they were calves. Except on the fell tops, the lambing begins about March 20th. Most of the ewes lamb on the enclosed ground below the hill, and stay there three weeks. They are not especially hardy, and require to be wintered pretty well with hay, if it is a snowy season. Fell life for a certain portion of the year is essential to the Lonks, as the heather gives them bone, and acts as an antidote to foot-rot. The hoggs are generally kept down in the lowlands from September to April, and those which are meant for store or Christmas shows are "fed from the post," and scarcely ever see the hill. For lean wethers the quotations range according to quality from £1 to £1 10s., and for fat from £2 10s. to £3. Mr. Jonathan Peel has often proved at the Smithfield Club what sheep fed below the hill could do, as his pen of three prize shearling wethers once averaged 215 lbs. each, when they were weighed on October 25th, and their clip on April 4th had averaged 11 lbs. The celebrated show-sheep "Mountain King," which was bred at Hould Top, and made the Knowlmere flock, was the grandsire of this trio on both sides, and when he was in his hey-day, his own fleece weighed 18 lbs.

A breeder of many years' standing once wrote to us: "I never saw my *mountain* flock so full of wool. The average will be about 5lbs.,

go on by rotation, but generally singled out the heaviest milkers for its earliest victims. Crumbling of the lungs, which rendered it impossible to chew the cud, was its most prominent symptom; and, although the lives of a few were prolonged by the adoption of Horsfall's plan of gruel and cod liver oil three times a day, only two or three fought through, and were kept up in apparently the last stage of exhaustion by iron and other tonics. Old Pearl by Tom Steele (8715) withstood all infection.

A whole host of Booth bulls—The Monk, Valasco, Elfin King, Sir Samuel, Fitzclarence, Sir James—have been in that hovel on the hill; and, while Sir Lawrence Peel and the venerable Mr. Armstrong, Q.C. (who was spending part of his last summer with his old Northern Circuit friend) prolong their drive a little, we sit with Mr. Peel under that warm summer sun, and watch the present herd, as one by one they go down to the stream which joins the Hodder, hard by the fishing-stone. Bashful is up to her knees, and "a right-down, good, old, honest cow she is." There, too, is Boundless of the same tribe, Basilisk (another good one), and the big, massive Pride of the Isles by Sir James from Bride. Bloom is there to tell of Blush, which died at 21 score 9 lbs. per quarter, and Marion

but it is generally 4½ lbs. Those kept on the low lands will of course clip more—about 6 or 7 lbs., and some as high as 8 lbs." These calculations will, however, only apply to a flock which is well looked after on a good fell range. The wool is long in the staple, but rough about the breeching—a point on which the Leicester cross improves it, and it goes principally into the hands of the manufacturers of Rochdale for blankets and the finest cloths. During 1857-65, prices varied from 18s. 9d. to 32s. the stone of 16 lbs. Three-year-old wethers from the fell, when grazed out on good grass-land, kill to about 18 lbs. per quarter of fine-grained well-mixed mutton, which a Lonk breeder would consider it flat heresy in an epicure to rank after Southdown or Welsh. With fairly good feeding and a fillip from turnips, 5 lbs. to 7 lbs. a quarter more can be reached; but the sort cannot be ranked among very fast feeders.

traces back to old Water Witch, through Mistress Mary. The roan Banter and the white Banana seldom leave each other, and old Balmful keeps the top ground. Bride of the Mere by Horsa has to keep the house, and oilcake is her portion for Christmas.* We have seen odd markings—a large belt of white, for instance, looking like a tape-line, from the crops round the fore-flank; but "The Bride" looks as if one side of her face had been covered with a white cloth. The bull-carriage is in the yard, but Knight of Knowlmere is not in his box—he is waiting quietly at Clitheroe for a couple more shows, and if there is a chance, to play out the rubber with Commander-in-Chief before he rides back in state over the hills. Malachite took the first yearling prize at the Canterbury Royal, and he was eventually sold to Sir John Sinclair of Barrock, Caithness, to cross with polls and cows of the country, and many a good yearling by him has gone to Georgemas Fair.

* At Mr. Peel's draft sale in July, 1861, Lalage by Prince Imperial (15095) from Lally, a pure Bates cow, brought 235 gs. (Captain Oliver), and Duke of Knowlmere, then a little over 3 months old, 115 gs., the general average being over £56 10s. The Knowlmere herd has never contended for Smithfield honours. Three animals only have ever been in preparation for it, and their appearance at the Great Fat Show has, in each case, been prevented by circumstances so adverse, as to have given rise to almost a superstition on the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

"When North of Tweed and South of Tweed
Join hands at Waterloo."

Sporting Gazette.

Manchester Race Courses—Heaton Park—Thomas Godwin—Mr. Atherton's Farm—Mr. Dickinson's Farm—Great Coursing Grounds—A Visit to Chloe—The late Mr. Nightingale—The Duke of Devonshire's Herd—Mr. Bolden's—The Duchesses and Grand Duchesses—Sketches of Great Greyhounds—A Waterloo Cup Day.

We strolled out from Manchester to have a look at the old Kersall Moor race-course. The deserted Newmarket and Chesterford railway is nothing in comparison. Part of the ballast is left, although it is grass grown; but there is nothing from which we might guess the antecedents of Kersall. A church is built on the top turn; the run-in is quite effaced, and no one could suppose that the trying down hill finish which shook every joint in Galaor's body could have existed in that troubled surface of potato enclosures and rubble heaps, which now cumber the ground. The Grand Stand, once so vocal with Tom Bland and Crutch Robinson has wholly vanished, and there is nothing save green sward within some thorn hedges.

We never saw it but once in its glory, and that was "in Satirist's year." Sim Templeman was saddling Wee Willie, the first of the Liverpools; and Bob Heseltine was looking after the grey Bolus, one of the first of the Physicians;

Jack Holmes was wasted to a thread paper for a 7st. 12lb. mount upon Kingston Robin; Cartwright, then quite a Nat of the North, twice donned the Vansittart orange to win upon Galaor and had the broadest of Yorkshire congratulations from John Gill; and the rough and ready M. Jones scored a race for Lord Stanley on the chesnut Cornuto. Still these horses were mere pigmies in point of fame to others which trod "Karsy Moor." The beautiful Magistrate with Bill Scott in the green and gold, and Mytton's Anti-Radical and Barefoot were all winners. It was here that Signorina slipped Memnon round the turns; that Longwaist, with "Uncle Sam" up, defeated Fleur de Lis; that Templeman got that marvellous head on the post out of little fifteen-hand Catherina, which "made history;" and that Miss Bowe ran away in a three-mile Queen's Plate from General Chassé, who had to come down hill at the finish, instead of having his favourite Liverpool Cup rise (on which so many cracks had come back to him,) when Jack Holmes slipped in the whalebone and the Ripon rowels.

The Committee had very hard work to secure their late course at Castle Irwell. When Kersall Moor was taken from them, some people said that Radcliffe Bridge race ground would do. Horwich was also anxious that the meeting should come to its Moor; Newton was ready to make its fixture for Whitsun week, and it was only at last when White Moss had been rejected, that Castle Irwell was fixed upon.

The meeting on the Irwell meadows began on May 25th, 1847, with a dead heat between Louisa Newell and Meaux. George Simpson on Sheraton got the whip for winning the principal cup, and Tommy Lye, who died at last with as many pence as he had once had pounds, wrote regretting that

a fall at Catterick had prevented him from contending for it in the town of his nativity. Peep o' Day Boy was bowled out the next year by Swiss Boy for the Cup, and for some time the Chesterfield and B. Green colours had quite a cup patent. Legerdemain, Frantic, Black Doctor, Longbow, King of Trumps, Rataplan (9st. 3lbs.), Typee, Underhand, Ivanhoff, and Ellermire have all been winners over these meadows. The prophets saw nothing in the future winning "pony," Saucebox, when he was a Trades Cup winner, and Nat was never more astonished than when he took his celebrated leap over the rails on the perverse Iron Duke. On September 21st, 1867, Mr. Eastwood wound up matters with Rejoinder, who ran away from Merry Harp and old Queen of Trumps.* His horses played a prominent part when the new course was opened at Old Trafford, as Lord Hastings came under the charge of Arthur Briggs, and Buttercup of Watson, and each had full liberty to do his best to win the silver cup which the committee gave to the trainer of the first Trades Cup over the new ground. They compared notes the night before, and each were equally confident; but Butterfly's daughter made short work of the "Lord."

R. W. Procter, a Manchester poet, has told us of

> "A party who went, on pleasure bent,
> On a journey to Heaton Park;"

but the spring-carts which carried the "Rough Robins" and their ladye loves on Sept. 25th, 1827,

* This hard-working old "char-woman" ran 164 times in her six seasons, and won 42 times, or about every fourth time, which is anything but "monkey's allowance" in these days of severe "competitive examination" for the turf, as well as the civil service. She first appeared as a bad fifth in the Doncaster Trial Stakes of 1862. Oddly enough, her stable mate, Moulsey, who ran his last race at Warwick Autumn, came out at Doncaster Spring in '63 as a bad fourth for the Betting Room Stakes; and he retired about the same time, after having run 113 times, and won 34 times.

when the park was first opened for races, harmonised very ill with the Duke of Beaufort's four-in-hand, or with the team of six piebalds driven by Mr. Knowles, the coach proprietor. There was such a crush, that at three o'clock the gates were closed, and the scrambling through the hedges did such damage, that in future no one was admitted without a ticket, and then only on horseback or in a carriage. Then the great question arose, "Is a truck a carriage?" and it was argued for the appellant, that anything that could carry was a carriage, provided it were drawn by a horse, ox, goat or dog. The best illustration as to how a "carriage" should be drawn was, when "The Squire" brought Tom Thumb there in his match cart, and gave him some rare "steps out" round the course. He rode Catherina against Chancellor (Earl Wilton) in one of the finest finishes ever seen in the park, but "my lord" had the best of it on the post. "The Squire's" greatest victory was on Rush; and coloured engravings of it may be seen to this day. For two years running, Captain White, who was then in his Melton heyday, won the Matilda Gold Cup; and Becher, "the captain with the whiskers," after professionals had been admitted in 1835, screwed in Jagger first to John Scott's amazement, despite his vile temper and a broken stirrup leather. Earl Wilton had the cream of the Whitewall riding, and Whitewall then meant the Westminster and Chesterfield lots. His lordship walked over twice on Touchstone, and won upon Hornsea and Scroggins; and he was also on Prizeflower, the great bashaw of "cocktails," when Harkaway and Cruiskeen, the Irish chesnuts, fell. Don John came on from Doncaster with John and Bill Scott, and Nat in his train; Slashing Harry and Miss Bowe ran the most slashing of dead heats; the beautiful Vanish was great in Gold Cups, and the dam of Orlando did one of those "short, sharp, and decisive" things, at

which for half a mile she has perhaps never had a rival.

About thirty years ago Lancashire had better racing on the whole than Yorkshire. People can hardly realise now what an event the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup was when General Chassé, Inheritor, and Charles XII. were winning it, or when Harkaway first made his appearance in England, and was beaten by Tommy Lye on St. Bennett. Very few turfites went to bed on those nights, watching for the mail guards to bring the news. "The days of its glory were o'er" with the Cup dead heat between John Day on Vulcan, and Chapple on Rodanthe. Lord George infused such energy into the Goodwood management, and Mr. Etty was such a quiet-going person, that owners gradually began to reserve their horses for the south, and with The Baron and Van Tromp, its famous St. Leger ceased to throw any shadows before. The late Lord Derby's racing heart was not in his county. It might be in the days of Verbena, for whose sake he always fancied the Velocipede blood, but when John Scott began to train for him, Doncaster and the great Southern meetings pleased him better. He cared for few things more than going by the night train to see a trial run at Doncaster at dawn, and we remember well, how he seemed to enjoy walking right round the course with his lot, at their morning exercise in Knight of St George's year.

During our stroll to Heaton Park, we called upon Thomas Godwin (late head groom to the Earl of Wilton), that fine old man, of whom Dick Christian affirmed in his weird-like accents—"*Pleasant fellow as need to be, and the best groom rider as ever come to Melton.*" He was born near Elton New Closes, sacred to the shade of Tom Sebright, in 1786, and owed his education to the village school. Out of doors he became a capital swimmer and skater; and his diving abilities were of such a high order, that

the "diving dog of Moscow" might have been jealous of him. As it was, a Newfoundland entertained some such feeling, and, seizing him as he rose to the surface at about the 999th essay of throwing himself into the water with the smallest possible impression, very nearly shook the life out of him. When very young, he entered the service of Earl Carysfort as second postillion, and had such a nice seat and hand that he was soon made second horseman, and distinguished himself early by leading throughout a run, on Taffy, from Elton New Closes to Yaxley. His lordship went as straight as a bird, but suffered heavily from asthma; and at times he would almost be hanging on, gasping, by the bridle, till Godwin could dismount and adminster the soothing dose which he always carried with him.

One of Godwin's first pieces of sleight-of-hand, and one that he always loved to recount, was drilling a horse, which would never approach the steps of the front door to be mounted; and he seldom failed to cap it with how he swam his own and his lordship's horse across some flooded meadows, while my lord took to the foot-bridge. The late Earl Fitzwilliam more than once asked him to take a whip's place, but he liked his present berth better. He gradually rose to be head groom at Lord Carysfort's, and made his first acquaintance with Lancashire by his trips across the Channel to his lordship's Irish estates. The sight of the Mersey never failed to elicit a word to the memory of Vandyke, one of his master's stud, which jumped overboard about a mile from Liverpool. The vessel's pace was not great at the time, and the horse swam in its furrow like "the bold shark," and was only beaten a few lengths to the pier-head. He was none the worse for his bath; and Godwin, on the pretext of getting him measured for a new saddle at Stamford, soon after attended the great Cribb and Molyneux meet at Thistleton Gap.

On leaving his lordship's service, he went back to Elton, where he broke young horses, and there carried out a notion which had long haunted him, of going abroad with Lord Strathaven, afterwards Marquis of Huntley, and Mr. Harvey Aston. His dancing abilities had great scope while travelling through Spain and Portugal; and, in spite of his memories of Vandyke and Taffy, he took quite kindly to the muleteer business, and enjoyed his new life all the more from one or two recontres with banditti. However, the yellow jack cut his roaming short, and the doctors ordered him home, Mr. Aston giving him a very pleasant berth at Aston Hall, in whose stalls he found Minister and some other capital hunters standing absolutely idle. He kept them in leaping-pole exercise in summer, and sent them along very merrily for some seasons while Will Head hunted the Cheshire; and taught his son to imitate him on a pony, which he had got pretty sound by keeping him perpetually in bran-mash boots. Mr. Aston's next visit to England was not of long duration; and when he left, he placed a mysterious letter in Godwin's hands, with injunctions that he was not to read it unless he heard of his death. After a long absence, his master returned, without notice, in the dead of night, knocked up Godwin, and burnt the letter; and then told him that the horses, some of which proved worth 300 to 400 guineas each, were to be sold.

For the next nine years Godwin stayed in the county as the landlord of the "Ring of Bells," a great house for funerals and weddings at Daresbury, where he broke ladies' horses so artistically that their fair owners would have it that he was one of the "Whisperer" family, of whose Irish prowess so much had been written. He didn't care what he rode; and on one occasion, when the doctor was making a call, and the lad was holding his horse, the sight of

Will Head and the Cheshire excited Tom so much that he jumped up, and went well on "the unknown," in a nice 40-minute thing. The doctor took it in very good part when the horse arrived back with "an honourable hunting diploma, such as I could never have conferred on him." Mr. Hopwood's beagles occasionally came into the neighbourhood, and were hunted by a pole-bearing enthusiast; and even Godwin was found aiding and abetting them in treason against "Sir Harry, Will Head, and the hounds," when a fox jumped up in their faces, near an old pond.

Having his eyes pretty well about him, he purchased an Irish horse for £20 out of a drove going to Chester fair, with full warning that he was a hopeless savage. Fighting and coaxing did its work; and he exchanged him with one of Sir Harry Mainwaring's, which had defied Will Head, Tom Rance, and all the rest of the kennel division. With a good ash plant and spurs newly rowelled, he commenced his task; and as sidling up to trees and houses, and planting its forelegs against them, constituted a great part of the performance, the pair had a lively time, to the great edification of the village. The end of it was that he could ride him hunting in a halter, sold him back to Sir Harry for £100, after a hard run, and felt sure from his after performances that he was given away. His little grey pony, the "three-legged horse," and his terrier bitch, which, weeks after the night of the robbery, marked the man who did it, by springing at him as he called for some ale at the bar, were all landmarks in his Cheshire stay, and through Sir Richard Bulkeley's influence he was engaged to the Earl of Wilton as stud-groom. Jenny Sutton and Arachne (dam of Industry) were among his first charges; and it was when he stopped at Melton *en route* to Newmarket with Chancellor and Bras de Fer, that he had his

first Leicestershire mount from his lordship. This taste of old times made him rather dislike the monotony of a life in the paddocks, and from being stud-groom he soon succeeded Allen at the head of his lordship's hunting stud. As a lady's pilot across country he was first-rate, and he used to reflect proudly on the brilliant riding of the Earl's family. He always persisted that he knew many ladies whose judgment was quite equal to gentlemen's with hounds, and that they "mauled their horses about far less."

All his actions were quick, and his punctuality a proverb. Sixty miles on his hack and a hundred by rail, when he was looking after a horse for the Earl, were nothing to him; and if he stopped at an inn, and went into the bar for a little warm beer, he would drink it and fall asleep, leaving word that he was to be awoke "in seven minutes." Training a horse for his lordship at Heaton Park, and beating one with the Whitewall polish on it, was a great joy to him; and he did not fail to have his joke with Mr. Scott about home training, when he was performing his annual task of driving him and his brother Bill in the Irish car, to meet the coach. At these races he generally acted both as starter and course clearer, and he had very little sleep during that week. "Hard necks" and "sensible heads," "great hind-quarters," and "short legs" he regarded as the constituent elements of a "regular napper," among which his lordship's Brilliant, Cannon Ball, Roland the Brave, The Rose, Pigeon, The Piebald mare, Spectre, and the grey pony ranked very high with him. There was also the hack Telegraph, which was sold and bought back some time after; and if Godwin had loved him in life, his admiration of him rose to blood heat at last, as he broke away from the grave-side and had a gallop about the pleasure-grounds just before he was shot.

This story he generally coupled with one of Jebb, the groom, who was commissioned to bring a donkey from Heaton Park to Melton. At Chesterfield the donkey died, and either for an excuse or under a solemn belief that he was doing his duty, Jebb came on the forty miles simply to announce the lamented decease. In his heart he did not blame the lad for seeing that journey through, which he himself enjoyed so much each autumn and spring. His good nature and jocularity made him quite a popular character in the towns and villages on his route. A more business-like man never kept a stable key. He gave his horses a good deal of work before his lordship rode them, and after a very hard day a few drachms of aloes, but always on their return from hunting as much warm water as they would drink. Oatmeal he detested, owing to the trouble he once had with a pony from using it too freely; and he seldom physicked a horse without flinging him a batten of straw for him to pick over and keep himself in action with. He rode long in the stirrup, and always holding his snaffle rein shorter than his curb, and with the heel of his hunting boots not deep, but remarkably extensive; and his mode of getting on horseback was exactly the reverse of Rarey's. When his day was over, his noble master pensioned him handsomely, and he lived in Heaton Park, in a little house near the old course. When we saw him he was seventy-two, and he seemed to be failing fast. He did not live much more than two years, and died at Melton during one of his annual visits to the old spot, whose cemetery holds the remains of this right good and faithful servant.

Chapel House lies five miles from Liverpool, on the Aigburth and Garston road, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the Mersey, which bounds it on one side. The Welsh hills tower above the woods of Hooton and Eastham, which run down nearly to

the opposite shore; steam boats go churning on their way, and sloops with "their top gallants set, and their streamers unfurled," come dropping down with their heavy cargoes of coal and rock-salt from the gloomy treasure-houses of Runcorn and Warrington. The farm is almost on a dead level, and laid out in seven fields of nearly thirty acres each. It was originally a rabbit warren, and was eventually purchased by Mr. Richard Watt, the owner of Blacklock and Altisidora. "Time works wonders," and in 1857 three societies awarded Mr. Atherton a prize for the best cultivated farm. His great shorthorn sale was in the July of 1862. Three Grand Dukes made £750 15s., the 7th, by the 3rd from Grand Duchess 4th, going at 320 gs. to Captain Oliver, and the 3rd at 195 gs. to his neighbour Mr. Robarts. Six Cherry Duchesses made £696 3s., and of these Cherry Duchess 7th (205 gs.) went to Lord Penrhyn.*

* Mr. Atherton has both bred largely and had several shorthorns of much value through his hands. The brothers Robert and Thomas Bell, who had left Kirklevington after the great sale, came to reside in his neighbourhood, and gave him the first start with pure blood. A lot of heifers, with Marquis of Speke (13307), and then Cherry Duke 2nd (which he got from Mr. Bolden) to serve them, brought the herd to 50 strong, and these were sold in March '58 for nearly £33 a-piece. Cherry Duke 2nd headed the bulls, and was bought by Mr. George Shepherd's son, a mere boy, for 205 gs.; he did good service at Shethin, and went thence to Rossie Priory, Inchture. Mr. Atherton's second start was with Gwynnes from Mr. Caddy, and Wild Eyes from Messrs. Barthropp and Crisp; these were augmented by the Springfield Duchess, Cherry, and Finella purchases. Czarovitz (17654) was bought from Knowlmere Manor. Moss Rose (which he successfully exhibited) and another heifer or two came from Wetherby, and with them the Duke of Wetherby (17753), the first-born of Duchess 77th, on hire. After a short season with him a second sale took place in '62, the 51 averaging £67 5s. 8d. Since then Mr. Atherton has never lacked a good animal. In '64 he bought Mr. Mark Stewart's two heifers of the Cherry tribe, and one of them, Southwick Cherry Flower, illustrates the 18th vol. of the Herd Book. He also bought some of the Kirklevingtons, which he has recently sold at a large profit to Mr. Pavin Davies. The American bull Lord Oxford 2nd (20215) was purchased by him

Mr. Atherton's farm was tenanted for 20 years by his father (who is now at Mount Pleasant, a larger farm close by), and comprises about two hundred acres. Potatoes, wheat, and barley form the crop rotation, and the facilities for getting manure afford every inducement to farm high. There is a great market for hay and straw, and it is Mr. Atherton's general practice to sell the first crop of hay, and use the second for his stock. Speke farming has always had a great character, and in the Report of the Manchester and Liverpool Society for 1853 (the year after Mr. Atherton succeeded his father at Chapel House), his neighbour, Mr. John Cartwright, appears as the prize-taker for the best cultivated farm of not less than 150 acres, and Mr. William Ashton for that between 60 and 100; while Mr. James Langshaw has a prize for laying down land to grass, and Mr. Atherton for mangold wurzel, swedes, and yellow globes. Plenty of medals and money were brought home by them and Mrs. Edwards in the intervening nine years; but '61 found both Mr. Atherton and Mr. Cartwright with prizes for laying down land to grass, and the former with a sub-soiling prize as well.

A sight of the capital midden with its 600 to 700 tons of "ripe, rotten dung" speaks both to eye and nose of mangolds, with nearly 44 tons to the acre, and turnips with 42½. Kooria Mooria guano is also called in aid, and applied very freely by hand to the turnips after the potatoes are taken away. Mr. Atherton has been rather fond of the latter combination of green crops. The potatoes are planted in March in drills, and then ridged up; in May or

soon after landing in '62; after nearly four years' use he was exchanged for Imperial Oxford (18084), who died in a short time, and was replaced by Thirteenth Duke of Oxford (21604) (bred at Holker), from Killhow. The latter has lately been sold with some heifers to Mr. Edgar Musgrove.

June a ridge of turnips is sown at the side of the drill; and in the latter end of June the early potatoes are taken out and sold, and the turnips remain. It was for a crop grown on this principle that Mr. Atherton won a turnip prize* for two years in succession.

A ride of twenty miles, with a couple of changes, amid a network of railways which it is hopeless to unravel on paper, found us at the Pimbo Lane station, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Dickinson's Balcony Farm. It lies at Upholland, about four miles west of Wigan, and it is now the property of the Marquis de Rothwell, of Sharples Hall, near Bolton. The stone-mullion windows and the comfortable entrance-hall, all mark the old manor house; and the Derby crest of the eagle and child is still decipherable on the front. In extent the farm is a mere garden of 112 acres, and in such a cold and rainy spot, that when Mr. Dickinson took to it in 1838, it had been untenanted for a whole year. There was not a road on it; it was all undrained, and with hardly a serviceable fence, and very little wood except a few "hedgehog trees" upon wide caps with a crooked ditch, and divers rows of stumps which required clearing. The prospect was not enlivening, and the croakers were in great force when they caught the new tenant at the market ordinary. The most sanguine of them kindly gave him a year, and the majority of them six months. Most men would have thrown up the cards in despair (and no blame to them either), but Mr. Dickinson would not flinch. Fifteen years of steady, unresting diligence brought its reward, and in 1853 he was enabled to claim, at the first time of asking, the Manchester

* Several other prizes, including the Centenary one given by the Manchester and Liverpool Society, with a challenge cup of 20 guineas, for the best cultivated farm in 1867, against eleven competitors, have fallen to Mr. Atherton's lot.

and Liverpool Agricultural Society's prize for "the best cultivated farm between 100 and 150 acres;" and again in 1861, the earliest season for making a reclaim. In the interval between the two awards, he had drained no less than 2,600 rods with 2 and 2½ inch pipe tiles from 3 to 5 feet deep, besides carting the tiles seven miles; and when we add, that he had stubbed up 720 yards of old fences, and drained the ditches with 4-inch pipes, and planted 1,030 yards of new fences, and the whole at his own expense, with the exception of the quicks and planting, we have a pretty good proof of what Saxon perseverance can do.*

* It was eight or nine years before he thought of shorthorns, and when he did speculate in a bull-calf, it could get no stock. The second did not fare much better, as, after keeping it six months, it died off at a day's notice. So far, so bad; but nothing daunted, he went again to the same herd (Mr. Birchall's, of Ribbleton Hall), and returned on that occasion with Louisa and two bull calves. Louisa gained an H. C. at the Liverpool and Manchester Show, but she would not breed to Statesman, and then Mr. Birchall presented him, to make up for his previous ill luck, with Tipton (12228) by Brewster (7847), as a mate for her. From this lucky cross (which was the turning point of the Upholland herd) came Tipton Slasher (13888), Amelia (the dam of Prince of Prussia, and Duke of Holland), and the Duchess of Lancaster; and then Louisa considered her mission accomplished.

Lancashire had hitherto bounded Mr. Dickinson's journeys, but he could not resist a peep at the Fawsley sale, and returned with the ten months Pope's Eye (15071), by Duke of Cambridge (12742), from Smockfrock, by Earl of Dublin (10178). Never were 45 gs. better laid out; and Prince of Prussia, in 1857, and Duke of Holland, in 1858, were the results of the cross with Amelia, but, as it to square matters, their own brother died in 1860, when he was four days old, and she cast an own sister to them in the following year.

Mr. Dickinson began as an exhibitor at the little Upholland gathering; but he got well beaten at first, and could do nothing until he sent Louisa into the ring. His first Liverpool and Manchester prize was at Warrington in 1853, when "Tipton" beat a large field for the yearling bull prize. Amelia was also a great winner both at this Society and others in the district; and among her fifteen prizes she could count one as "best cow or heifer in the yard," at Southport; and that for the "best tenant farmers' cow or heifer" twice over at the North Lancashire. So far Mr. Dickinson has nearly £500 to his credit side in prizes, and of these £70 (and five silver medals) were

But we have had enough beef for the present, and as Lytham is so near we must be off after the greyhounds. The year of memory with modern coursers goes back principally to Mr. Nightingale's rise and steady reign at the head of coursing judges. In Craven the young fellows take to the sport by nature. Mr. Greenwood of Bank Newton, near Gargrave, was Mr. Nightingale's chief instructor, and the pupil could soon stand without holding, and judged his maiden public course, in 1831, at Mr. Legh of Lyme's. In due time his scarlet was seen at the Waterloo, and he judged there eighteen times in twenty-one years. In one of the other three, he was elected, but declined to give up the Roman Camp. During that period Speculation was a cup winner under Mr. McGeorge, and Cerito under Mr. Watson and Mr. Bennett. Mr. Nightingale's jurisdiction began with Fly, and ended with that "merry dog" King Lear. This was his last public course, and as Sunbeam ran up, he had the consolation of feeling when illness began at last to lay its iron grip on his sturdy frame, that he had "left off with two good ones." King Lear was the freshest, and led to his hare, wrenched, and turned her. Sunbeam then got in, wrenched, and killed so soon, that nothing under two more good points could have changed the shout from "*Fawn!*" to "*Red!*"

There used to be sad dodging with stewards on some coursing fields, and a judge could only sit on his saddle and bear it. Stewards would wilfully shift

contributed by Prince of Prussia. This bull was never shown till he was a yearling, and, except when he thrice met Royal Butterfly, and one of Mr. Ambler's (once), he never missed a first prize. It was rather hard lines to have Towneley in such especial force at the time, but still a second to such a bull at the Royal, with the first animal he ever showed there, and a third in the same class the next year, behind two like Skyrocket and Royal Turk, is (as the disappointed candidate always observes on the hustings) "even more than a victory." Prince of Prussia was sold after the Canterbury Royal for 200 gs. to go to Australia.

the beating on to plough when a "dangerous stranger" had to be knocked out of time. Partisans would "steady" the hare by getting, at such a crisis, between her and a plantation or sough, so as to make the course as long as possible. Ground, where it was almost impossible to kill a hare, has been selected for a bye; and once, to the judge's bitter indignation, the beaters were actually ordered back a mile, that "a very dangerous stranger" might run among flints. The admirers of the "steadying" principle did once succeed, as they thought, in gruelling a crack, but he warmed up wonderfully next day, and although the hare ran away from both in the decider, he got farthest up the hill at the finish and won.

The Ridgway Club holds four meetings in the year—one at Ridgway; two (open) at Lytham, where the Clifton Arms is their head quarters; and one (open) at Southport, where they hail from the Bold Arms. Lytham is seven miles from Ridgway, and separated from it by the Ribble. When the 168 Dog Stake was run for at Southport, and Rocket ran up for it as well as for the Waterloo Cup, there was no coursing at Lytham; and Crosstown meadows, two miles south of Southport, where the stake finished, afforded some rare trials. The great, soft, grey hare, which is bred on the black earth near Marton Mere, lower down, is not so good; but the Churchtown meadows have the advantage of the brown sea-side hares, which are driven from a strip of meadow and plough, on sandy soil, by the side of the road. Mr. Knowles lives at Lytham, and lends much life to the sport; and so does Mr. Hardman, the owner of the manor of Gisborne. The latter has been for thirteen years chairman of the Ridgway Club, and is as felicitous a speaker as he is a good fisherman, shot, and courser. The stubbles are very deep, both at Lytham and Southport; and the Lytham pastures have the advantage of some rare

moss hares, among which "John o' Podd's," who lives at the bottom of the moss, had a mighty renown. The Ridgway Club judging is always done from a ladder eight feet high, as the ground is too soft to ride. Mr. Nightingale never could bear the ladder, and would maintain that he was "not a lamplighter." Jim Maple carried it after him till well into the afternoon, and finding it a case of "Love's Labour Lost," he flung it away into a ditch. Mr. Bake had it fished out and varnished, and Mr. Warwick and the present bench all go aloft. The ground, both at Lytham and Southport, is nearly all plough and stubble, and with open dykes, like Altcar; but it is heavier work for the dogs. A few small whin covers, and some whins by the side of the dykes, form the only cover.

There are an immense number of hares, and many of the old ones are levelled off during the summer, as they are so hard upon the crops. No less than 205 were killed at one open meeting at Lytham. This was one which Mr. Nightingale has never forgotten. He had judged at Baldock, and he had to get from there to Wolverton to meet the mail train. He was at Lytham by a quarter before nine—got a cup of tea, and began and decided eighty-four courses the first day. They left off five miles from Lytham, and even Mr. Bake had quitted the field. However, Mr. Nightingale walked home, and danced "into the small hours" at the Clifton Arms. Will Warner slipped at that meeting, and Lyddesdale won. Will has grown fat and pursy now, and Tom Raper is still the star, while Metcalfe and Wilkinson have a good practice; but Mr. Nightingale maintained that "Will was the first slipper who put the dogs in a straight line on their game." The practice is now abandoned, but Mr. Nightingale would always keep the slipper in hand and give the distance; and on one occasion, when his "Go" was not waited for, he turned his

back on the dogs, and gave it a "No go." A Waterloo slip will be from 100 to 120 yards.

Raper still runs well, and delivers his dogs very smoothly and straight on the hare, and will stay any distance. His predecessor, Dick Nobblet, was a short, thick set, little fellow; but still he ran fast, and in rough ground no one could lay his dogs on more scientifically.

"It is a common saying" observed Mr. Nightingale, "that hares run so much better after frost, but it is not that the hares runs so well after the frost, but that the greyhound generally runs worse at that time. Hares cannot bear starving in wet, and get their backs up; and dry, windy weather suits them best. A good hare, under such circumstances, will wrench herself to hold her ground; and a wrench does not count unless a dog is pressing her and forces her out of her track. Hares are very curious, and go by hearing far more than sight. I have seen a brace of greyhounds running actually strike them out of their form, and yet they would sit down again. Shap or Knipe Scar is celebrated for its wonderful hares, and the 'Shap-beckers,' as they are called, have worn out many a good brace of dogs in a one and a-half mile race to the plantations at the top. When a 'Shap-becker' gets on a hare track, with her head for home, perhaps nothing in the world travels faster. The Shap fields are all grass, of 300 or 400 acres each, and are well fenced. There are some scars and bits of boulders, and plumps of trees and smeuses in plenty."

Mr. Benn, late steward to the Earl of Lowther, was a very good courser in his day, and the owner of Eden, who ran the international match with Dusty Miller. During his great career as a judge, from which (in consequence of a spinal complaint) he retired, with a handsome testimonial, Mr. Nightingale never had

harder work than when he drove in his gig 70 miles in 7¼ hours, with four changes of horses, from Harewood to Kendal after judging; and he was in his saddle at 9 a.m. next morning, all ready for the Shapbeckers. A judge now-a-days has mail trains to help him, and Mr. Warwick finished, about 5 p m., in Worcestershire last season, drove fourteen miles to the train, reached Stafford, changed trains, and on through the night to Carlisle, down the Newcastle railway, and then by "The Dandy," *alias* the horse-tram carriage, to Brampton, and on the field some six miles away by ten o'clock. Six different conveyances, and sleep as you can! Such are the labours of popular officials.*

There was once some beautiful running at Broughton, which has no plough, and fine undulating grass fields, of from 50 to 100 acres. The Ox Pasture, which is bounded on one side by the river Air, was the queen of them; and Selby, Clive, Hughie Graham, and Dalton, ran there. At one meeting they had twenty-one courses out of it, but that was done by drilling the beaters like soldiers. There are a few hedges, but the majority of the fences are walls. Sir Charles Tempest took great interest in the sport at one time, but an attack which was made upon his keepers by a Lancaster band of poachers disgusted him, and he ordered all the hares to be shot down. It was a very great grief to the Skipton people, but since Sir Charles died the meeting has been renewed. Harewood is bad, enclosed ground; and Baldock, which is all grass, is something like Wiltshire, with plough farms, very few fences, and thin barley land. Cardington Great Field is shaped like a water-dish, and very little intersected with hedges. The hares are in the low parts and the

* At Ashdown there were formerly two tryers, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the hill.

For Ashdown Coursing see "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 251-56.

skirts, and always take the hill, and like the Dirleton hares, find them where you may, they are evenly good.

"As a rule," according to Mr. Nightingale, "hares are more equal on corn than grass-land. They differ very much. At Eaglesham the red-legged hares were very large and miracles of stoutness, and near the Three Mile House at Bendrigg, in Westmoreland, there used to be a dusky-coloured breed which screamed ten yards before the dogs—a pretty strong indication of rottenness."

Market Weighton has fine large enclosures, and small hedges, but flints are sadly in the way. The meadow-ground at Barton-on-Humber is very good, and not unlike the Churchtown and Altcar meadows; and the "Leger field," as they call it, is a very grand one for racing stretches. It was here that War Eagle and Wicked Eye won the two stakes as puppies.

At the Border Union they always commence the first day's coursing at Gretna Station on the Guards Farm, and almost within view of Gretna Green. It is a most central place, as three railways meet there. The beaters then go on to the Rosetrees Farm (Mrs. Gibbons'), and after that finish the day on The Bush, which is tenanted by Mr. Tom Gibbons, of Burnfoot. The second day's coursing was held last year over English Town and Cubby Hill farms, about four miles from Longtown. All the coursing about twenty years ago used to be over that ground. The old Hannah, or "the *real* Hannah," (as Jock Saunders once called her when she was winning at Morpeth) The Young Hannah, Tramp, and Bendigo all won or ran forward there. On the third day the meet is at Longtown Station, and they course over Sandbed, Oakbank (Mr. Tinning, the Secretary's, farm), and Smalmstown, and finish up on the old Longtown racecourse or adjoining fields, all

tenanted by Mr. Tom Gibbons. They never slip on the plough, but drive all the hares off it. It is one of the most economically-managed clubs in the kingdom, and beats nearly all the crack clubs hollow in the small percentage for expenses. The list is filled very soon after it is published, and Mr. Tinning's balance-sheet might inflame with envy the hearts of Quilter and Ball. The draw dinner at Longtown is also a great affair with Mr. Tom Gibbons as perpetual president. Mr. Wightman, the senior field steward, is a notable character on his half-Arab mare, "Fanny," and the way in which he drives a hare up a long fallow field, nearly half-a-mile in length, sometimes right in the face of a crowd, is a treat to see. Although he has been born and bred a foxhunter, being brother-in-law to Willy Routledge of The Crook (who has owned a small pack of foxhounds for half a century), and does not care much for coursing, still he lends all the help he can, and is most capitally seconded by Mr. James Little of Guards.

Mr. Nightingale considered the Altcar ground to be in most respects superior to all other ground, barring the best parts of Amesbury and Ashdown. The only drawbacks are the smeuzes for hares to run into and the open ditch system. Nothing spoils a dog so much as to lose sight of his game just as he is going to strike it. The ditches have changed the fortune of many a course; but they are wanted to take off the waters from the levels into the larger cuts, and from thence to the engine-house, where it is pumped into the river at a higher level. The great main cut to the engine-house has never been jumped by pedestrians without a leaping-pole; but Mr. Nightingale once threw his whip over and did it in his riding-dress, with a pair of light buckskins and long knee-boots, without a nail in the sole. After a heavy fall of rain, such is the variable nature of the

Altcar ground, that some parts are very spongy, and others firm and hard. Still, all styles of greyhounds can run over it, if they only understand how to fly a drain, from Judge at 67lbs. to Lobelia at 43lbs. Besides the Waterloo Meeting, the Altcar Club generally meets there twice in the course of the season; and Lord Sefton is as true a patron of the leash in the North, as Lord Craven and Sir Edmund Antrobus in the South. The best coursing at Altcar is in two or three of the meadows or marshes, commencing at Will Warner's house. The fallows, from which the hares are driven on to grass, were so full of "fur" this year, that when we were all ranged by the side of the engine meadows on the first day, more than a score cantered down almost abreast, and there were more coming.

A leisure hour in the neighbourhood of Skipton found us at Chloe's home, which is about a mile from Bolton Bridge, that inn dear to tourists and newly-wedded pairs. The weather had broken the day before, and we met two of the former toiling along into Skipton under their knapsacks, grinning a most ghastly smile, and trying to look as if they enjoyed the rain. Next day the sun shone out, and the grass, as our driver observed, was "pricking up famish" everywhere in Craven from pastures which had been as brown as a coffee-berry. A field of corn in those parts is a rarity, and the one which was cut would not in ordinary seasons have whitened for harvest so soon by six or eight weeks. The Wharfe, which had been reduced at Wetherby pretty nearly to a mass of dry shingle, was rolling along once more past Bolton Abbey, which is about a mile or so from Chloe's home. Our driver was again most communicative: "*My word, but they are rarely bucked up for the occasion,*" was his observation on some of the lady visitors, who were preparing for that walk up the woods to the Strid. On the

architectural remains he was less diffuse. He certainly did notice the east window, and remarked that "*Yon would take a rood of glass one time or another to kep it going;*" but he dwelt most upon the two greyhounds, which flank it, in memory of the young De Clifford, who perished many years since in the Strid. "*They're greyhounds,*" he said, "*but stone-mason's made them a vast sight more like pointers.*" As for their story, he referred me to the "History of Craven," which records how the poor lad tried to jump the river with a brace of them in the couples, and how one held back at the critical moment and dragged him into the torrent. He only made one addition to the text in reply to my query, whether the greyhounds were drowned. "*Drowned? —he was tied to stick to them—it looks like it.*"

From the greyhounds in stone we adjourned to Chloe, and found the old lady a little greyer in the face, but still "beautiful for ever," without Madame Rachel's aid. She had then had four litters by Canaradzo, King Death, Reveller 2nd, Racing Hop-factor (out of whose dozen only a couple lived). Old Cheerboys, that hero of Ashdown, a rough-looking never-say-die gentleman, was still in good force; and there was a black puppy (Captain) by him, as well as an infant brace from Royal Seal, which were consorting with two lusty, smooth, liver-coloured pointer pups, with spotted heads and paws, and skulls and ears such as one rarely sees nowadays. Charming May is nearly as pretty as her dam, and there is the same curious dip behind the chine. Cock Robin was a handsome, muscular dog, but a little heavy-shouldered, and his running has not been so uniformly brilliant as it once promised to be. Chloe's running-weight was 56lbs.; and when she was once reduced to 54lbs., she wouldn't struggle at all. Boynton aways considers that her best course was with Sapphire, at Ashdown, when she was beaten "under

disadvantages" in the run up for the Oaks. She goes out occasionally on to the grouse hills behind the house, to show the young ones the way over the old Waterloo gallop. It is two miles from the Harrogate Road to Popplewell House, near Beamley Beacon, up-hill, and over all kinds of ground, with a brook and plenty of stone walls in it. The puppies learn it by a field at a time, and are tied to a gate and unloosed with a hundred yards' start of each other. They run in faith or by memory, following each other for the first mile, and after that they can hear Boynton calling to them. Sometimes he has a live rabbit to turn down for them when they reach him; so that they soon learn the line, and keep it. It is half over grass, half over heather, and the two miles are generally covered in about five minutes.

The kennels were not more than four miles from Skibeden, and there was nothing Mr. Nightingale loved more dearly than to look out of his window and see Boynton coming across the field with his "Ashdown Volunteers." Of Chloe he always said that she was perfection, if her fore-legs had not been a trifle too long. Charming May was his delight, and he had her up to his bedside shortly before the Waterloo Cup of last year to pat her, and "give her some good advice." Illness was irksome to a man of his eminently active habits; but we never heard him murmur. In his prime he was possessed of great muscular power, able to hold any mail-team, and even master of Chapman, when they once met at the Greyhound Inn, Shap, and had a bout at throwing half-a-hundredweight under and above arm. He used to tell how a stalwart bully once put his head into a coffee-room in the South where he was sitting, and insinuated something about his judgment of a course. "It was well," he added, "that he ran down the passage, and locked himself up in a parlour, and apologized through the keyhole,

or I know I should have killed him." Skibeden was three miles from Skipton, and the hospitable welcome within made up for the cold look of the house. A neater farmer was not to be found in Yorkshire, or a better judge of bullocks. Everything was in the most rigid order—"not a straw dared to be out of place." When his coursing days were ended, he still took the judge's chair at the Caledonian Hunt Meetings, and on one occasion (so we have heard) decided "by a nose." On his way back he would generally stop at Mr. Sharpe's, of Hoddom, and talk over Hughie Graham and "the family fawn" with "The Laird" and poor Will Carfrae. He also enjoyed an outing at the Waterloo and Lytham Meetings; but his affection of the spine and rheumatism stealthily increased upon him, and for two or three years before his death he could not get further than to his sister's house at Skipton in his gig. He died on September 2nd, 1869, in his seventieth year, and was buried at Gisbourn, and in obedience to one of his last wishes, his coffin-lid bore the likeness of a greyhound.

As a coursing judge he has never been surpassed, and the beautiful silver testimonial which was presented to him on his retirement by a subscription amongst the very first coursers in England and Scotland told that his fame was unsullied to the close. A more righteous judge never got into the saddle, but his judgments were not always appreciated. His knowledge of the science was so deep that he was apt, at times, to reckon up a dog's work very differently to mere ordinary observers, who are generally the most captious critics. The really good judges of a course knew and made allowance for his one fault—viz., that if he once saw a greyhound shirk its work in any way, he never forgave it, and the transgression was apt to be remembered the next time the offender was in the slips. This was a weakness to which he was quite alive, but which he

could never quite shake off; and there is no doubt that it sometimes led him into decisions that were perhaps hardly warranted. Still, this was a mere speck on a very brilliant career, and as a public official we see few like him in any branch of sporting. He never seemed to forget any incident of a course, and it was his delight to sit and talk them over, as if they had been run only yesterday. He always inclined to Bennett's Rocket as the fastest dog he ever judged, and he thought that Gregson's Neville ranked next in pace, with just a shade the best of Judge.

He loved to tell of the King Cob stock, which always "ran so stout, and kept their backs up and their heads so well down." Sunbeam's head was his idea of perfection, and he delighted in Sam and his "beautiful style of running—so true that you might ride for miles after him, and never see his nob." Waterloo was his wrencher and great "dog on plough," Barrator his "acrobat," and in fact he never went to Lytham without going to see the spot where the black "pressed his hare to a gate, and went round as if on a pivot, turned her back, and killed her in his second jump." As a killer, he considered nothing superior to Cerito "for safety and science;" and Ladylike's and British Lion's knack of stopping on the side of a hill, along with Mocking Bird's power of throwing herself at the hare further off than any greyhound he ever saw, never lacked a mention. He loved the sport for its own sake, and understood field management and beating to a nicety; and he always said that, however long the day, he never lacked Mr. A. Graham as his companion when they left off.*

From Skibeden we skirted the many "windings of the silver coast," on the branch line towards

* For his portrait, and analysis of Scottish crack greyhounds and coursing fields, see "Field and Fern," vol. "South."

Ulverstone. The sea breaks under the very wall of the railway, and winds in and out among innumerable creeks, clothed with dark-coloured plantations, which slope down to the water's edge. In fact, the marine and rural scenery are so strangely blended, that at one moment there was nothing to be seen but a few seagulls out for a wade, or a stately heron standing on one leg and a green weed reef, ready to strike a fish, and at the next there would be a troop of plump pheasants feeding on a knoll. The inland side presents a range of rocky fir-clad terraces, with primroses still lingering at their base; just the spot in which a professor of geology might choose to "spend a wedded eternity with a greywacke woman," while occasionally up some gorge we could catch a glimpse of a distant church, or what seemed like a beacon tower. Guides and beacons have for centuries been often useless across these treacherous sands; and "one little man, round-faced, drowned 1577," "a poor apprentice, and officer for salt," "a native of Geneva (Domenico Curatto)," and "nine in one cart," are but a tithe of those which have gone down.

A walk to the top of Bigland Scaur, which looks right down upon Holker Park, gave us the most comprehensive bird's-eye view of the pastures. The rocky platform on which we stood seemed like a sort of Arthur's Seat, amid a profusion of oaks and ashes. To our right lay Ellerside Breast, pointing over some thousand acres of peat towards the lake country, where the snow was just seen to linger upon Coniston Old Man. More in front of us was the hill of Hoad, rising above the woods of Low Frith, from whence the seaboard stretched boldly away past Ulverstone and Conishead Priory, to the headland at Peel. Ulverstone was a fitting feature in a shorthorn landscape. Its Young Ben had a few days before defeated all comers in the aged bull class at Dublin; and we had but to carry our mind

back to an August show, to see its brace of Barons, Messrs. Torr and Sanday, adjudging the ten silver challenge cups, and Mr. Unthank beckoned over the rails into the ring, to decide the moot point between Duchess 77th, her companion Moss Rose, and Mr. Eastwood's Rosette.

Just beneath us, to the right of Holker Park, lay fully 130 acres of reclaimed land. The salt marsh was nearly all drained by the Duke of Devonshire to the depth of four feet, with two-inch pipes, covered with peat moss or soil, to act as a filter and keep the sand out of the drains. It has been cropped with oats, green crops, wheat, and clover in succession, and the latter yielded two heavy crops last year. A Fowler's plough was at work with four breasts on, and taking a half-mile field at twice; but the marsh is all grass now, as it was almost impossible to keep it dry enough for ploughing.

Nine years before, Cozy and Statesman's Daughter were in the land, and old Sarah Gwynne, with her head down and her back up, was making, according to the weigh-bridge, 84 lbs. per month. The Cozies and the Nonsuchs are given up, and The Grand Duchess (1), Oxford (8), Wild Eyes (7), Blanche (8), Barrington (2), Gwynne (1), Oxford Rose (3), Cleopatra (2), and Waterloo (1) are all represented. We had only to seek the herd last summer in the field behind Mr. Drewry's. Eighteenth Duke of Oxford was the last hope of the calf-house, and Lady Oxford 5th (the 600-guinea Royal Worcester calf) was on the eve of calving her Fourth Baron Oxford to that grand old Duchess bull, Seventh Duke of York.

Two of her calves were sold for 500 gs. each at Mr. Mc'Intosh's sale, and the other for 250 gs. to Lord Kenlis at Killhow. Countess of Barrington 4th somewhat reminds us of Duchess 77th, and has a son by Tenth Grand Duke at her side. The light

roan is Blanche 3rd, grand-daughter of old Sylph; and a broken horn marks Seventh Grand Duchess of Oxford, who also rejoices in a beautiful-haired daughter, the 12th of that line. Lady Oxford 5th is the queen of the field, fit to found a world of short-horns for substance and true character. Oxford Rose 2nd by Grand Duke 4th from Rose of Raby makes a nice pair with Oxford Rose by Baron Oxford. Old white Dustie has no heifer to perpetuate her line, and Morning Star is the last dying bequest of Lord Oxford. Fifth Grand Duchess of Oxford is a wonderful milk and butter cow. From her we pass through the park to the home of Tenth Grand Duke, who is mourning the loss of Mr. Davies' Moss Rose (who bore him Royal Chester), and we bid him be of good cheer, as he puts forth his beautiful head to greet us, and walks most vigorously the whole length of his paddock into his shed for further recognition at Mr. Drewry's hands. Third Grand Duchess of Oxford was up feeding, and Mr. Fawcett's Eliza 10th and Lady Butterfly's Duchess were in quarantine in a paddock. The crosses between Fifteenth Duke of Oxford and Galloway heifers were in "the marsh meadows" some forty strong, and they prove to be grey, or jet-black, or blood-red, or bronze, or rich roans, and nearly all without horns, when five lads drive them up.

Grand Duke 3rd by Second Duke of Bolton (by Grand Duke from Florence, a daughter of Mr. Richard Booth's Fame) was in residence at Springfield Hall, near Lancaster, when we first went there in '59, and so was Prince Imperial, that son of Second Grand Duke and Bridecake a daughter of Bridget, to whom the Grand Duchesses also owe their Booth cross. He was thick through the breast, and with well laid shoulders, and though not with quite the grandeur of some of our best bulls, a touch must

be dead or saucy that did not own him mellow. We found the footsteps of Fame in the Fenella family which sprang from her daughter Fay crossed with Grand Duke. Mr. Bolden's brother purchased Mussulman, a son of Old Cherry, to take to Australia, for 150 gs. Mr. Bolden liked the sort, and had Cherry Duchess by Grand Duke from a Cherry cow which he purchased at Mr. Lax's sale. Her son Second Cherry Duke was sold to Mr. Shepherd of Shethin. Mr. Bolden also had the Waterloo tribe, on which Mr. Bates set very great store. The latter bought a heifer by Waterloo (2816), dam from Waterloo, from a small farmer, who had used the bull. She was so good, that she was sent with five of the best cows from Kirklevington to Mr. Whitaker's Norfolk, and had a rare calf, Waterloo 3rd, by him.

Mr. Bolden inherited his taste for shorthorns from his father, who, like Mr. John Colling of Whitehouse, and Mr. Lax of Ravensworth, caught his inspiration from the Brothers Colling. He died in 1855, at Hyning, near Lancaster. No man was fuller of shorthorn lore, intermixed with the quaint sayings and the doings of the old Durham and Yorkshire worthies. He kept a herd for many years, always sticking to the old-fashioned, roomy, heavy-fleshed cows; and hired Leonidas, Leander, and Royal Buck, and other bulls, from the Booths, in days when a man who gave only sixty guineas for a season was considered quite an intrepid character, and when Warlaby females could be had for money.

Four of these then "Veiled Prophetesses," Fame, Rachel, Bridget, and Vivacity, were purchased by Mr. Bolden soon after he commenced breeding, in 1849; and along with cows of the Duchess, Cambridge Rose, and Waterloo tribes, from Kirklevington; the Cherry tribe from Colonel Cradock, and

the descendants of No. 25 at the Chilton sale, they gradually formed the herd.*

Thirty-four years have raised the Waterloo Cup from a stake of 2 sovs. each for eight dogs, to one of 25 sovs. each for sixty-four, and "Dog Derby" books are rife in the land. The three kingdoms had

* The late Mr. Bates, when he published the portrait of the Duke of Northumberland in 1839, did not fail to improve the opportunity by giving an abstract of the title-deeds of the Duchess tribe. Through that document we trace them back to 1784, when Charles Colling purchased from the agent of the Duke of Northumberland the original cow, whose ancestors had for two centuries peacefully cropped the Stanwick herbage, or been driven off by the mailed mosstrooper in many a border foray. Hence it was that he rechristened the cow *Duchess* "after that family, because they are justly entitled to be held in commemoration for having possessed a *tribe* of cattle, which Mr. Charles Colling assured me *was the best he ever had or ever saw*, and that he was never able to improve upon *her*, although put to his best bulls." There is quite a Hebrew grandeur in the pastoral simplicity of the old Kirklevington enthusiast, as he spurns the nine hundred armorial ensigns of the blood royal of England and the chivalry of France, commingled in the Percy banner; and calmly paints in the old red and white cow grazing.

Still, write as he might about their glories, his deep partiality for them had nearly been their ruin, and although they had been in his hands for five-and-forty years, they were reduced to a very low ebb when he died. Duchess 64th, the dam of Second Grand Duke, he did not live to see, and she was the youngest of the eight which stood up before Mr. Strafford. Her dam, Duchess 55th, has been a very Barbelle in the herd world, as three of her produce were sold for 2,300 guineas, and she was both the dam and the grandam of a thousand-guinea bull. Mr. Bolden bought the first of the Kirklevington eight to wit Duchess 51st, dam of the Fourth Duke of York, for whom Lord Ducie gave 200 gs. at the same sale, and sold after three years' use to the Americans for 500 gs. The salt water was fatal to him, as he broke his neck in a storm; but the change from the banks of the stately Tees to "the gently curving lines of creamy spray," that wash the Red Bank Farm, redeemed his dam from the curse of barrenness, which had sunk her to 60 gs.

She bred three heifer-calves, the first of which, by Leonidas, died in the birth, and the others were ushered into the yard at Springfield for us, in the shape of two roan cows, Grand Duchess and Grand Duchess 2nd, by Grand Duke. A noble pair they were. The eldest was a beautiful specimen of a "toucher," silky hair on a nice elastic hide, with that peculiarly dainty cellular tissue between the hide and flesh. The head too had all the most favourite characteristics of the tribe, slightly dished in the forehead, with a prominent nostril,

stuck to Blue Gown for the previous Derby, with a loyalty which no Rosicrucian declarations could quench, and now Lord Lurgan's crack became their greyhound idol, and to see him win at Altcar a second year was their leading dream of the future. There were no symptoms of frost to disturb their

and a great general sweetness of expression. They were also well down in the twist, and great milkers, combined with heavy flesh. Grand Duchess 2nd bore a strong family likeness to her sister, but she had more substance and gaiety of carriage; and she held up her head, as if right conscious of her lineage.

Three of the heifers were red with a few patches of white, and it was curious to notice in their marks the exact resemblance to that original Duchess, from whom thrice 183 gs. would hardly have separated Mr. Bates at the Ketton sale. Coates's Herd Book has preserved to us her picture, as she feeds on the Tyneside, with Halton Castle in the distance. The white patch on the flanks and crop, the star on the forehead, and the gay little beauty-spot just above the muzzle, are all there; and with the exception of Duchess 3rd, who is enrolled in the Sibylline leaves of Shorthorn fate as "a light grey," there was no break in the "red and white" succession till Duchess 19th was crossed with Belvedere of the "White Bull," or the Princess family, and two roan heifers were the produce. A double cross of Belvedere brought the colour to white for the first time in Duchess 50th from Duchess 38th, by the Duke of Northumberland, from the first roan, Duchess 33rd.

Cambridge Rose 5th, by Second Cleveland Lad, was five years old at the Kirklevington sale, when Mr. Bolden, senior, bought her, and with the exception of Cambridge Rose 6th, who was kept as a memento at Cobham, and Cambridge Rose 7th, which was purchased by Mr. Downes (and died in '67), and from him by Mr. Bolden for 70 gs., the next autumn, there were then no more descendants in the land of the celebrated Hustler's Red Rose. Cobham proved the value of this blood by the biddings for the gay old cow, and her Marmaduke calf, Moss Rose. The First and Second Dukes of Cambridge alone represent Cambridge Rose 7th, and as she persisted in breeding nothing but bulls, the tribe was lost to Springfield at her death.

When Mr. Bolden had got home old Duchess 51st, and compared her with some other very good Shorthorns on his farm, he became so convinced of the goodness of the Bates blood, that he determined to make his stand on it. His first move was to purchase Grand Duke (10284), by Second Cleveland Lad from Duchess 55th, for 205 gs., the same price that Mr. Hay of Shethin, Aberdeenshire, gave for him at Kirklevington. At the time he bought him, he and his father had several cows almost useless, after having been served repeatedly by idle bulls; but with him and successive Duchess bulls, the fertility (which Mr. Bates attributed, in the case

serenity; and a fervid Liverpool Fenian must have thought that "the hour and the man" had come at last, when the Irish packet-boats disgorged hundreds of mysterious and bearded men at the landing-stage, who told each other without disguise that they would "tak siven or six anyhow" (evidently meaning Saxon

of the Duchesses, to the cross with Belvedere) gradually returned. The same was observable in other herds where Duchess bulls were introduced, and Earl Ducie did not conceal his opinion that his was saved by the use of them. Grand Duke was four years old when he came, and he departed for America two years after; and whether in addition to the Dukes of Cambridge we look at May Duke and Grand Turk (the sire of Great Mogul), from Booth cows; and two Cherry Dukes from the Cherry tribe, all of which have been sold and resold at high figures, Mr. Bolden stands as a bull-breeder second to none.

Grand Duke 2nd, by Fourth Duke of York, from Duchess 64th, who was calved at Mr. Bolden's, had rather more white on him than Grand Duke, and was only two years old when he followed him, in November 1855, to the New World. He had not quite the bold look of Grand Duke, and although it would seem to be the perfection of a Shorthorn to read good nature in his face, the Americans always thought that he looked too placid. Unlike the gentleman who described himself as having been absolutely unable to close his eyes from emotion, the live-long night after his unexpected "Vision of Fair Women," in the shape of Queen Mab, Nectarine Blossom, and Queen of the May, a recent visitor to Thorndale does not seem to have been the least stirred up by treading such classic soil, or much struck with anything beyond Grand Turk weighing 2,800lbs. He tells us, however, how he found him in company with Second Grand Duke and Neptune of the Booth blood; and how he calculates that Duchess 64th and 66th, Oxford 5th, 6th, and 13th, and Bloom, Frederica, Lalla Rookh, Buttercup 2nd, Miss Butterfly, and Pearlette would be alongside them. Such an American Congress would be worth all the sea-sickness and all the expense to see. Duchess 64th (600 gs.), which was generally considered the best of the eight Duchesses that were sold at Tortworth, died after some years in America, along with Duchess 59th (350 gs.); and Duchess 66th (700 gs.), that "brand plucked from the fire" (as Earl Ducie termed her, when the news was carried to his dressing-room one morning that a calf had at last been found in Duchess 55th) was among the fifty head which Mr. Thorne purchased after poor Mr. Becar's death, for £7,000.

In 1854 Mr. Bolden sold seven bulls at an average of £59 8s., one of them Second Duke of Cambridge, for 100 gs. When Mr. Bolden, sen., died in 1855, his herd, with some of his son's bulls, were sold at Hyning, and the 28 head (including 11 bulls) realised an average of £61 16s. 9d. Mr. Torr bought Gertrude (100 gs.), and Lady

lives), and used two passwords of dire import, "Woman in Black" and "Master M'Grath." These conspirators might be found at Lynn's, as the hour for dinner and the draw was at hand on Tuesday. Most of the old faces from Caithness to Compton Bottom were also in the throng. Mr. Bake moves about as brisk as a bee; and a little dark man, with a tall Scottish "shepherd king" at his side, might have a printed bulletin on his breast, as everybody asks him after "Bab." "The Emperor of Coursers" tells

Hopetoun (220 gs.), both of them Booth cows. In 1857 Mr. Bolden sold 14, at an average of £65 3s. 4d., at Mr. Strafford's farm at Dudding Hill. This was followed in 1860 by a sale at Springfield, where 29 head averaged £87 17s. 6d. Of these a score were Waterloos, and they averaged £92 13s. 3d. Sir Curtis Lampson gave 165 gs. for Waterloo 20th, and Mr. E. Bowly 130 gs. for the Waterloo bull Charger. In 1862 the herd was sold to Mr. Atherton, who soon after parted with the Grand Duchesses, (nine cows and four bulls,) to Mr. Hegan, of Dawpool, by private contract, and sold off the Cherries, the Fenellas (from Booth's Fame) and the Grand Duke bulls. Mr. Hegan paid £5,000 for his lot, and three cows were barren. He died in 1865, and his herd was brought to the hammer at Willis's Rooms, where Mr. Strafford gave a splendid lunch to his to his friends and supporters. The 12 females were in four lots, and were all purchased by Mr. Betts, whose herd was sold off in 1867.

GRAND DUCHESSES.

Prices in 1865. Gs.		Herd-Book Numbers.		Prices in 1867. Gs.
1,900	Prince Imperial Booth cross	5th	Duke of Devonshire	200
		7th	Killed	
		8th	Lord Penrhyn	550
1,300	Cherry Duke Cherry cross	9th	F. Lévcy	210
		13th	Killed	
		18th	R. E. Oliver	710
1,800	Prince Imperial Booth cross	10th	Died	
		15th	J. Miller	80
		17th	R. E. Oliver	850
1,200	Cherry Duke Cherry cross	11th	Earl Spencer	400
		12th	Died	
		14th	Died	
		Bred at Preston Hall.		
Cherry cross (yearling)		19th	C. H. Dawson	700
Booth cross (calf)		20th	Earl Spencer	420
Do. (calf)		21st	D. McIntosh	330

us how he has just proposed the Home Secretary for Renfrewshire, and then dashes off to the favourites of his early days, Oscar and the rough-coated Gilbertfield; the tall and handsome owner of Riot is quite a consulting counsel on leash law; and Lord Lurgan, a fresh-looking, hearty patrician of fifteen seasons' coursing experience, passes a word of good cheer to the Irish Brigade about the black dog's health, and then adjourns upstairs to head the coursing parliament. Cerito, that triple Waterloo Cup winner, looks down from the walls on the sixteen Club delegates, and so do the pictures of the late Earl Derby and his father, and other Lancashire worthies. Then the venerable Skipaway case is discussed once more, and the plaintiffs and the defendant contradict each other most lustily. The latter uses legal terms "like a very learned clerk," and eventually gets a majority of more than two to one to dismiss the case.

Fifteen years before we had left Liverpool for the ground on Bob Castle's coach, behind four spanking greys, with Mr. Nightingale on the box seat, and several Scotland Yet enthusiasts as our freight. In' 64, Tithebarn Street station was the trysting place. A man on the very outskirts of the crowd seemed green and indifferent, and his mate was exhorting him: "*Theese com this far—doant go back, lad, its sic fun—they nobbut louse two dogs at yence—there's hot pot and dyke-jumping, and a' manner of things.*" "Owdham chaps" and "Boulton fellies" were there by the dozen. They are a rough lot, and on big excursion days there is sometimes a regular swearing match between them and those "Peter the Wild Boy" sort of officials, which abound in Lancashire. To do the latter justice, they have no respect of persons. Once upon a time, the late secretary of the North-Western was travelling along a loop Wigan and Kenyon junction line, when the station-master put his

head into a first-class carriage and said: "*Now then yo' chaps for Chow Bent, Checquer Bent, and Bank Lane, get out wid ye!*" The secretary objected to such official language, and said quite indignantly "Don't you know who I am?" "*Ye'es*" said the man "*Huish —secretairy—two thoosand a year,*" and passed on to the next carriage "*Now then yo' chaps, &c.*" There seemed from the heavy train to be few Liverpool laggards by the stuff this day. Away they leapt over the platform rails at Hightown, and the ticket-collector had to "fall back on his supports" in the station, and give collecting up as a bad job. "The Rifles Inn," which looks like a superior Irish cabin, had no charms for them so early, and bending to the left by the stone cross, they went crashing and stumbling over hedge and fallow. In vain did a yokel rush from his harrows, and with outstretched hands and wild dances endeavour to harry them back from the arable, as if they had been sheep. The Lancashire lads laughed the "Johnny-cake" to scorn, and formed, after one or two light skirmishes with another protectionist, into a marching column of nearly a quarter of a mile along the road. They enter into coursing as they do into Bolton creels, or pigs, or flowers, or bell-ringing, or glee-singing—with a will. "*Live Hare!*" is a great shout of theirs when a favourite dog is beginning to work off the points against him. They have bets on from a pot of ale upwards, but we heard one of them refuse to do anything on King Death's courses "*because I'se afear'd I'd dee if I backed him.*" Sometimes if a favourite kennel is to be sold off, they will follow it from a sort of chivalrous feeling up to Aldridge's. When they do get there, if they can find a carriage in the sale shed, they as often as not get in and sleep through half the sale. Two were once reposing most peacefully in a phaeton when a stentorian offer of 70 guineas for Mr. Borron's Bright Steel fairly

roused them up—"*Seventy guineas,*" said one to his fellow sleeper, "*why you and I, lad, wouldn't fetch that thegither!*" We once heard a still more emphatic sentiment as a pair of them walked over the Liverpool steeple-chase ground to take up a position. A number of grooms and helpers were standing near a brook jump, and one of the pair caught a few words of their conversation. He stopped, with quite a beaming countenance, "*Eh! Jack, lad! I'll gan noe father—they say there's been fowre lives lossen here—dal it's the best jump of the lot—we'll stop where we are.*" On the coursing field itself there was an old fellow with a pole collecting sixpences to jump over the great cut and uniformly landing up to his waist in the middle. He was not so drunk as he pretended to be, and he made a nice amount by becoming "a water-baby." While the ring were settling on one course there were rumours of a fight. Books were shut up instantly and away they rushed. The gallant owner of Tim Whiffler made a Jack Macdonald of himself in an instant, and brought his man up to the scratch without ever taking his cigar out of his mouth. As he afterwards observed, "it was a most cheerful fight." And indeed it was—a big man and a little man—a pair of spectacles permanently disabled—a pair of arms in a white paletot and going like a windmill—a white hat rolling on the sod. So it was in old days, but we have to tell of '69.

The morning finds us at Lynn's once more, and the cards of the day show that Master M'Grath has been drawn with Borealis. The latter has been winning a good stake at Lytham, but "the talent" have taken her measure well, as 25 to 1 can be "got about her for the Cup, and it is only 6 to 1 against the black." All is life and activity among the coursers. They are buttoning on leggings, and lighting pipes, and driving bargains with Hansoms

and coaches, into which they mount, looking like very jolly Cromwellian pike men, with their long mahogany-coloured leaping poles. The route lies principally by the dock side, and its dusky forest of masts, till we strike rather more inland at Formby, where the greyhound trainers keep their charges. Seven or eight miles bring us within sight of the Altcar plains at last. On the left are interminable sand banks, tenanted by coneys and vitriol works; while ditches of all degrees, high mounds, and engine houses help to break the dreary Altcar dead level of grass and fallows, which look as if they had merely been pared. Be that as it may, they are full of "fur," and during one portion of the meeting, Hard Lines got among a wandering troop of nearly a hundred hares, and didn't know what it meant. There are a few trees, and there is a conventicle-looking church in the distance, but even when the sun is out, it looks quite a joyless land, inhabited by the descendants of Mat o' the Marsh.

There is life enough at the North End Farm, where the carriages make their halt, and the official card-seller sets up his basket under the lee of a barn. He is wise in his generation, as if he once faced the open there would be a rush at him, and, like good card-sellers before him, he might be pressed into the ditch. The trainers are here in great force, each with his champion in hand, or snugly ensconced in a dog-van. Speculation (late Red Robin) occupies the front seat of a cab, and a large wisp of straw is spread artistically over the front window, for fear any minute draught may visit his honoured head too roughly. Alas! it is of no avail, as India Rubber challenges him to the slips ere two hours more are over, and "wins a good trial cleverly" at his expense. Some of the dog carriages are drawn in great state by three donkeys, but many trainers discard them altogether. Light Cavalry is at the ditch side

straining for the fray, and we also mark the dingy face of Bethell (by Boanerges from Mischief), own brother to Bab at the Bowster, and the grey features of Ewesdale, not a remarkable dog in his day, but now of good repute among greyhounds at the stud. The trainers are a motley lot as regards dress; but the real Altcar thing is supposed to be a sort of seal-skin cap, with lappets for the ears, and a green coat, with mother-of-pearl buttons about half the circumference of a cheese-plate. What Lancashire Witch can stand against that?

It is barely five minutes past ten, and up comes Mr. Warwick, the judge, in his scarlet coat and blue bird's-eye, to judge for the ninth year in succession. Another bit of scarlet shows that Tom Raper, the slipper, has also stripped to his work. He looks very worn in the face with so hard a life, but the heart is as good and the legs are almost as nimble as ever. We look in vain for old Will Warner, but we are told that he has "turned it up." The crowd thickens fast, and as far as the eye can reach towards Formby, they come steadily tramping on. The vehicles alone seem to stretch for more than half a mile in the line of march, and half of them are in the commissariat service, and laden with pies, and cheese, and liquors. Many visitors carry their own little polished drink barrel slung across their shoulders, and those who have the office look out, when luncheon time is nigh, for the hospitable red flag with the white star in the centre, which flies as a token at the top of a private omnibus from Lytham. Half the point of the meet at Northend was lost this year by the absence of the house party from Croxteth, and we might well long to see the four dark chesnuts dash up in the green drag as of yore, with the Earl on the box. It seems but the other day that his father was riding off across country to Croxteth, to tell of his Sackcloth's victory.

The march of the cracks round and round the farm paddock is one of the most beautiful sights. We have noted there—before the first couple were called, and the hare-boys (looking like tortoises erect) started on their march—the shining brindle of Streamer, the dark black of the great bitch corps—Spider, old Belle of the Village, Rebe, and Reliance; the blue of Coodareena; the fawn of Sea Rock; the red of Monarch and Sea Girl; while the brindle on the tail deftly told the difference between the flying whites of Liverpool, Mr. Spinks's Sea Pink and Sea Foam.*

* It may not be amiss to run over a few of the principal winners from Sultan's day. Oscar, British Lion, Gilbertfield, Barrator, Waterloo, Canaradzo, Scotland Yet, Ciologa, Neville, Sam, Canopy, Jacobite, Cardinal York and Picton, Bold Enterprise, Blue Light, Black Cloud, Border Union, Matilda Gillespie, Motley, Tollwife, Ladylike, The Baron, Selby, Clive, Monarch, Mercury, Hughie Graham, and King Lear, &c., have all been touched upon in volume "South" of "Field and Fern." The whole is in the words of Mr. Nightingale or Mr. Warwick.

Sultan was own brother to Empress, "and a good dog that Southport week," when he had 167 against him for the Cup; but he was not first class, either in work or pace. Empress was the best of the pair, and her defeat of O Yes! O Yes!! O Yes!!! with one of the terrific Eaglesham hares, where "fur" does "run like fury," was her finest performance. She was a very handsome squarey bitch, with lots of wear and tear, and good all round, and was left in amongst the last six with her brother at Southport. Bugle was a short, thick, and not a fashionable style of dog, with great pace and muscle, steady to his game, and clever in every way, though not a smooth runner, and with a curious style of pitching himself from his hind legs. His blood always united remarkably well with King Cob's. Earwig was not a flyer, but he went a good steady pace. Emperor, the sire of O Yes! O Yes!! O Yes!!! was left in with Earwig for the Waterloo Cup, but Mr. Easterby declared Earwig (the worst of the two) the winner. Emperor was a very good dog, but rather thick and plain. Both of them were blacks; but one of them had a white tail end, nose, and claw. When Glider was in the slips with Rocket, there was no telling them apart, except by Rocket's black muzzle. Lord Sefton mistook them, and galloped back, shouting "Glider's won!" Mr. Robert Bennet bought Rocket, Ranger, Reuben, and a bitch for 120 gs. at Chatsworth.

There is little question that Bloomsbury is the worst runner on the Waterloo Cup roll. Priam, by Emperor, was, "perhaps, the best big

A quarter-past ten, and there is no time to lose; off comes Mr. Warwick's overcoat, and he mounts a good looking grey. Requiem and Morning Dew are in the slips, but three hares get away before Raper gets a slip to his mind. It was a bad beginning, as both got unsighted before they had been long at it,

dog of his day." He ran at 74lb., and yet he was a first-rate worker, and never gave a chance away, Mr. Pollok's Major was a fast but not a first-class dog, and beat, among others, Father Tom M'Guire's celebrated Irish bitch for a cool hundred a-side. Still "he couldn't use his hares as some of them can." All that can be said of Titania is that she was "a good steady bitch, but not a great one." British Lion was an every-day dog, very game, and always ran respectably. Harlequin, a slow son of Emperor, won his courses by steadiness (which was his sire's speciality), and had a memorable one with Oliver Twist (brother to Senate). "Oliver" was "a great dog, and a wonderful killer." He won a sixty-four-dog stake at Lytham, without being once challenged, and he killed every hare. This talent with his teeth was the more remarkable, as he had a short thick neck. He had great power, and went a rattling pace. Senate was a bad killer, but a rare wrencher, and a steady racing-like dog. He ran a hare at Lytham for a quarter of an hour, and the very next week he won the Waterloo Cup, for which Webb's Flirt ran up. He was "a wandy dog, full of muscle, and his wrenching had always this grand peculiarity, that he did not wrench too hard—did not put them too far round, but gave no opening, and kept the game to himself. It was done in the real Eglinton Waterloo style—he never wrenched the hare out of his line."

Shade was a useful steady bitch; handsome, but with no remarkable pretensions in pace or work. Slater's Sandy ran hares in a dodging sort of a way, but he got well placed for all that. Magician was a racing-like dog, with good speed to his hare; high on the leg, but with no great wear and tear about him. Hughie Graham's finest race in the Waterloo Cup was with Staymaker. He got very badly away from the slips, and Staymaker led in a most splendid racing stretch. Hughie got up inch by inch, and headed the dog sixty yards from the hare. He gave two or three wrenches, and then turned her into Staymaker's mouth. ("Immense cheering.") Tom Oliver, who won a pony on it, was so delighted, that he threw himself down on the bank, and roared with pleasure, and kicked up his legs "like some one daft." Mr. Temple, true to his usual way of expressing his satisfaction at a very grand course, promptly lay on his stomach, and threw his heels over his back. Hughie had another fine trial with Mocking Bird, in the Waterloo Cup. She had a particularly fine eye to a hare, and when it disappeared in a ground hollow, she exactly marked where it would reappear, and gained a length or so, while Hughie ran out a bit. She not two or three wrenches, and then Hughie was busy again, and she

and then Requiem went on with the hare by herself, and had such a severe singlehander, that the hearts of her backers die within them, and any hopes of pulling off 33 to 1 become a vanishing fraction. Then every eye is on Lobelia as this rare grand-daughter of Canaradzo comes out bright and beautiful, and not

killed out of his mouth. "The Bird" wanted a very fast stout hare, as she was not a remarkable worker, and Ebb fairly beat her on this point at Amesbury. "She threw herself at her hare farther off than any greyhound I ever saw." Egypt was a thick, little, short dog, rather like Jacobite.

Cerito had fine pace, and sense to correspond; and her heaviest beating at Altcar was when she met Dalton—a dog who put in a great deal of work in a little time—for the Plate. "As a killer there was nothing like her for safety and science. Her measure was perfection. She would never make a flying kill, but draw herself back and be ready for the turns, and kill them just on the bend or the broadside." Grass was her forte. Waterloo (a bad killer), on the contrary, was all for bare fallows, and went as light as a cork over it. Wicked Eye was a rare drain-jumper; in fact, she skimmed them in her stride like a swallow, and could always make a couple of lengths at them. Protest ran very much in her style, and with great spirit; but she was not in such small compass, and took more time to settle. For pace she beat Riot in a short course; but Mr. Randell's bitch was a steadier worker. Sackcloth was a good steady dog, and a very close worker, beautiful both at his turns and wrenches. He was one of the British Lion blood, "an every-day dog," and the amount of travelling which he had to Ashdown and back before he won the Waterloo Cup has known no equal. Judge, whom he beat in the fourth course for the Cup, was a grand dog, and a great worker when he settled. For work, pace, and fencing combined, Riot has perhaps never had a peer, but like Patent she failed twice in the Waterloo Cup. Reveller (Seagull) had not her pace but he ran in very determined style when he had steadied down and ceased to rush. Rival was a lovely fencer; and she never gave coursers a greater treat than at Sundorne, when the hare threaded a holly fence near the Castle, and she and Jebb's No Hurry were "just like shuttlecocks in the air, backwards and forwards." There were never so many lamentations heard at Altcar as when Sunbeam failed to beat King Lear for the Cup. He had got a fearful bucketing the day before, as, when he had run Tempest to a standstill, he took off with a hare to Hill House. His great point was his beautiful, smooth working, but his pace was not like Judge's. Effort went a great pace, and put in plenty of work in the earlier part of the course. If the hare lived, he would slacken and then come again. This style was very observable in his courses both with Barman and Prizeflower at Hampton Court. Regan went with great fire, which he did not communicate to his stock, and was a rare timber and iron-hurdle jumper. He had fine

one mass of diachylon plaster as she was last year. She hung in the slips a little, and then she warmed up and raced past Exactly in the brilliant style of her Trovatore days, and made a masterly kill. The Lancashire men may well shout for her after such a performance, and wish her well through the Cup.

pace and led Woodpigeon at Patshull Park farther perhaps than one greyhound ever led another. Cardinal York's style was nice, but not equal to Picton's. Little Trip-the-Daisy had a low, stealing way with her, and was wonderfully game. When she beat Bello of the Village at Sudbury, she ran the hare till it dropped dead, and was so exhausted that she had to be carried to her carriage in Mrs. Cartwright's rug. Bribery had a slow, game, and persevering style. She would get to her hare, drive it a mile, but not kill it. Sapphire was great over the Downs. She would go through a sixty-four-dog stake without ever being challenged, and make a course short by killing.

Maid of the Mill was a fine big racing bitch, a little too arched in her back, and a trifle lacking in length. At Waterloo she fairly ran round Blue Hat in a short course; but she beat Sampler handsomely in a noble one. Roaring Meg was very determined and steady—not very fast, but so very persevering. Canaradzo had very fine pace, fire, and working power. He commanded himself beautifully, and was particularly determined and clever in closing with his hare. In his Waterloo Cup he gave Faldonside a regular towelling, and only let Gilbert get first turn by favour of the ground. His stock are generally rather quarrelsome and require work. If they are bad they are very bad, or the reverse. The dogs, on the whole, have been best. His sister, Sea Pink, always went best over Altcar; but, owing to temper, she would often throw out very wild turns, like Protest in her first course. She was a game bitch, and she never showed it so much as when she came again in a course at Sudbury, where Bribery had got her beat. Sea Foam was rather faster than her, and very much steadier. Chloe's thighs, hocks, and back ribs are perfection; if she has a fault, it is that she is half-an-inch too long in her fore legs. She was a little short of fire from the slips, but had good pace, always greater than Rebe's in her stretches, was smooth in her work, and clever with her teeth. It is upon this last point that her consort King Death's fame principally rests; and some of his cross kills were very beautiful to see. Bluebell had the same talent, and saved some courses out of the fire by it. Ciologa, the best of the Scotland Yets, was also a wonderful flying killer, and went through a 32-dog stake at Sudbury with only one point against her, made by Klaphonia.

Patent was a dog of great power, not especially fast, but very cool and steady, and certain to kill when he once got possession. He had a nice style of driving, and went beautifully from his turns. One of his cleverest kills was at Tredegar, when he fairly grabbed puss as

Now the drain jumping begins, and sorely tests the limbs that are stiff with "age's frost." Some bound over them in their stride like antelopes, or use the comfortable pole; others go at them with faces indicative of resignation and agony combined, and if a foot slips there is a roar like a salvo of artillery down

they flew a fence together, and again when he beat Calabaroono in Scotland. Like all the Davids, he did not excel on marsh or ploughed land. Like David, again (whose bitches don't require much work), he never seemed tired. After being beaten at the Waterloo, he wound up with three cups in a month at Hereford, Ashdown, and the Scottish National. In the Craven Cup he had a splendid half-mile straight with Riotous Hoppicker. They ran almost locked from Kingston Warren Bottom to Compton Bottom; and then the dog began to draw out, and reached his hare two lengths first. Save and except Master M'Grath, Mr. Warwick considers him quite the best dog of the last seven or eight seasons. David was a steady and cautious dog, and not a flyer. He had ordinary pace, and did not close resolutely with his game. He was unlucky in his Waterloo Cup, and went head-over-heels into a ditch; but his name lives in his stock, when far flashier greyhounds are forgotten. Calabaroono had fine pace, and a deal of cleverness. Still, Jessica was very nearly too much for him in the Plate at Altcar. She was getting very busy at last; but the hare did not live long enough. Rebe was one of the most persevering bitches that ever was put in slips at Altcar, and she went a good pace as well. She had a remarkably clever way of taking a drain and then stopping herself; and she twice over did Sea Pink by that dodge, as the latter got over and tumbled about, while the black was scoring-up points. King Death had only just the best of the pace with Rebe in the Waterloo Cup run-up; but the hare soughed. Theatre Royal "just wanted a little pace, or she would have been quite first-class." Kingwater's action was as smooth as oil, but he was rather soft-hearted. His pace was wonderful, and he had cleverness to correspond. His finest course was with Romping Girl for the Douglas Cup, in the Greenfields at Abington, Crawfurd St. John. It was a very long slip, and they ran neck-and-neck for three hundred yards, when Romping Girl drew out and got first turn. Kingwater had the second, and the bitch the third, and then she raced past him, and ran her hare to a standstill. Romping Girl's daughter, Restless Belle, understood driving in the highest degree. She would drive them a mile, and never bring them round, and let nothing else get in. Prize Flower could go a good pace, and delighted in long game courses; and Belle of the Village was very staunch, and excelled in a long driving course on the downs. Cauld Kail was a very steady and smooth runner, but not exactly brilliant. Fieldfare was not fast, but smooth at her turns; Silkworm had good pace, but did not like to be punished; Cheer Boys was a very game dog, and ran like a

the line. Occasionally a stout gentleman determines, rather than be left behind, to jump or perish in the attempt. He is gravely advised by some athlete to "pull himself together," whatever that process may be; he balances his arms, rushes, regardless of family considerations, at his work, funks, towers, is deposited with a splash, and ignominiously crawls out up the opposite bank. What comfort is it to him to be told to "put on more powder" when all is over, and he is wet up to his middle? A policeman in a helmet has a most tremendous reception when he jumps short, but still there is not the fun there was when fewer people came, and poor John Jackson, in his lusty manhood, went striding and shouting with his short stick in his hand, over the ditches, and when Jem Mace, or Joe Goss, were putting on condition after that fashion.

puppy at Ashdown in his fifth season; Grand Master was a rare puppy until he met with his accident; and Mr. Warwick always quotes the way in which he knocked about a hare on the Black Hill, Abington, as a marvellous specimen of "high art."

Brigadier went rarely through the Liverpool Cup, and was only once challenged by Fieldfare. He was so clever with his hare, that she must have jumped over him to get in. This was once done at Hordley by Butterfly (by Lopez), and she won the Cup by it. Brigadier's daughter, Brigade, is a beautiful bitch, with great pace, very determined, and very clever withal. She goes faster from her turns than Jane Anne (now Sweetbriar), who, clever and game as she was, rather lacked pace. Bab at the Bowster was hardly so brilliant as Brigade last season, but very determined and clever, and goes a great pace. In fact, she is good all round, and seemed even better in her 1868-69 season. Lobelia was good at all points, and never was greyhound more cut up than her in her first course for the Waterloo Cup, with Lord Soulis, and yet she went through the stake and won it. She was just too clever for Trovatore all that season; but Master M'Grath was in turn too much for her when they met in the Waterloo Cup. The Irish dog's pace and tact were almost supernatural. He jumped a ditch into the road with Lobelia; the hare came short back over the hare-bridge, and the dog jumped back, and nailed her as she came over, to use Mr. Warwick's words, "just as a cat does a mouse." "It was," he added, "the cleverest thing I ever saw." In the early part of the course Lobelia led on the inside, he raced past her, and put the hare to her; then he gave her another go-by, and then came this remarkable kill.

And so the courses go on, and at last the crowd, some six or seven thousand strong, line the high embankment on both sides of a field where Patent ran one year. A sort of nervous thrill goes through them when a beautiful worked course has been run in full view between Jolly Green and Innkeeper. "One more bye, and then the crack comes out," is the key to it. They are so closely packed that it is difficult as you stand to see right along the bank. In a minute a roar is heard at the distance, and we know that the black is coming. Nearer and nearer, and the shout is taken up all along the line, as when the St. Leger horses reach the Intake turn, and the last struggle begins. Mr. Warwick tears along at full gallop on the grey, almost level, and twenty yards to the right of the hare, in order to be handy at the finish; and then comes the black dog with the white breast and the white neck mark, going like a whirlwind twelve lengths a head of Borealis. She looks, in fact, like a mere terrier scuffling after him, and when she did get up, the Irish dog had raced right into his hare, and flung it up half dead into the air. Raper said that he had never seen a greyhound go so fast, and the Cup seemed to be over. Then Woman in Black delights the Irish division once more, and Ask Mamma and Charming May ran as sweetly as ever. Except Lady Lyons, there was nothing more beautiful than "May" on the field. Ghillie Callum then gives the Scotchmen a good turn, and fastens on his hare, when he kills so savagely that they are obliged to bite his ear before he will resign it. Two other dogs cannot settle the knotty point, and so they dash away and jump a wide ditch, holding the hare between them. Luncheon succeeds, and the coursers are found in carriages, or on the top of them, on the grass, or sitting on a rail "transacting business" with hampers and parcels which would have done

Epsom no discredit. Even a horse and gig rolling in a ditch doesn't rouse them. They were a singularly quiet and well-behaved crowd, and though the stewards had left them pretty nearly to their own devices, in despair of handling so many, they encroached but a very few yards. It was a fine, genial day, and each man seemed bent on good-humoured enjoyment, and an oath or coarse word was almost unheard.

Luncheon over, and we got into position for the last time that day, and all along the Engine-house Meadows. For some time it was hopeless to begin, as "fur" was too plentiful; but at last they came off the fallows by singles, and Master M'Grath was slipped once more. There was no enthusiasm over this course. On he sped raking lengths away from Hard Lines, but after turning his hare he tumbled and got shaken, as he put in no really good work afterwards, and Hard Lines killed. The crowd were quite still and disappointed, but there were some cheers as Lord Lurgan, who loves the sport dearly, and boasted a huge pair of leggings, walked up to him to pat him.

Then arose the bronchitic strains of that comical old man who had gone about all day with Master M'Grath blazoned on his hat and selling sweetmeats: "*Master M'Grath 'Umbugs!*" followed by a list of the towns in which they were patronised, one of which seemed to have an especial ludicrous suggestion in it. We cannot say that "still his speech was song," but on it ran "*Four a penny —I puts it in the sinking fund—my wife taks the money, and I niver see it noe moor.*" Malt Liquor, Ghillie Callum, and Randolph, a son of Romping Girl, went with immense fire, and some began to fancy Ghillie for the Cup. "*India Rubber 'Umbugs!—India Rubber 'Umbugs!*" from the old quarter, whose wares were re-christened as

each good dog won, told of the victory of another son of Ewesdale, and we could not forbear leaving our post to see the beautiful blood-red Lady Lyons rubbed down after winning. But the twilight draws on, and at last the hare supply begins to fail.

Not a beater can be seen, as they are far away, quietly stirring up the hares, and sending them stealing over the fallows, towards the big sough, which has been such a city of refuge to them time out of mind. We stand waiting for minutes while Raper has Bab and Sir William in the slips. "*Sporting Eagle 'Umbugs—niver see it noe moor,*" indicate the last registered winner and break the reverential silence which falls on all good coursers, when such a *prima donna* as Bab is coming once more on to the stage. At last the word is passed that a hare is in sight; Bab is ready for her, and a beautiful course, ending with a rattling kill, carries the bonnie Scotch lassie through her second round. Such was the opening day, and the next night found the puppies all beaten off, and England and Ireland each with one, and Scotland with two champions. Ireland and Scotland fought it out at last, and Lord Lurgan's dog could only beat Bab about a length for speed, and get very little the best of the working. Perhaps two such flyers never met before, as the winner has never been beaten, and the loser, we believe, only once. Bonfires were lighted on Friday night on the hills near Belfast, to tell of the second Waterloo victory of their black dog. At Waterloo, it created such enthusiasm in the bosom of one Celt, that having flung away his own hat, he rushed at Lord Lurgan, plucked off his lordship's wideawake, flung it wildly into the air, and kicked it when it came down again.

CHAPTER XIV.

Johnson: "Mrs. Thrale's mother said of me what flattered me very much. A clergyman was complaining of want of society in the country where he lived; and said, 'they talk of runts—that is, young cows.' 'Sir,' said Mrs. Salisbury, 'Mr. Johnson would learn to talk of runts;' meaning that I was a man who would make the most of my situation, whatever I was." He added, "I think myself a very polite man."

Croker's Life of Dr. Johnson, vol. 7, p. 194.

Cheese-making in Cheshire—The late Captain White and Dr. Bellyse—Mr. D. R. Davies' Herd—Cattle Plague in Cheshire—Penrhyn Castle—Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds—Mr. Naylor's Herefords.

If cheese had been our mission in Cheshire we certainly saw plenty of it, when the County Agricultural Society held its meeting on the Roodee, and wives and spinsters crowded the long booth to look at the champion lot. One of its four cheeses was brought to the dinner, and was pronounced good but not superfine. Mr. J. D. Harding, the professional cheese-maker, who did so much towards teaching Ayrshire* the Cheddar plan, spoke in the course of the evening with no small energy against mere rule of thumb management. We heard this Makesbury "Minister of Public Instruction" very well, but the acoustics of the room are so bad, that although we were not more than thirteenth from the chairman, Mr. Barbour, the only thing we gathered

* See "Field and Fern" (South), p.p. 278-285.

from him and the speakers round him, was the word "Rabbits."

Cheese-making in Cheshire runs very much in families. Some have a sort of hereditary genius for making it almost irrespective of the land, which is generally a very strong loam, and others, with every chance and appliance, never make a first-rate article.* The cheese farms generally run from 100

* The following is a portion of Mr. Harding's lecture on Cheese-making, delivered before the Tarporley Club:—"There should be a proper dairy-room; but this indispensable item in dairy practice, as a rule, is wanting throughout the length and breadth of our land, in the absence of which there can be seldom a guarantee for making *good* cheese. The milk, so delicate in its nature, requires to be deposited in a place entirely free from every impurity; the floor of the room should be clean, and every precaution taken to render it dry. Cement should be used where necessary to fill up joints or cracks, so as to destroy every lodging-place for filth; every utensil in use should not only be clean but appear with a polish. The milk should be poured into a receiver outside the dairy-house, and conveyed by a pipe, or rather an open shoot or conduit, to the vessel prepared for its reception in the milk-house, that the milkers may not enter the dairy. Under these circumstances milk may be kept sweet in ordinary weather, in a temperature of 63 to 65 degrees, during the night in one vessel (say, the cheese tub), to which the morning's milk may with safety be added, and a fine cheese be the result. I cannot understand why persons prefer the labour of making cheese twice a-day, when a cheese of a superior description can be produced by making once as I have described. As to preparing the milk for the reception of the rennet, in the absence of Cockey's or any heating apparatus, beyond 100 degrees. During the summer months it frequently happens that no heating is required, the evening milk in the cheese tub having stood at 56 to 70 degrees; and that of the morning coming in to mix with it at a temperature of 90 degrees, will at once fix the bulk at 78 to 80 degrees, the temperature required. The rennet, which should be perfectly sweet and its strength practically known, should at once be introduced and stirred into the milk so as to take immediate and universal effect, and at once arrest the particles of cream, and prevent their escape to the surface. If the atmosphere be close and damp, and the temperature high, care should be taken to prevent the over-heating of any portion of it, lest its condition become affected before the rennet is added. It is not safe to heat it. The evening milk may have acquired sufficient acidity to slightly affect litmus paper, to which there is not always much objection; but if it has remained perfectly sweet, a little sour whey of a clean acid taste *may* be added to assist the rennet, the quantity being regulated by

to 200 acres statute measure; some few may be larger, but the majority scarcely average 150 acres. The general estimate is a cow to every 4 acres, in addition to which there is the usual proportion of stirks and calves. Of course, where the farmers bone and manure heavily, the same land will carry many more, but rich grass does not improve the quality of cheese. The rent is not regulated by the price of cheese, and there is no bowie system as in Ayrshire.

the experience of the dairy-woman. Breaking the Cheese: The coagulation should occupy fifty to sixty minutes, it may then be cut across at right angles with a long knife or other cutting instruments, when the whey should immediately begin to appear. With the milk at this stage of the proceedings, in the condition I have described, the character of the future cheese is entirely subject to the skill of the operator. To follow the Cheddar method, after remaining a short time in this state, it should be broken or cracked up carefully, to prevent waste, when a little whey is taken off and warmed. When the breaking is completed, this heated whey is poured over it, which tends to harden the curd and clear the whey, when the curd will be found to be in small and distinct particles: it is then allowed to subside. A portion of the whey is then drawn off and heated for scalding, which may occupy thirty or forty minutes. The curd is then stirred up, and the heated whey poured amongst it until it has reached a temperature of 100 degrees. The stirring is continued till the particles of curd again separate and sink, when the whey remains clear. With Cockey's heating apparatus, the breaking and the scalding is performed by one operation, the temperature being gradually increased during the stirring till it reaches 100 degrees. There is probably less necessity for the curd being so finely broken when it is not to be scalded, as there would be some difficulty in again collecting it without the application of heat of a high temperature. After being subjected to the heated whey for twenty-five or thirty minutes, the whole of the whey is drawn off, the curd becomes a compact mass, which is heaped up on the convex bottom of the tub; the temperature being carefully retained, the whey readily escapes. When this is effected, which may occupy from one to two hours, according to circumstances, it is placed in the press to remain twenty or thirty minutes, when it is removed and broken in the mill, and salted with the best refined salt (which is prepared for the purpose by Titley of Bath), at the rate of 1lb. of salt to 56lb. of curd, when it is again placed in the press. The next morning it is turned in the vat, and a dry cloth is given to it, which is not subsequently wetted. At the end of the third day it is removed to the cheese-room and bandaged, when it is turned every day for a few days; as it hardens it is turned twice a-week, and ultimately once, till it is sent to market at two to four months old."

Cheese-making commences in early spring, with what is termed "the Boosy Cheese;" but the opening day of "the prime season" is the 12th of May, or "the turning-out day" when all cattle begin their summer grazing, and cheese is made, more or less, until October 12th, when the ley season closes.

The principal cheese market is at Chester. There is also one at Crewe, but the factors generally travel about from farm to farm, and purchase the whole or the greater portion of their cheese from the same places, year after year. The cheese of the North or North Eastern part of the county is made for the Manchester market. It is lifted from the farms about October, and is used in a green state; and in fact it will not keep. The farmers adopt this plan because they want to have no trouble with their cheese during the winter months; they have also no loss in weight, and they get their money sooner. A much smaller quantity of cheese is now made on the Knutsford side, as the demand for milk in Manchester has increased so largely. Tarporley and the country round Chester is of good report; but perhaps the best Cheshire cheese, which is generally sent to London, is made in the Nantwich and Broxton Hundreds. This cheese is made to keep, and is generally not lifted from the farms until February or March. It commands a higher price in consequence, and is worth, on an average, 90s. per cwt, whilst the more ordinary sorts range from 55s. to 80s. Prices ruled high in 1869, and they were at their lowest point before the cattle-plague fell upon the county with such fearful virulence.

Our "Cheshire worthies" are connected more or less with the Roodee. Of old Joe Maiden and his doings, and the wooden leg of later life, we have told elsewhere, and we can see his smile of pleasure as Captain White looked over his youngest son, one Cup day, when he heard that he was intended for a

whip, "to see if he had good legs and feet." We never remember the immortal Captain so amusing as when, with Sir Watkin and two ex-masters of hounds, he was helping to dig out a fox on a frosty bye afternoon in the Wynnstay Woods, and stood at a bolt hole with a stick, as he said, to "nobble" him. Again he was very great, when he was bidding at Mr. Blenkiron's for Lord Stamford, and kept popping his head at intervals out of the window of the drag, and requesting Mr. Tattersall to "knock him down." He was always very good-natured if any writer asked him about old times, and most pathetic on the horrors of the great frost of '15, when he was obliged to leave Lincolnshire, where he was hunting with Mr. Assheton Smith, and employed his London leisure in looking at the skaters and the bonfires on the Thames.

He hardly understood being followed by a pencil, and his scream when he saw one produced with an author at the end of it, was a sort of compound of Tom Rance's and Rachel's for intensity. And then his language and his power of simile, when he described the points of his hunter Harlequin! The echoes of the laughter of those who heard him, must linger yet in the smoking-room at Cherry Hill. If there was a bit of fun, there he was in the midst of it, with a joke and a comment which would have often sounded as nothing in another man's mouth, but were so rich and so mellow in his. He and Mr. Osbaldeston were born in the same year, but the "Old Squire" outstayed him, although he was reduced to his Bath chair. He rode his grey mare, Alice Grey, which originally cost him £20, for ten or twelve seasons, in fact almost to the last, over Cheshire. Every year he had a week or two with The Duke's at Badminton, and enjoyed the stone walls amazingly. He was also a good deal at Quorn, while Lord Stamford was master. He would ride

anything, but Comet was generally "the Captain's horse," and they were wont to joke him about having cut his initials on him with his spur, when the pair had a bit of a scramble at an ox fence. He was Master of the Horse to his lordship and then to Mr. Naylor; and one of his proudest recollections was the the way in which (when, in consequence of Godding's illness, he and the head-lad were in charge), he hoodwinked the touts about Macaroni's trial. The Manchester men grumbled at the hard measure which he sometimes dealt out to them; but the mirth of the land is gone, and the Cheshire covert-side now lacks its most radiant element.

"I would give half-a-hundred men,
Black Douglas were alive again."

Dr. Bellyse was nearly as well known in the county as his father, and by virtue of his long connection with coursing he was always allowed to ride with the beaters at The Waterloo. He was true to the sport to the last, and a fall from his pony at the Sudbury meeting somewhat hastened his end. Latterly he did not run dogs in public, but still he bred a few for private coursing. Bachelor, the founder of the Bugle blood, was bred by him, and he never forsook that strain. He left Audlem some years before his death, and the practice which he had inherited was transferred to his son. Latterly he occupied a pretty little Cheshire home at Dorfold not far from Nantwich. His love of the leash peeped out a hundred ways—from Cerito on the wall to the "Stonehenge" and "Thacker" on the table and the greyhound *couchant* on the paper-weight and ink-stand. Everything about him was as natty as himself. He did not inherit his father's taste for the Turf, but he treasured the stories he had heard from him of The Roodee, and the Mostyn Mile. Beyond keeping the box of silver spurs (over which

he waxed quite eloquent when it was drawn out) and the lineal descendants of the black-breasted reds, he had quite deserted "the Sod." We remember him once saying, as he put a carving-knife into a pair of noble pullets which tasted like pheasants, after their final three days' bread-and-milk probation in a dark pen, "Its like carving gold; what would my poor father say if he saw us? he wouldn't have killed them for two hundred guineas a-piece." Our friend had, however, only anticipated the change in public taste, as these martial roosters did not average more than 16s. to 18s. per pair at the hammer.

Mr. D. R. Davies' herd is kept near his residence, Mere Old Hall, at the Bucklow Hill Farms, where he has nearly 400 acres, inclusive of planta-

* He began in February, 1862, at Mr. Grundy's, where he purchased after the sale Victoria Regina of the Booth, and Roan Queen (served by First Grand Duke of Wetherby) of the Bates blood, by way of starting impartially. To these were added in due course, Medora by Master Rembrandt from Mr. Barber's, Surmise by May Duke from Mr. Hales', Mildred Rose and Dairymaid (both of the Sylph tribe) from Mr. Jonas Webb's, Leonora from Mr. Jolly's, Countess of Burlington by Third Grand Duke and Minstrel 2nd from the Duke of Devonshire's, Cherry Empress from Mr. Logan's, Stanley Roan from Mr. A. Maynard's, Lady Best from Mr. Langston's, and Thorndale Duchess and Thorndale Rose from Mr. Robinson's. Gradually he went for Bates, weeded-out animals not of that blood, and began with Marquis of Oxford by Sixth Duke of Oxford from Moth. After him he bought Ebor, who was third to Forth in the old bull class at Newcastle Royal, and second at the Manchester and Liverpool meeting. Then he went on with Garibaldi by Third Grand Duke from Cambridge Rose 6th, which he bought in 1864 from Miss Combe. On February 23rd, 1864, he sold two dozen females and nine bulls, and made 120 gs. for Master Warlaby from Leonora, whereat the Cheshire farmers, who know of no such prices for "a bull fed on rushes," cheered lustily. The average was £31 0s. 9d., and Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitworth were the leading purchasers. Since then he has purchased Cleopatra 5th by 9th Duke of Oxford and Charlotte 4th by Duke of Knowlmere (first prize at Plymouth Royal) from Mr. Logan, Bracelet and Bland (own sisters) by Sir James from Mr. Wythes, Moss Rose 2nd by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Mr. E. H. Betts (Preston Hall), Moss Rose (dam of the above) from Mr. Foster (Killhow), Wellingtonia by 3rd Duke of Thorndale from Mr. Mc'Intosh (Havering Park), Harmony by Cherry

tion belts, in his own hands.* Mr. Davies had a second herd of eleven cows and heifers, some of them calves when the plague began. He believes that preventive measures failed, simply because, when the grass came, he placed his cattle in the field for a short time daily, out of the influence of chlorine gas. In this belief he is confirmed by the experience of his near neighbour, Lord Egerton of Tatton, whose milch cows and feeding stock were subjected to the same treatment, but never allowed to leave the shippons. Hence, in spite of a severe attack of the plague on several farms in the vicinity of the Tatton Home Farm, they all escaped, while some of the West Highland bullocks in the park went down. Chlorine gas was quite the fashion in Cheshire, and as farmers were very "jealous" of contagion, every rural policeman carried, at the suggestion of Professor Stone, a wooden kit with him, as well as a waterproof bag, for disinfecting his dress. The kit had four compartments for bottles of muriatic acid, chlorate of potash, Stockholm tar, and "soap and sundries." The two former generate chlorine gas by contact, and a few drops of the tar poured upon some hot cinders will disinfect boots or clogs when suspended on a poker within reach of its vapour. The inspection dress is made of strong calico and fashioned like a diver's, and it is fumigated and made ready for the next visit by putting it into the bag along with a perforated box in which chlorine gas has been generated and retained on pumice stone.†

Duke 3rd from Mr. Adkins (Millcote), Cleopatra 9th by Lord Oxford from Mr. Harwood (Winterford), Grand Duke of Essex 4th by Grand Duke 4th from Mr. Mc'Intosh (Havering Park), and Twelfth Duke of Thorndale bred by Mr. S. Thorne of Thorndale, U.S. The last named was one of the animals offered at the Windsor sale, and afterwards purchased from Mr. Thomas when in London.

† Mr. Davies' shippon is at the junction of three roads leading to Chester, Warrington, and Knutsford, and in the centre of a district through which the plague wended the same fatal way that it did in

Shropsnire sheep have been another great fancy of Mr. Davies, and he has won at the Royal North Lancashire, the Manchester and Liverpool, the Yorkshire and Cheshire, with his rams. For the last two or three years he has given a prize for the sort at the Yorkshire Show. The flock numbers ten-

the last century—commencing near Warrington and coming along the low ground. In the small township of Tabley alone 662 beasts died; 41 were slaughtered, and only 20 per cent. were left. It skipped some farms and attacked others, and it would sometimes in its later stages take one cow and return to the same herd for another victim at the lapse of three weeks. Cleanliness was of no avail, and some of the very worst kept shippons escaped. Mr. Davies' precautionary efforts were unintermitting from the first. Every beast about the place was vaccinated; hyposulphite of soda, beginning at 3lbs. and so on to 5lbs., was mixed for four or five months in 100 gallons of water; and chlorine gas was used night and day in the shippon. Sawdust was substituted for straw, in consequence of its absorbing the *fæces* better, and being so much more easily removed. The cattle were never more blooming than when they were turned out in the middle of May, for a few hours daily, into a field adjoining the shippon and abutting on the high road. There was no infected farm nearer than a mile, but at the end of three weeks an Alderney heifer was taken ill and died in 36 hours. She had no symptoms of illness about her except a slight discharge from the vagina, and until the veterinary surgeon opened her, he thought she was ruptured. The bull by which she had been recently served was slaughtered immediately, but there was no arresting the evil, and in two days more nine or ten were down with it. Leonora, from Mr. Jolly's, was the first decided case, as they found her one morning with her back up, her coat staring, and her head and ears drooping; but Lady Best from the late Mr. Langston's, Minstrel from Holker, Heiress from Mr. Hales', Cherry Empress from Mr. Logan's, and Water Girl from the late Mr. Anthony Maynard's soon followed suit. They sickened for three or four days, and on the fourth there was a strong discharge from the nose, eyes, and vagina. They could neither lie nor stand; their legs and heads were never still, and their moanings were sad to hear. They would become feverish, and then shiver like a man in the ague, and their *fæces* were quite lax and costive by turns.

As they were very valuable stock, and Cheshire was at its wit's-end in the hope of discovering some alleviation or remedy, the local committee consented to have them treated, but everything was useless except the iodine ointment, a compound of iodine, mercury, and lard, which was recommended by Mr. Lawson, veterinary surgeon of Manchester. His object was to set up a counter-irritation if possible, and the ointment rubbed twice or thrice a day on the chest gave apparent relief. When applied in the early stage it seemed their only

score ewes, and has been established from the oldest and best flocks in Shropshire—Horton's, Matthews', Crane's, Evans', Smith's, and others, and the wethers are all sold off as shearlings. Many of his rams went last year to South America, Australia, and Germany, and one of the latter took the first prize at the Leipzic Fair. Horton's Lord of the Isles, Duke of Kent, and General Lee (all Royal prize winners) have been used, and did much both for size, heavy flesh, and wool.

We did not care for the estuary of the Dee, its countlesss small flat "lumps" of coasting vessels, and great manure and alkali works, but we should have been sorry to miss Conway Castle or Rhyl, or that peep up the rich vale of Clwyd, with its black cattle and scraggy sheep, its Cathedral of St. Asaph, and its old castle of Ruddlan. The railway follows the line of the sea-coast in all its windings, till it comes in sight of the bold, rocky headland of Penmaen Mawr, and the blunt surface of Priestholme or Puffin Island, which is the very Bass Rock of those Western seas. Generations of fishing fowl have made it their fishing residence since a Prince of North Wales fixed his eye on the promontory of Penrhyn (head of the mound), from which only a few miles of salt water divide it, and founded the first castle of that name. The solidity of his

chance, but unfortunately it was not thought of till some of the best had died. The climax was generally on the fourth day, and those which died often lingered on about three days more. One old cow of the Towneley blood fought on for upwards of a fortnight. When the turn for the better came, frequent doses of oatmeal-gruel were administered. Up to that point they could not be got to take anything, as their mouths were sore with inflammation, and they did not even notice water. Countess of Barrington and Surmise were never so ill as the others, but they wasted to skin and bone, and it took them and seven others (which had all been treated with iodine ointment) several weeks to recover their bloom. None of these nine survivors out of thirty-six were able to carry their calves, but slunk them, a perfect mass of putridity, after which they "came to hand" much quicker.—Royal Agricultural *Journal* (H. H. D.).

masonry still speaks for itself in a small portion of the western side; but he would stroke his beard in amazement if he could rise for one hour before cock-crow, and visit the massive Anglo-Norman keep, which his descendants have reared. For upwards of fifteen years did the Anglesea quarrymen patiently hew out block after block of grey limestone, to embody Mr. Hopper's designs.

A continuous ride of fifteen miles from its lodge-gate through Caernarvonshire scarcely brings us to the limits of the Penrhyn property, which comprises other estates in the same county, and extends in the shape of sheep farms to the top of the snow-peaked mountains which join the Snowdon range. His lordship has been most diligent in draining, and succeeded most effectually in ruining his snipe-shooting. One field of 34 acres involved an outlay of £850 for blasting, draining, and trenching with the spade, and the rough morass at the foot of the mountains required 10 cwt. per acre of half-inch bones, in addition to the two latter processes, before it could be made suitable for sheep. The mountains, however, pay something more than a tribute for their surface wealth in the shape of tons of slate, which are being daily raised by 2,700 workmen in the quarries near the village of Bethesda. The blocks are blasted out, and then split up and cut by hand or machine, ready for transport down the five or six miles of tram-road, which carries them to the rail-way and the Bangor pier. Slates haunt you every-where. You find them fixed up lengthways and bound together with iron for fences; they start up as corn-chest pannels, chimney-pieces, and water cisterns in the cow-houses; they bristle on wall tops as *chevaux de frise*; they form the narrow passage by which his attendant slipped craftily up to Marmaduke whenever he required "hooking;" and, cut into countless shapes, they bear the last living

tribute of many a simple heart, "*Er cof am,*" in the beautiful churchyard of Llandegai.

The park wall of Penrhyn, which measures about seven miles round, commences in the immediate outskirts of Bangor, and skirts the old Chester road for the first two. The dairy is close to one of the lodges, and carried us back, with its cool slate slabs, its mimic fountains, and its white and blue rimmed delf bowls (on which the emblazoned boar and griffin surmount the Bruce's heart and locket), to the dainty dairy of England beneath the Belvoir woodlands. The farm buildings themselves are a substantial stone pile, rather noticeable for their convenience within than any architectural pretensions without. Many of the calf-boxes in the second yard were especially built for Dorkings, in the days when the fowl mania was at fever-heat.

Penrhyn has pretty well held the lead in Welsh runts,* both at Birmingham and Smithfield, since

* Most money is asked for the black runts from Anglesey; but they have become more "coloury" than they once were, and many of them are red. The dealers go to the yards in the spring of the year, and take them younger, and they can make of them at 2½ years what they used to do with a year more on their heads. The graziers in Essex and Kent buy young heifers of 15 to 18 months (many of them from Caermarthenshire), call them "calves," and winter and feed them off. On good land the heifers "have more swell on them" than the bullocks. The latter go principally to Leicester and Harboro' markets, and not on to Northampton. Some of the best three-parts-bred, twos off, make £16 to £20 in good years. The Midland Counties men buy bullocks in October, and keep them twelve months, but seldom a second winter if they can help it. Mr. Bennett of Marston is an especial admirer of North Wales blacks. He generally picks six of the best to get up for show, and sometimes feeds a hundred. William Evans buys a great many in the spring and after August for the Midlands; and the three brothers Roberts, and David Owen, and Jarratt all bring large supplies to Daventry, Rugby, Leicester, and Harboro', and the remnants on to Northampton. The Evanses (William, John, and Lewis) were once very great in the trade; but all of them are dead. Richard Evans is one of the oldest in the trade, and brings many Shropshires as well as Welsh beasts, and Dan Davis has had a great lot down the last three years. "Spectacle Jones" has sometimes brought nearly 1,200 to the Midlands between March and

1855. One of its heaviest was sold for £66 at 4 years 6 months, and cut up to 220 stone of 8lbs., whereas the others have generally run from 180 to 200. The Chester and Warwick Royal Shows brought out the heavy blacks of Penrhyn in great force. Ten out of the twelve winning cards, and

November; but he has in a measure retired now, and only looks to old customers and his farm.

In Anglesey beasts generally do well, as there is plenty of green crop; and "the calves" went to Barnet Fair until the plague regulations were put in force. Heifers used to go only to Essex, but now more of them go to the Midlands. The bullocks have the best land, and a bull is often put in with the heifers, so that if they do badly, there's the calf. There are now many more buyers of heifers in the Midlands than what there were eighteen years ago, and they turn off two sets of heifers to one of bullocks.

Caermarthenshire and Cardiganshire both get Pembroke bulls. The former county has them of a good sire, but coarser in quality; and Cardiganshire, for lack of green crops, hardly attends to them as it might. Pembroke keeps the black line most pure; but all these counties use Hereford as well as shorthorn bulls. Its Roosa and Castle Martin beasts are pure. The latter have more quality and less bone, and are shorter legged, and not so big as the Roosa beasts. The Castle Martin lack fineness of horn; but it is a favourite saying, "Don't buy me a bull without a good thick horn—his stock feed and come to the weight best." The Castle Martin cows are generally good, and, like most Pembrokes, with white spots, and white under the belly, and horns yellow with a black tip. In Pembrokeshire horses are often seen yoked in front of oxen in carts. In Caermarthenshire many of the runts are brindled and black, and with "a white ribbon," like the almost extinct breed near Hexham. The bulls are small, and anything but good; and even in Anglesey, West Highlanders, Galloways, and Herefords are all creeping in. They are now of all colours —black, brindled, dun, red, black with white face, &c.; but still the better pasture and green crops keep them at the head of the poll for size.

Glamorgan has got rid of the old sort, and taken more to Herefords, or white and smutty-faced black beasts. Only one or two keep the old white-tailed sort, which were higher on the leg than the modern Glamorgans. The moderns are not a good lot of beasts, coarser than the Pembrokes, excellent workers, and good for the pail, and generally red-brown or ruddy, and dragged up on bad iron ore pasture. Many of the best ponies and best trotters come out of Glamorganshire. There are also many ponies in the upper part of Radnorshire. The fairs are cried at chapel, and many pony lots are sold from 50s. to £7.

Beddgelert, Llanllyfni, Llanberis, Capel Curig, and Bettws are all noted fairs (and so is Llanbedr, between Conway and Llanrwst)

four of them firsts, were their portion on the Roodee; and at Warwick the head bull prize, open to all breeds save three, fell to their lot, with Lord Southesk's Poll Angus and H.R.H. Prince Albert's Alderney next in merit. A cross between the Welsh and West Highland was tried. It improved the quality of the beef, but the females did not milk so well, and the calves fell small.

Whitaker bulls, followed by some of Mr. Fawkes's and Sir Charles Knightley, introduced the shorthorn blood to Penrhyn some six-and-thirty years ago, and about 1851 a few pedigreed females were bought from Edgecote, Rothersthorpe, and elsewhere. Booth's King Arthur and Vanguard were both hired, and Marmaduke was a very good 400-guinea purchase; and the herd has not only taken firsts with a Lovemore steer and cow at Birmingham, but the first calf prize with Jessamine at the Canterbury, and again with Waterloo 26th at the Leicester Royal.

Sheep-breeding has been made a great point of both at the home and the mountain farm, which lies at the foot of the mountains, fully five miles away. The flock, which numbers about two thousand, is really half Cheviot and Welsh, and the wethers are kept to four years old for the sake of their mutton. A disposition to kemp or hair in the Welsh fleece

in October for cattle, wethers of all ages up to six, and broken-mouthed ewes. The four-year-old wethers have gone as high as 28s., and the draft ewes to 22s. for England. The fair at Menai Bridge is held monthly, and dealers, as elsewhere, have generally had the offer of everything, so that you are obliged to outbid them. Llangefni is also a fair of note, and Caernarvon, Conway, and Llanerchymedd are for steers principally. Caernarvonshire has good feeding between the base of Snowdon and the Menai Straits, and again between the Rivals and Llyen districts. Welsh mountain farms of 1,000 to 1,400 acres will let for £60. The grey-black sheep don't generally die well; in Caermarthenshire the whites are better liked, and in Merionethshire yellow legs and black faces are more the order of the day. July 15th is the general clipping time, and they are pretty generally their own shearers. It strips away from the neck, and leaves the scrag as bare as a deer's.

has been very much counteracted by a cross with the Cheviot, which has increased both the quantity and texture of the wool, without spoiling the flavour of the mutton or the natural hardiness of the sheep. The Leicesters and Shrops form a distinct flock of from 1,000 to 1,200 on the lower Penrhyn Farm. The former were originally bred from Robert Smith's stock, crossed with rams from Hewitt, Sanday, and Burgess. One season they were crossed with Cotswolds, but the result was a general ungainliness of frame and lumpiness in the shoulders. First-class "Shrops" have been the latest introduction. They required a short time to become acclimatised; but their mutton finds Welsh purchasers at all seasons, which the Leicester fails to do.

Pigs have also been successful prize-takers, and many of them are sprung from a sow and two boars bought at Earl Ducie's sale, and the progeny of one of the sows alone made nearly £300.

A mile walk from the first lodge down the great Parliamentary Road, for which Wales has to thank the late Sir Henry Parnell, brought us to the village of Llandegai. "*Twenty-four hours from London to Holyhead*" seems stamped on it yet, as, although the grass is growing on the sides, the middle testifies how carefully Telford must have executed the sub-paving and draining. Posterity has, however, to pay pretty freely for its dashing, break-neck memories of the Chester and Holyhead mails. Before road-making rose to the dignity of a science, the late Lord Penrhyn had made one from Capel Curig, which, by adopting the base of the triangle for its route, brought grass and grief to Conway; and a picture in the castle represents him pointing out on a map the intended route, which spurned many of those valleys along which Telford was content to creep. At Llandegai flower worship seems to exercise the same manifold witchery as the chirp of the knit-

ting needles. The Virginian creeper, the foreign currant, and the cotoniastus cling round every porch, ready to burst into bloom under a milder sky, and the hydrangea and fuchsia are wont to peep in at many a lattice from "plaited alleys of the trailing rose" half-way up the mountain. Passing up a dark-shaded avenue of yew-trees, we read in the chancel how the first Baron Penrhyn, a Chancellor and Bishop, and the Lord Keeper Williams, "enriched the county with buildings, agriculture, and plantations," and then leaving the road to wind itself out of sight among the trim laurel banks near the school-house—that fitting *In Memoriam* of the late Mrs. Pennant—we strolled through the Castle grounds on our homeward route to Bangor.

The high winds and the nature of the soil may have borne hard on the oaks and ashes; but they battled with the sycamores in vain, and the laurels, hollies, and rhododendrons "enjoyed themselves amazingly." Looking down from the terrace of the Castle—near which Her Majesty planted two trees on the last morning of her visit—they formed one richly-tangled mass of green, under which many a white scut was seen darting back at each fresh footfall, from his trip for the tiny grass blades among the bracken and the briar. The ground is blue with the hyacinth, and the ragged robin, with its scarlet leaves, creeps coyly among the fern. Far beneath,

> "Where alders droop and willows weep,
> You hear those streams repine,"

as the Ogwen flows through its wooded valley to the sea; and whatever belief we might have previously accorded to the legend of the Virgin Monacella—who, according to the guide-book, protected Welsh hares under her skirts in a grove and the year of grace 604, when the Prince of Powys hunted them near Pennant Melangell—was wholly dispelled, as the

kennel cry of the harriers rose above its murmur at feeding time. The place seemed a complete epitome of sports and agriculture, which would keep struggling for pre-eminence.

A merino ram roamed in a garden meadow with a steeple-chase brood mare, and an English dog and a French vixen fox (which had a litter of cubs) were chained up as good genii in front of the boxes, in which The Hadji succeeded Russboro', Malcolm, John Cosser, Corœbus, and Mango, and where the hunters for Northamptonshire are soiled down.

In the cart stable there was a score of horses, nine of them greys by Matchless, the Salisbury Royal winner; and the mare at one end was pointed out as the last love of Russboro'. The Eleventh Grand Duke with his sweet breast and head met us right well, and behind him came the deep fleshed Duke of Geneva out of Marmaduke's box, who had a two to one run with Booth's venerable Prince Alfred at Peterborough not long after. Messrs. Robinson and Tallant were with "The Duke," but Mr. Savidge would not give in. A Welsh bull and Sambo from Montbletton represented the black bull interest, and the latter has been put to native cows. Old Marmaduke had left eighteen or nineteen roans behind him, and none of them much prettier than Duchess of Lancaster 5th, and a sweet head and breast marked China Rose of the Duke of Geneva's line, and reminding us of Stanley Rose in her colour. Runts and Cheviot-Welsh sheep are in the park, and the latter know no knife till five years old, and then at 15 lbs. per quarter.

Now we take our road towards Snowdon, and past the great slate works. "Holy Thursday" is the miners' favourite holiday, and four or five hundred keep it by being up betimes, and off with guns and terriers after that "Welsh wolf" the fox. Nine full-

grown ones have been in view at one time on the side of Glydyr Mawr, and the assembly of hunters in full chase with whoop and halloo on their track. If they can take them alive, it is a guinea for a full grown one, and half a guinea for a cub, to go in to the Grafton country. These "wolves" take great tithes, and twenty lambs a week have been known to go.

Scotch fir, larch, oak, and ash are all on the mountain sides, but they are generally clothed with larch against the West winds, which are very fierce for nine months in the year. To the right are the slate works, looking like great bastions of rubble with steel blue terraces of slate rock. There are millions of tons of rubble at the tip head, and the arsenic galleries seem like hermitages in the rock. The rubble has buried, lava-fashion, the old church of Starns, but his lordship has built a new one in lieu of it higher up the mountain. There are others in the neighbouring town of Bethesda, beyond which we come to the Vale of Nant Franckon, where the tup never leaves the ewes, and the gimmer is always a nursing mother. But "Nature is a holy thing;" they are titled roamers, and there is not much restitution. Jones, own brother to Owen (seeing that the eldest son often takes the father's, and the second the mother's name), hunts them with dogs upon the mountains, and gets them back with their necks and half their bodies peeled. Above us is the Idwal Lake, with its dark legend that birds will not fly over it. In it are the one-eyed trout, which being interpreted are trout too quick for men with two eyes. Then there are goats, white, with blue necks and spots, waiting to be milked. A solitary man is doing his bush-harrowing, with furzes bound in a gate (which he has taken off for the purpose), and top-dressing with the road dung he has gathered in his barrow. A

cormorant, with his crop full from his valley stream fishing, sails off aloft to his lake, and it gets a great-coat colder as we near Capel Curig, and face Snowdon at last.

The North Wales sheep are generally white in the face and legs, and the ewes have scarcely any horn. The flocks number from 50 to 500 ewes, and some of them are still larger. Very little care has been taken to select proper tups; bad ones reign on from year to year, and a *progenies vitiosior* follows in male tail. The hoggs are mostly brought to the low grounds in winter, and the older wethers as well, before they go to the butcher or gentlemen's parks in England to be finished on grass. Among the smaller Welsh farmers they only see turnips or hay occasionally. In fact, they never take very kindly to turnips, from not having eaten them in their youth, and they would rather starve at a show than touch artificial food. Like the Shetland sheep, they own no covering but the sky. Many of their mountain haunts are little better than large loose heaps of stones with patches of coarse grass in the crevices. Others, on the contrary, have good pasturage, at great heights, from 1,500 to 1,800 feet, and these are generally overstocked. Some Caernarvonshire sheep-walks are 3,000 feet above sea-level, and are let at a rent proportioned to the quality of the pasture, and not as in some parts of Scotland, according to the number of sheep kept. Several of the tenants have rights of commonage for so many head of sheep, but this is not generally to the flock-master's advantage, as it often tempts him to put more sheep on the already overstocked commons, and keeps the poor animals in such a state of starvation, that the winter cuts them off by hundreds.

At four years old the fat pure Welsh wethers do not weigh much above 40 lbs. dead weight, and clip from 1½ lbs. to 2 lbs. of washed wool.

The Blackface cross was tried, and brought an increase both in size and wool, without any sacrifice of hardiness; but it was not persisted in, as the wool came coarse, and the mutton rather yellow. Lord Penrhyn has done much by crossing the Welsh with the Cheviot ram, which is bought on the first day at Kelso Ram Fair; and on one of his lordship's mountain farms they have thriven well at an altitude of 1,800 feet. The Penrhyn Castle crosses are bred on the mountain farms, and sent down to be weaned and wintered. They then return to the mountain for three years, and are brought down at their fourth winter and kept on grass, a few turnips, and hay if the weather is very bad, and killed off when they are ready. Sometimes, but very rarely, the cross produces a true type of Welsh sheep. Two crosses of Cheviot have increased the Welsh sheep from 40 lbs. dead weight (*i. e.*, carcase without the head or legs from the knee, when the farmers sell by so much per lb.) to about 70lbs.,* and have also more than doubled the wool, on which the second cross seems to have good effect. Sheep of this cross were too heavy for the mountain, and the trial of a cross-bred ram sent down the size again. It was also found that the continued use of the Cheviot ram, which improved the texture of the mutton, and gave it more fat, as long as it was confined to two crosses, tended to make it too light in colour. No pure Welsh leg of mutton should exceed 4½ lbs.; larger ones are doubtful in their origin; and even a voucher that they were from the Vale of Conway and the parts about Penmaen Mawr, would not satisfy a man of strictly eclectic appetite. For Welsh wool, pure and simple, the highest quotation has been 15d. It has now come down to 8d. or 9d., while the cross-bred still touches 16d. Both are brought by the Yorkshire and Lancashire

* Fed on *hay* and turnips, they have reached 90 lbs.

wool staplers. The Welsh people still knit stockings and comforters as industriously as ever from the old sort; and there are mills in Anglesea and Caernarvonshire where flannels, blankets, and winseys (a sort of tweed) are manufactured principally for home consumption.

Radnorshire, or, as it was once more termed from the bench, "that little sheep-walk, which calls itself a county," where pony-fairs are still given out by the clerk in the porch on Sundays, has some very Astecs of sheep about Cwym-dau-ddwr, or "the dingle of the two rivers," Wye and Elan, near the church of St. Bridget. The range of hills, with hardly a hut for shelter, extends for twenty miles by the course of the Wye, along the upper part of the county, which in Scottish phrase "marches" with Montgomeryshire, and "the sweet shire of Cardigan." Rhayader is the little town of the hills twenty miles from Radnor and about six more from Kingston. The flocks seldom number above 400 ewes; ram selecting is a refinement not much cultivated; and the gimmers generally "chance it" with the old ewes. Light scrags and big bellies are among their attributes; their sharp or "keen noses" are nearly as white as their faces, and their bleat is as meek as a kid's. Storms and hard fare make sad havoc among the lambs, both in preventing doublets, and starving nearly a fourth of the singles which do come. Foxes have also a goodly portion, and even the ravens and hooded crows will make a sally, drive off the dam, and when they have picked out the lambs' tongues and eyes, they devote their best energies to the flanks. Still, with all their disadvantages of pasture and in-breeding, "the capon-thighed ones," as the jobbers call the Upper Radnorshires, swell out nicely after four years old, when they have left their hills for rich lowland grass.

A sheep-washing day on the Wye is a very picturesque and primitive matter. The flock-masters

and their men fling them off a rock, and on they go, through stream and eddy, from hole to hole and stone to stone, till they reach some sure landing-place below. There is also quite a muster from the sheep-farms with scissors, shears, and pitch-pot on shearing and lamb-marking days. The Lord of the Manor's paddock is generally full of estrays, which have a withy round their necks, in token of errantry; and it is each shepherd's duty to go there periodically and claim his sheep by their marks on payment of so much a week for their food. The wethers are generally kept up to five years old, and are then sent to Welshpool, and more especially to Newtown Fair on October 26th, where the jobbers and farmers have often 1,000 to pick over.*

* What has been said about Upper Radnorshire applies as much to the higher parts of Montgomeryshire and Cardigan, but with this exception, that the Cardigan wethers seldom go to a fair. Many of them are bought for parks, and improve amazingly on the 5lbs. to 6lbs. per quarter which they would weigh on their arrival. Once the farmers were glad to sell the draft ewes at all prices, from £3 10s. to £7 a score; but although there is little or no change in their size, the jobbers and the railways have brought them out, and £18 to £20 has been reached for them. Some jobbers will buy their 10,000 from two or three counties, and have no difficulty whatever in placing them out each September and October. Many of them are bought for the lower ground in Montgomeryshire, and others go into Surrey, Bucks, and Berks—where their fame as sucklers has preceded them—and breed excellent early lambs by a Leicester or Southdown. A small per centage are killed in driving, and they require some shepherding before they settle down to their new rural life, as they have been known to break all bounds, and to be drowned in the rivers and ditches.

In the lower part of Radnorshire a different style of sheep and sheep-farming prevails. Radnor Forest and Clun Forest, which form the boundary line between Montgomeryshire and Shropshire, have been enclosed. The paring-plough has done its work, and seeds and turnips on the hundred-acre allotments have succeeded heather and ling. The hardy, close-fleeced Shrop has also been a most able adjutant, and lambs by him from the Clun Forest ewes, and fed on these pastures, are worth from 30s. to 35s. at seven months. Very good lambs of the sort are also to be found about Knighton, and some of them near Kerry Pole (which lies in the route of the sale wethers from Knighton to Newtown) fetched 54s. as two-shears last year.—Royal Society's *Journal* (H. H. D.), 1867.

Sir Watkin Wynn may well have foxes counter-salient on his quarterings. His career as M. F. H. extends over nearly thirty seasons, and when John Walker became huntsman, on the death of Will Grice, in 1848, he found forty-five couple of hounds in the kennel. Sir Watkin had given 400 gs. for four couple when Mr. Foljambe's were sold off. There were no stallions, and the Duke of Rutland's and Lord Henry's kennels were generally resorted to, as well as Mr. Foljambe's Render and Shropshire Comrade. Tamerlane, by Belvoir Fencer, from Grove Tempest, and Herald, by Belvoir Grappler, from Wickstead's Handmaid, were the cleverest of the '48 entry, and Herald was used. In 1850 Walker's first entry was made, and Hopeful, Heroine, Harriet, and Harbinger, with Primrose and Proserpine, all of them by Wynnstay Admiral, were its peculiar stars. The late George Wells (a first-class whipper-in, a good servant in every respect, and a beautiful horseman over a stiff country) and James Shaw were the whips, and poor Shaw was drowned during cub-hunting in the Dee near Nanty-bellun Tower. He had galloped towards a ford in order to stop the hounds, which were running for the Chirk Woods, and tried to cross by some rocks, when the horse slipped and he was dragged into deep water. Rufus, Rutland, Ruby, and Ruthless, all by Belvoir Gainer, were great entries in 1851-52, and the purchase of Gossamer, Gertrude, Gratitude, and Gipsy, at old Mr. Drake's sale, was a fine hit. The foundation of the present pack was not, however, laid until 1853, and then with Cautious, Captious, Chorus, Charlotte, Caroline, Cheerful, and Curious, by Lord Henry's Craftsman from Wynnstay's Precious (own sister to Phantom) by Bruiser by Cheshire Bruiser. Like their sire, Craftsman (by Lord Ducie's Comus, from Burton Sanguine), they had rare quality and shoulders,

were determined drawers, and hardly ever smeuzed a fence. Adjutant and Anderton by Herald, Phœbe and Prophetess by Belvoir Royal, and Phœnix and Princess (a clipper) by Burton Champion, from Proserpine, were the strength of the entry in 1854, and the following year brought in Goblin and Governor, by Herald, both of which were used. Herald was a rare dog to hold the line down a dry road in the spring, when foxes run roads very much; and so was Goblin.

The year 1855 was the renowned Wynnstay Royal's first season. He was one of four which came in of a litter by Fitzwilliam Singer, from Wynnstay Rarity, by Yarborough Harper by Yarborough Rallywood. Tom Sebright always called Singer his best, and he told Walker, "You've got a plum" in Royal. He was a great fence jumper. When the fox was sinking, he once tried to fly a double post and rails up hill, near Gredington Park, and fell back. However, he went at it again and over, and Lord Combermere never forgot it. Walker always thought him the best he ever followed, and the Belvoir, Grove, Fitzhardinge, Badminton, Fitzwilliam, Cheshire, and Eglington kennels all borrowed, or sent to him. The Beaufort Ragland, a first prize stallion at Islington, was by him, and the Belvoir kennel bred from two of his sons. Never was hound more attentive to business in and out of cover, and no whip ever crossed his back. He hunted for ten seasons, and died in his thirteenth. Even in the ninth, he ran well to head; whether going to cover or returning home, it was his whim to be a quarter of a mile ahead of Walker, and he would wait for him and wave his stern when he came to a cross road. His stock have the same habit; and Walker left eighteen couple of them in the kennel. The old dog was sent in a basket to London, to be painted by Sir Francis Grant in the

Wynnstay presentation picture of Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn. Unfortunately nothing would induce him to rise in the studio, and there he sat, looking steadfastly up in the face of Sir Francis, who presented Walker with his sketch of him, and a very cherished centre bit it is in the parlour at Marchwiel.

In 1856 the produce of "We are Seven" of the Craftsman and Precious litter were entered, and Comely, Clara, and Conjuror proved the best of the four couple. In 1857 the blood of Mameluke (by Yarborough Comrade) gave much strength to the entry, and old Pyramid, whose ham-string was bitten in two by a fox, contributed two couple of good ones by Yarborough Harper. The Ruthless litter of seven was also a hit, as Walker had taken her on speculation to Quorn when Mr. Richard Sutton sold off, and got Lord Henry's permission to use one of his purchases, Rambler. This was a great season, and 58 brace of foxes were killed, principally in the Carden country, Styche, and Shavington Park. The foxes never went so straight, and some of them ten to twelve miles. In 1858, Actress and Amazon, by Belvoir Singer (by Comus, the stoutest blood in the Duke's kennel), from Wynnstay Abbess, were the pride of the entry, and so high couraged, that Walker had to take them out eight days in succession to get master of them.

Grappler, by Craftsman, from Gaicty, was another pet, and we so well remember the greeting of him and his guardian, in his puppy season, through the kennel rails, "He's tasted three foxes, and likes them very much." Ruler from Pamela was the first Royal puppy in 1859, when Belvoir Guider and Yarborough Nettler were dipped into pretty deeply. Rosy, by Belvoir Clinker, was the crack bitch puppy of the year, and Prattler, Prompter, and Proserpine, by the same dog, from old lame Pyramid, were

rattlers. There was only one clever Warwickshire Saffron, *viz.*, Sylvia, in 1860; and in 1861 came Rustic, Rover, and Relish, from Guilty, the first great lot of Royals. Six couple of Beaufort Roderick's, all of them rare drawers, were amongst the 1862 entry. His colour, red pye, was against him; but his stock were undeniable. Royal got a first-class litter from Stately, two couple of which were shown in a sweepstakes against six Royals in Mr. Foljambe's kennel. Mr. Parry and Mr. Williamson were the judges, and declared for Mr. Foljambe's. One of the two couple, Signal, fell off the Nescliffe Rocks near Baschurch, and rolled seventy feet with the fox; and another, Stormer, was four days up an earth. There was a splendid entry in 1863, and two stallions, Clinker and Chaser, came out of the two couple of puppies by Grappler, from Captious. Painter, by Belvoir Druid, from Posy, was a rare dog, and Walker always reckons him second to Royal. The Singer blood came out in its highest strength in 1864, as nine out of the 15½ couple were Royals, and nearly all did well. Forester, by Foljambe's Furrier, from Wynnstay Countess, was a rare one of the sort in the 1865 entry, and so was Romeo, by Fitzwilliam Regent from Rally. Mr. Foljambe's Furrier had been strongly used, and he was borrowed by Sir Watkin in exchange for Royal on condition of having the pick of the kennel; and 5½ couple by him were kept.

The kennel has not gone down in Charles Payne's hands. Challenger by Yarborough Vaulter from Wynnstay Careful was the first crack entry, along with Grappler, Gallant, Gertrude, Gamesome, Pretty Lass, Remus, and Romulus, all of them by Guider. Seaman by Foljambe's Sparkler from Comfort, and Sportsman, Sanguine, and Songstress by Statesman from Tragedy, are also quite to his mind, as well as Solon, Sylvia, and Speed-

well by the same dog from Prudence. Friendly and Garland are beautiful bitches, and 2½ couple of very clever ones, Captain, Conqueror, Comely, Comedy, and Captive, were entered out of the Chaser and Prattler litter.

At the Wynnstay sale in 1858, three hunters averaged £483. Among them was Constantine, with a strong dash of Arab on his dam's side, and a great favourite of Sir Watkin's. So were King Dan, Cassio, and Castor, the last of which went into Mr. Little Gilmour's stable. Cassio, like Castor, was bought in Ireland, and Mr. Gilmour bid 420 gs. for him. After 500 gs., Mr. Anderson and Mr. Foster fought it out, and Mr. Anderson's "620" decided the day, amid loud cheering all round the ring for "Piccadilly pluck." He was a thorough specimen of a wiry fifteen-three Irish horse, very deep in his back ribs, and like all the rest with excellent legs and feet, and with a peculiarly expressive, old-fashioned muzzle, and very straight hind-legs. Railway King was a remarkably handsome hack, and Phœbe, by Charles XII., which had been ridden by Walker for eight seasons—in some of his severest days, had not mark or blemish on her.

It may be set to the credit of his fine horsemanship, that he never staked but one horse, and killed but one, which put its foot in a grip, during his eighteen seasons at Wynnstay. Simpson, the stud groom, who has been with Sir Watkin for twenty-two seasons, brought the horses out in great form—no easy task, as the sale took place one month after the season, and Sir Watkin's hounds are proverbial for making long days. They have no grass roads, and frequently never get home till ten or eleven at night, after thirty miles of road work. Nearly the whole of Sir Watkin's horses are Irish, and have been selected for him by Lord Combermere at four years old. Walker finished with Limner, and Shropshire,

and Sir Watkin presented him with the former, when he retired to his small farm and his "Shrops," within a stone's throw of Marchweil Gorse. Its "red rascals" have laid a heavy poll tax on his poultry, but he bears it like a stoic, and revenges himself by hunting them two or three days a week. The Don, Cockatoo, The Major (an entire horse and great for an hour), the stout December, the Emerald Mare, Silvertail, President, Phœbe, and The Felon have been among his especials. He brought his own Nimrod from Fife, where the dark chesnut had left several foals of four seasons, besides hunting all the time. Sir Watkin then bought him, and rode him for two seasons, and Walker for two more. Mr. Lloyd took The Felon to Leicestershire, where "the bay stallion" in such hands made many a well-mounted field remember him.

The *Monday's* fixture is in the Carden country, which is principally grass. Royalty is its great cover, and Walker's best thing was from there nearly to Bryn-y-pys, over Worthenbury Meadows, down to Bangor, and across its steeple-chase ground, when they changed foxes and got beat. It was fifty minutes without a check, and grass nearly all the way; and only seven saw the finish. The Broxton hills and the Peckforton hills are neutral, and require routing perpetually. At Larges Gorse they only find old foxes. Sir Watkin gets to the hills once a fortnight, if he can, and likes to sink the vale for the Cholmondeley country. There have been many good runs from Peel's Gorse, and also from Captain Clutton's Gorse and Burton's Wood, but the foxes are generally bred on the hills. Some rare runs have also been known from Maesten with Cholmondeley and Carden foxes. The Cheshire men meet Sir Watkin principally on the Monday, and Mr. John Coupland and the Messrs. Behrens are their standard-bearers.

On *Tuesday*, it is the turn for the Shropshire or Baschurch country, which has much more plough, and always requires a great deal of wet to carry a scent. Hopton Gorse and Boreatton are favourite meets, and Woodhouse or Aston is generally drawn from Rednal Station. The foxes are small and lengthy, and the enclosures large. Petton Gorse, which has some fine woodland foxes, is a great draw from Baschurch Station, and they sometimes go with a good fox ten or eleven miles through Oteley Park to the Duke's woods.

On *Thursday* they are generally in the Oteley Park country, and have some rare finds at George's, or the Duke's, or Lee's woods, but like the Baschurch country, it requires plenty of rain.

On *Saturday* it is the turn for Sutton Green Gorse, in the Gresford country, Marchwiel Gorse, Cloverley, Shavington Park, and Styche, from which they run to Combermere, that *alma mater* of fox cubs, and often into the North Staffordshire country. Shavington Park to Peel's Gorse, and *vice versâ*, is a very favourite fast thing, with a rare scent over grass.

The cub-hunting is confined to the Wynnstay Woods for a week or ten days, beginning with the last week in August, until the corn is cut. Then they adjourn to the Duke's Woods (so called after the late Duke of Bridgewater), which have rare lying, and are full of foxes. Chirk Woods furnish an off-morning from Wynnstay, but when they draw Llangedwin Woods, they shift to kennels on the spot, and stay out a week. Sometimes they go there at the end of the season to make a finish. Oswestry race-course for Llandforda is the last day of the regular season, and the Welshmen come out to see the sport on their ponies. The general average of "noses" is fifty brace, of which twenty are killed in cub-hunting.

A forty minutes' ride down the Vale of Welshpool was a grand relief after Oswestry—that dullest

of towns—when Sir Watkin does not meet at the race-course. The Severn, which has lent its name to one of the noblest bulls that ever grazed in its pastures, wound humbly along amid its sedge and willows, crossed here and there by a rustic hand-bridge. About 200 acres of clay and loam interchanging along its banks, furnish Mr. Naylor with good grazing ground for his Herefords; but the majority of 1,500, which form the Leighton Hall Farm, consists of Long Mountain and High Sheep land, all of which has been gradually enclosed. Not many years since it was clothed with heath and furze, and wiry tufted grass, among which Welsh sheep and ponies worked hard for their living, and mountain flax flourished. The plough has crept stealthily up its sides, and although the highest part is too cold for wheat, it is kindly enough for oats and barley. It must have required some nerve to settle under that bleak Moel-y-Mabb, but Mr. Naylor forecasted well. Year by year, the handsome design of Mr. Gee, built of the blue stone of the district, and pointed with light-grey coigns and dressings from Ruabon, have become more and more embedded in its groves of larch and fir; and while a "Capability Brown" has been busy among the terraces and gardens without, Sir Edwin Landseer and cunning ornithologists have furnished many of their choicest treasures for within.

The farm buildings, which occupy no less than six acres, and lie about half-a-mile away from the house, were begun in '52. The five vaults for roots are each two yards in height, by three in breadth, and forty yards long, and another root house occupies the entire space above them; and it is as much as two men with a horse and cart can do to clean up the daily manure. Water collected from the dingles and drains on the farm plays a sixty horse-power part, in accordance with the cunning triple arrange-

ment. It is worked through turbine No. 1 in the top compartment, which drives the thrashing-machine and chaff-cutter; then it is returned 32 feet below to No. 2, which is attached to the flour and pulping mills, and the sawing machines; and lastly, to a much lower level, where No. 3 grinds bones and pumps liquid manure into the tank on Moel-y-Mabb, 500 feet above the level of the folds. Eighty tons of bones are ground annually. The pulped roots and other prepared substances are conveyed over canvas working on a succession of rollers into bins below, where they are mechanically mixed in proper proportions, and conveyed by tram roads to the feeding stalls and the winter houses. The liquid manure is carried through iron tubes over nearly seven hundred acres. It has more effect on the alluvial soil than the clay; but go where we might over the farm, we saw pipes ready to receive the hose for its application, and its liquid arch busy at work on the young grasses.

The herd was under the charge of the bailiff, Mr. David Williams, who has always been on the estate, and known no other love than the Hereford and the Shrop. The herd, which is to Herefords what the Sittyton is to shorthorns, numbers about 320; and about 1,200 Shrops are annually brought to the clipping stools. They have averaged about 5½lbs., and have thriven well on the high ground. As for the cart-horses, which were principally of Royal Oak and Brown Stout blood, we have seen very few to equal them in England or Scotland. The Hereford blood is a combination of Jeffreys or whiteface with Yeld or Tomkins, which is founded upon the Tully Grey. In Mr. Yeld's hands it became a complete union of light and dark grey with mottle face, while the use of The Knight (185), Sir David (349), Big Ben (248), &c., introduced the whiteface element in its highest strength. The Knight and the Big Ben

cows (which might be known by their curly coats and dark muzzles) hit best to Silvester (797), who had a double dash of Silver (540) in his pedigree.* As to the hardihood of the Hereford, Mr. Naylor has had the most convincing proof, as he purchased a score of Galloway heifers to cross with them, and found that their produce, which were blacks with white faces, thrive still better than their dams through a Long Mountain winter.

No nurses are kept, and the period of nursing, even with the Royal in view, seldom extends beyond four months. Mr. Naylor has taken two firsts, &c., at the Royal with Laura and Adjutant (1480) and eight firsts and seconds, as well as a gold medal at Birmingham and the Smithfield Club. With the exception of Shrewsbury, the herd does not visit provincial shows, but a Napoleon medal in the hall shows that its representatives did not cross the Channel in vain. A Silvester cow was in training for the next Christmas, and the stages of her girth were duly chalked above her. On January 2nd, she began at 6ft. 11in., March 2nd found her expanded to 7ft. 7in., and April 4th to 7ft. 9in., and there seemed every reason to hope that she would touch Variety who finally filled the tape at 8ft. 8½in. This comfortable-looking daughter of Mistletoe was red and white in large patches, but Mr. Duckham proved her rigid orthodoxy of descent in reply to a newspaper doubter, and her two first prizes at Baker Street and Bingley Hall were suffered to remain unchallenged.

* Since then Salisbury (2204), Tom King (2830), Patron (2669), Victor (2857), and Prince Arthur (3344) have been used.

CHAPTER XV.

"But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pry'thee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile, I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade."

Thackeray.

Shropshire Sheep — Lord Berwick's Herefords — Sir Bellingham Graham—Coursing at Sundorne—Mr. Corbet—Old Bob Luther.

SAMUEL MEIRE and George Adney may be said to have been the great founders of the "Improved Shrop." To hear many of the breeders talk one might fancy that there had never been any "alloy blood"—no quality from the Southdown, no fat back from the Leicester;* but that the Shrop as it now exists is the original "image which fell from Jupiter." We are told that many Southdown rams have gone into the county, and the modern men are

* As far as we can ascertain, the first cross tried by the late Mr. Meire in 1810 was that with a Southdown bred by Mr. Tench of Bromfield, and as the fleece became very important, a Leicester was used soon after with the best effect as regards wool and mutton. This was all done before ram-breeding in Salop was studied, and its sheep considered a distinct breed. Mr. Samuel Meire brought rams out after losing all his Herefords with pleuro-pneumonia. He had attended Mr. Ellman's sales in Sussex, and saw how the Southdowns had been managed, and felt sure that he could produce a more valuable animal. The first auction of his rams was held in the Raven and Bell, and proved successful, then at the New Smithfield, and afterwards at Berrington.

said to have been to Mr. Rigden on the same sound mission, to keep up their quality. We have also heard of them purchasing Hampshire Down as well as Oxfordshire Down rams. Still many of the best flockmasters deny that they use them, and there it must rest. They can take their honest stand on the fact, which no one can gainsay, that as regards breeding and folding, liberal fleece, and power of thriving on damp lowlands no sheep pay more per acre than the "Shrops." The sort were once more park-ranging, and difficult to fence against. The rams of the speckle-faced breed of the country had large horns, and the wethers of the sort were stubborn in coming to maturity, and best for "mutton-eating kings" at three. The long-necked and narrow-sided speckle-faces were more confined to the limestone districts; while those on the gritstone bore much more resemblance in look and height to a Leicester, but with very inferior wool. Some breeders are rather fond of forcing the lambs, and putting them to the ram about a month behind the rest of the flock. The result is to open the milk veins to such an extent, that they will nurse two lambs better after their second yeaning; but the loss of size and of life as well, when the lambs happen to fall large, does away very much with the profit.

"The Shrops" have spread very generally over Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, and many of the rams have found their way to Leicestershire, Essex, Cornwall, and Wales, and draft ewes to Bucks and Cheshire. Foreigners, and even Norwegians, are fond of them, but in Scotland they have made no head. The damp soil of Ireland suits them to a nicety, and generally at the sales, if no one else will give £6 for a ram, an Irishman is there to snap him. Sometimes a breeder crosses the Channel, and runs a cargo of rams. Australia and Canada occasionally purchase; but the flockmasters

at the Antipodes consider them a little too large for their purpose. Five-and-twenty years ago £5 was thought a great price for a ram, and so was £10 within fifteen years; but of late they have taken quite a spurt, and no one has done battle so hard and so successfully to give them a position as Mr. Preece. At the Royal meetings they have gradually crept ahead. In 1855 they had special local classes at Colonel Clive's expense at Glo'ster; in 1859, at that of the Warwick Committee; and the following year they took up their ground at Canterbury, and have ever since had separate classes. Except it is an aged sheep, a Shropshire ram is safe to sell, and the Midland men especially bear testimony to their certainty as lamb getters. The Moores and Williams are great middle-men, and buy them all through the county.

A Roman nose is not liked, and it seldom indicates a nicely-covered sheep. Some of the breeders attribute it to a cross with Hampshire, and others with Cotswold. The true Shrop ewes should have prominent hazel eyes, short faces rather hollow in the forehead, with not too much whisker, but well covered with short, soft wool, and "speaking" ears rather wide apart. "The muffle is a great catch" with some buyers; but where it exists, the back is often not so well covered, and narrow loins and a deficiency on the top of the rump often accompany it. As in many other breeds, transparent ears, light scrag, and delicate head indicate fat on the back and along the sides. Irish buyers like the faces dark, while the home breeders are more for a little speckle in the grey, and dead against a fallow face. The grey tip on the nose is quite a Salop hall-mark, and, as it gradually increases, it gives the ewes a look of extra age. Lambs will sometimes fall perfectly brown in their coats; but, if true-bred, they come to the right shade before twelve months

are over; and if their faces are white to begin with, it gradually shades off into the Shropshire brown-grey. The breeders get them as wide in the chest as possible, and not too small in the bone, and a very large scrag too often goes with thin and flat sides. Many of them are sheared in March, and clothed till the weather is kind. A well-fed shearling tup will cut 10 lbs., and we have known them touch 15¼ lbs. It was once the practice to shear the lambs, and get off about 1 lb. all round; but it was found that they did not winter so well, and they are now dipped instead.*

* Mr. Samuel Meire's Magnum Bonum holds a high place among the tups, to which reference is made in many a fire-side council. He was used for eleven seasons, and his dam, who was so large in the rumps that no Southdown could serve her, lived till she was twenty. Perfection, the first-prize shearling at Chester, was one of his sons. Mr. Adney's Patentee, by his Buckskin, was beaten in the older class at the same meeting. The Patentees were rather light in their faces, and generally with a speck on their off hind-leg, and with wonderful hardy constitutions. Worcester Patron was his nephew, and is remembered for his capital scrag, and one of Patentee's sons, which was let for 120 gs., did a great deal for Mr. Byrd. He also did something towards setting up the flock of the Brothers Crane, who are as great in the Shropshire ewe classes at the Royal Agricultural Society, as Mr. Horton in the rams. Liberty, Nobleman, and Celebrity have been the Brothers Crane's best ewe sires. Celebrity was by "Jukes's Sheep," who was always a great wool getter. The Cranes began their career as Royal shearling ewe winners at Canterbury, and they took five firsts and three seconds in 1860-65. Their Leeds seconds are the biggest they ever showed, and were by the sire of Commonwealth. Their ewes by Nobleman came in at Plymouth. Mr. Thornton's Laurel was also a great ewe getter for them. Mr. Maunsell's Macaroni was very celebrated for his fine coat and rumps. Mr. Coxon's Duke of Newcastle was the first shearling at the Newcastle Royal in a grand class. He was purchased by Mr. Coxon for £80, from his breeder, Mr. Thornton of Pitchford, who had let his sire for 65 gs.; and he did his new owner good service, as he let 22 rams at £22 7s. one season.

According to the Shropshire men, the cross with Hampshire or Southdown shows a tendency to run to gut, and the Hampshire black comes out on the tail and behind the ears. The Southdown has always added quality, and the Hampshire has strengthened the bone and frame generally, and improved the wool. Oxford Downs did the same; but no Shrop man will allow that they improved the flesh.

It is a great sight to go into the Shrewsbury market during the Ram Fair, and find Mr. Preece, that St. George of the "Shrops," at work among his "grand rams" and his "superb ewes." Above you, perched as it were in a little eyrie, is the school which Butler and Kennedy have made so famous, and where France, Riddell, Cope, Bather, Druce, Gifford, Munro, Clark, the Mosses, and Hallam, &c., are among the well-remembered names of first-class classic renown. Mr. Preece speaks in "headlong galloping anapæsts" below, as, with a variety of air sawings which remind one of the yeomanry cavalry at sword exercise, he knocks down his 200 rams n six hours. Each ram goes up at 5 gs., and on go the biddings by half-a-guinea to 10 gs., and at a guinea beyond that. Purchasers can't hang half-a-second, or down comes that remorseless stick tap, and another ram is in the sale-pen. Mr. Preece begins at 8 a.m., and only ten minutes is allowed for refreshment; and if you look in again at 3, expecting to find his tones like those of a raven in bronchitis, you find him going freer and better than ever. The lover of red mullet, who longed for a throat

In some flocks the crossing has been rather wild, and a touch of Lincoln is said to have been introduced. The original speckle features are more due to the sheep on the Longmynd hills, and the dark features and clean, snaky heads, bare of wool on the cheeks and poll, seem to throw back to the Cannock Chase sheep.

The Clun Foresters may be cousins-german to them; but they run much more into the Welsh sort, of which there are two quite distinct —one with tups whose heads are not much bigger than a jack-hare, and hornless; and the other with horns, mane, and beard. The original Clun Foresters are gradually disappearing before the Enclosure Commissioners, and many of them are not above 3 lbs. a quarter in excess of the Welsh. They are only brought off the Forest once a year to shear, and then they don't reach 3 lbs. Some are kept on the Forest till they are six or seven years old. They are thick, round rumped sheep, and perfect stoics in enclosed fields, when compared with the Welsh, which have the cunning of the monkey in breaking bounds. They have generally a dark brown face and legs and small horns, with lots of hardihood for the hill, and are capital nurses for early lambs by the Shrop or Leicester, when they are bought for park-feeding.

from London to the Antipodes, with swallow all the way, might rest contented with having such a windpipe.

We could not pass Shrewsbury without seeing Lord Berwick's Hereford herd. At any other time we should have delighted to linger in those rich pastures, to which Walford, Attingham, Albert Edward, and Severn had lent so much renown; but the shadow of death was on the house, and the agonies of an illness such as few have borne were about to receive their grand relief at last. His lordship was able to attend the Canterbury Meeting; but he made no secret of his conviction that he should leave home no more. He retained all his old pleasantry despite his suffering; and when he was asked why he thought one of his bulls had been passed over by the judges, he said "they are so fond of me, they are determined to see me again."

For a short time after his return he managed to creep out, and look at the Herefords; but since the beginning of the barley harvest, he had never been seen by his men. Farming was not his only delight when in health. He loved to rear the choicest fowls, and drive the best American trotters, and he made a rifle at his own forge, which one of our first makers, who was in ignorance as to its origin, pronounced to be nearly faultless. He had succeeded to an encumbered estate, and knowing how to "scorn delights, and live laborious days," he had the courage to be content with his little home at Cronkhill, instead of the stately hall at Attingham, and accomplish the purpose of his life, to leave a clear inheritance for those who were to come after. Sir David had but just left his box, and yielded up his beef of sixteen summers; the framework of old Albert Edward, a Royal winner at Gloucester and Lewes, was there; but Severn looked as beautiful

as when, after being defeated by Claret at Warwick and Hereford, he met and vanquished him at last in the show ranks at Ludlow.* Will o' the Wisp was also a wonder, with his twist below his

* Claret (11761) by The Knight (185) was bred by Mr. Richard Hill at Golding Hill. Mr. Hill kept, like his father, to the Grey Knight blood, and took a Royal first for bulls at Salisbury, Chester, Warwick, Leeds, and Battersea. Milton by Chanticleer (1173) was his Battersea gold medallist, and Lady Ash his Smithfield gold medallist. His uncle bred a Hereford, which was fed by the Earl of Warwick, and won against some ninety opponents, and his horns are kept in Warwick Castle as a trophy. His cow Shewers also won the first prize at Smithfield in 1859, when it was Pitt—Hill, Hill—Tudge, and Tudge—Pitt, at three fat shows. Jenny Lind, the dam of Milton, hit to no less than eight bulls. Claret was sold for 52 gs., when he became too fat to work, and was raffled and won by a maltster, who sold him to the late Mr. Bowen of Shrawardine Castle. People bet who had never bet before about his getting calves; but he became fine enough to "go through the eye of a needle," and got several score. He went about at Shrawardine with an iron mask and a chain to his leg, but eventually he turned very savage, and having fulfilled his mission, he was sent to the butcher.

The foundation of Lord Berwick's herd was laid in February, 1844, at the sale of Mr. Salwey of Ashley Moor, who went entirely for the Knight Grey blood, which his lordship crossed with the white face. Tom Thumb (243) of the Knight Grey sort, and of whom his lordship always averred that he would get fat on nettles; Hotspur (855), bred by Mr. Jeffries; Wonder (420), sire of Albert Edward, from Mr. J. Hewer; The Count (351), from Mr. Carpenter of Eardisland; Walford (871), the sire of Attingham, Severn, and Napoleon 3rd, from Mr. Longmore; and the eternal Sir David (349) were the principal patriarchs of the herd. His lordship won 27 firsts and seconds at the Royal Agricultural Shows—at first more with bulls, and latterly with females. Attingham was first at Carlisle, Walford at Windsor, and Albert Edward at Gloucester and Lewes. At the sale in September 1861, there were 176 lots, and the males averaged £10 and the females £28. Silver was sold for 65 gs. with her calf, and seven of the tribe made £373 16s. Jewess, the youngest of the Rebeccas, stayed at Cronkhill with Conqueror by Sir David, and Apple Blossom (40 gs.), the highest-priced grey, went to Leighton Hall. Carlisle (40 gs.), a daughter of Silver's, became Mr. G. Porter's, and then Mr. Duckham's, and turned out the most lucky of speculative bargains. Severn made 46 gs., or a trifle over butcher's price. Will o' the Wisp (47 gs.), Albata (53 gs.), Eva (52 gs.), Agnes (Mr. Baldwin, 51 gs.), Beauty (Mr. J. Hewer, 43 gs.), Adela (Her Majesty, 57 gs.), and Lord Grey (the only grey bull) departed for Downton.

hocks, and so was his daughter Adela from Agnes; and as you loitered through the boxes, you would sometimes see three great yearling bulls of the heavy-fleshed Silver or the larger Rebecca tribe amicably hob-nobbing together.

At Attingham the deserted stable yard looked big enough for the Quorn stud; but it was a sad scene of decay. Part of that fine square was wattled off for the lambing, and as we walked in under the main archway, a troop of rats dashed into cover among the wood heaps and nettles. The rooks were cawing their vespers on the elms, and the old hall, with but one small lamp burning faintly in its regiment of windows, stood out gaunt and drear in the twilight. It was

> "The sad, old story
> Of Whig and Tory"—

of that fierce rivalry at the poll, which has laid the axe at the root of many an oak, and left so many old county homes, which once never lacked a fox from the family gorse, or a horse for the County Cup, to the keeping of two old servants.

We have heard the question put to many a hunting man from eighty to twenty-five, "Did you know Sir Bellingham Graham by sight?" and the invariable answer was "No." It would have been strange if they had, as, after achieving a name in nearly every sport, he had given them up, like Sir Charles Knightley, full forty years before he died. After that he was hardly ever seen in public, and passed his time between his Yorkshire seat of Norton Conyers, and Boodles, where he was quite a Lyndhurst on points of hunting law, and seldom absent from the annual dinner of Masters of Hounds. He had enjoyed his baronetcy for just seventy years, and had taken his part in the days of the Regency, when the Prince's court sallied forth for their evening

promenade on the Steyne; the ladies with their high head-dresses and spreading "peacock tails," and the tall young Yorkshire baronet, the two Mannerses, and Colonels Mellish and Leigh as their esquires.

He began his M.F.H. career with the Badsworth, and had a taste of the Atherstone and Pytchley. In the latter country, from some cause or other, he became very unpopular. His foxes were killed, and on one occasion the very mail was hung with their dead carcases as a sort of defiance. Still he fought on, and determined to have a grand field-day, he turned down seven brace one night, but not a hound could speak to it in the morning, and he drew every cover blank again. A gamer man never gripped a saddle, and he showed this in an eminent degree when he hunted the Quorn. He had a severe fall one day, and some of his friends propped him up against a stack, while a local practitioner almost bled him into a syncope, in conformity with the rude surgical view which then obtained favour on that point. He was taken thence to a farm-house; but he proved a very hopeless subject, and on the third or fourth day he had himself lifted on to his horse, and tried, pale as a ghost and hardly able to sit upright, to hunt his own hounds.

His great hunting name was made as Master of the Shropshire and the Albrighton, and it was there that he had Will Staples and Joe Maiden as his whips on 300 guinea horses, and latterly Will in command, with Tom Flint and Jack Wiglesworth as his lieutenants. Woodman and Virgin were his favourites in a pack, which was composed of the drafts of his own, which he sold to "The Squire" on leaving the Quorn, and that which "The Squire" brought with him from Notts. His hunters had been always more his pride than his hounds, and "for great, good horses" up to fifteen or sixteen stone his

stable has perhaps never been equalled. A man cannot for love or money get together now a days such horses as Freemason, Beeswing, The Baron, Jerry, Paul, Treacle, Cock Robin, &c., in his boxes at one and the same time. After he had given up hounds, he bore part in the merry hunt evenings at The Tiger at Beverley, and it was he who went to have a look at "little Mr. Bethell" in bed with Mr. Tom Hodgson to hold the light. Curiously enough he did so "because I have heard of him all my life and I never saw him," and that was just what people said about him in turn. Mr. Bethell sat up speechless with amazement, when his curtains were drawn aside, and two gentlemen in scarlet appeared to scan him, but he accepted an apology very graciously next morning. Mr. Tom Hodgson delighted in telling the story, and wondering at his coolness, but old port had to bear the blame.

In 1816, after five seasons, during which Sir Bellingham had only won one race and received forfeit for a match in several attempts over York and Doncaster, he achieved the St. Leger at the third time of asking, with the Duchess, late Duchess of Leven. The good Yorkshire colours of Bishop Burton harlequin, and Hornby Castle chocolate, were next to him on half brother to Altisidora and Rasping by Brown Bread, and twice over subsequently the mare showed them that there had been no mistake in the matter. The mare had lost no form when she was brought out to meet the two-year-old Blacklock over two miles the next September, and with two to one on she her won in a canter. These odds were shifted on to Blacklock, and in fact became twenty to one when the pair met over four miles the next year, and the mare (then Mr. Lambton's) was pulled up completely beaten half a mile from home.

We have not space to speak of half of the good coursing grounds in England; but we cannot pass by Sundorne. If the supply of hares could be depended upon, it is a more delightful spot than any, with its old grass and elms—the ancestral home of the Corbets, which brings back to foxhunting hearts the thoughts of Will Barrow, "another cheer for the blood of old Trojan," and the mouldering mullions of Haughmond Abbey. The coursing takes place in the park and on the home farms; the hares are all driven out of the ploughs, wood hurdles are placed against the wire fences, and the crowd have to stand like soldiers. Some of the finest coursing comes off whe the hares are driven from The Wood and past the house, for a straight gallop across the park. The little beech tree, with the seat round it, where Tom Raper has often crouched in his red jacket, and bided his time, once with Riot and Hopbine, and again with Hopbine and Reveller in the slips, is as full of venerable associations in its way as "The Bushes" at Newmarket. The hare must be a cracker, indeed, if she can reach the old oak refuge of Haughmond Hill.

But Mr. Corbet has gone, and Sundorne coursing days are not what he left them. His father hunted Shropshire as well as Warwickshire; and his Norman ancestor was not only "a most cunning marksman against hart or doe," but his valour at Acre secured him from "Richard, the Lion Heart," permission to bear the two ravens on his shield. Another ancestor, one Peter Corbet, was a mighty hunter in the reign of Edward the First, who granted him letters patent to take wolves in the Royal Forests. Being thus bred, as it were, to every phase of the chase, it is no wonder that the late Mr. Corbet took to harriers as soon as he returned from college, and hunted five days a fortnight. He was also a staunch guardian of foxes, and very fond of private coursing, which

Mr. Henry Lyster of Rowton Castle, near Alberbury, and Mr. Robert Burton, of Longner, whose estate adjoined Sundorne, always shared with him.

"The Squire," was a tall, good-looking man, and always dressed for these field days in a cut-away black coat, Bedford cords, and long black Hessians. A chestnut roan cob was his favourite mount, and with his trusty eye-glass affixed to his hat, no one enjoyed the sport so much. His staff of coursing retainers were staunch enough to please Will Shakspeare, if he could have once more taken his "fallow greyhound" and gone forth to "find him a hare on Cotsale," as Morris the huntsman, Caywood the keeper, and Warwick the Master of the Horse,* were the leading three. He had once twenty brace of greyhounds, and four rare puppies. Cricketer, Coronet, Colonel, and Collie, in one season. Cricketer ran in Mr. Warwick's name, and won nearly £300; but Hughie Graham bowled him over in the Waterloo Cup.

Rich and poor, all lunched alike in the ruins of Haughmond Abbey on the public coursing days. The beaters would begin under the Ring Bank on the seeds and wheat, and come inside the drive on to the grass, and work gradually up to the Abbey for one o'clock. Mr. Burton, in his white cords and green coat, and mounted upon one of his 16st. hunters, was the field director. His claim was indisputable, even on mere kennel grounds, as he was the breeder of Mocking Bird by Figaro out of Malvina. She was sold at his sale for nine or ten guineas; but run where she might, north or south, he was always there to look on. He was very intimate with Mr.

* Mr. Warwick gave his maiden judgment at Coombe, in 1853, and wore the scarlet thrice at the Sundorne meetings, before his good master died. Canaradzo's year (1861) found him at the Waterloo meeting, and he has judged there ever since. In the season of 1867-68 he judged 101 days, and decided 2,677 courses, and his practice is not diminishing.

Lawrence. Butterfly, by Lopez was another of his breeding. Mr. Randell's dogs bore a great part in the Sundorne Cup struggles. Will Nightingale loved to tell of a run up between his Rival and Mr. Jebb's No Hurry. It was run off on the Drawbridge Fieldand The Springs, each of them about forty or fifty acres, and No Hurry killed and won the Cup. Riot and Avalanche was a capital give and take course under the Ring Bank, and the black bitch, who made two wrenches and a splendid kill, had just the best of it. Rhapsody had some rare racing stretches in a great course with Ajax, from the "Race Course."

The Challenge Cup (which was in reality a tea and coffee service of some £60 value), to be run off between the winners of the Haughmond and the Pimley stakes, produced some very fine contests. One was in the Autumn of 1856, when "The Squire" was on his death bed. He loved to hear of every course to the last, and each evening Mr. Warwick, who was first slipper and then judge, went to his bed side and told him of them, point by point. On this last occasion the recital had more than its wonted interest. Reveller won the decider for the Pimley Stakes against a fawn dog, Judge, which was hardly in the course, and then Hopbine and Riot ran their last course for the Haughmond Stakes on the lawns before the castle. The hare was driven from the coppice, and every inch of the run was on grass. Hopbine, slightly favoured by the slip, led Riot to the hare, and was quite as clever in all the after work. The Challenge Cup was not run off till the next morning; and then only half-a-dozen met to see it at 8 a.m. It was fixed for that hour, that Mr. Warwick might go to judge at Chartley, and hence, although the rain came down in torrents, they were obliged to go to work. A hare was found in Gregory's Coppice, and the pair had a very long slip, and Hop-

bine led Reveller, with five to four on him, two lengths to his hare. The dog got the second turn, and then the bitch took possession, and drove her hare to Allbright Lea plantation and won.

The meeting dwindled away after The Squire and Mr. Burton died, but Mrs. Cartwright renewed it in 1864. It was there that she laid the seeds of the illness which killed her, and as she was too ill to go to Meg's Waterloo Cup, it was there that her active coursing life ended. A more kindly and energetic woman never breathed. Her stakes were never advertised, and yet she always filled them. Her meetings were Longford, Sundorne, Vale of Clwyd (where Sea Pink and Sea Foam came out and won), Talacre, Abergele, with its fine Radland Marshes, and Sudbury, with its one-hundred-acre Great Hayes, where, as she used to tell with such pride, Ciologa went through a thirty-two dog stake, and had only one point made against her by Klaphonia. She thought that after that performance of Canaradzo's sister she must really give up her idol Riot in her favour. Oddly enough she hated a large greyhound, and yet her house pet was a 65lb. one, by Beacon from Avalanche. He was given to her by Mr. Ainsworth, and had once the honour of beating Sea Rock in a bye at Abergele. She never ran him in public, but yet she never left him at home; and her photograph was taken with him in her hand.

"*In memory of Robert Luther of Acton, who died Sept. 7th,* 1862," was the inscription on a funeral card, which was received with sorrow by every fox-hunter in the United Hunt. "Robert" was essentially a character, a tall, grey-headed elder, sixty-two, and fifteen stone, and Earl Powis had no farmer of whom he felt more proud. He held a thousand acres under his lordship at Acton, three miles from Bishop's Castle, and was nearly as good

a judge of "Shrops" and Herefords as he was of fox-hunting. The Hereford bull Chieftain was his property for three seasons before that celebrated steer getter went to Mr. Monkhouse. "Robert" generally contrived to unite business and pleasure, and he made his bargain for the bull just after he had broken up a fox. He might be said to hold the United country in fee simple, and never did man work harder to maintain his possessions. On Tuesday he would be at Stanner Rocks, near Kington, and on Friday he would trot up to the meet fifty miles away at Panty Fryd, Montgomeryshire, all fresh and ready on the Tuesday's horse. Once upon a time another pack was set on foot near Kington, and a claim was made to part of the country, but nearly all the landlords stuck to Robert and his "divine right of kings," although the usurpers did cause him a few blank days in his best covers. He dated his introduction to fox-hunting from the days when he joined in without a saddle, and "*wrapped my long legs under the horse's belly.*" Then he became acquainted with Mr. Beddows's father, and entered so well that he at length hunted the hounds for him. The hares had to stand the brunt up to Christmas, and he often boasted that on the last day he hunted hare, some twenty seasons before his death, he came home with his seven brace.

The hounds were partly the property of Mr. Beddows, and were strengthened by the purchase of Mr. Gittas's, a step which brought Luther into the Radnorshire country. He always hunted twice a week, and was generally at it from the latter end of September till the first of April, and left off happy with five-and-twenty brace of "noses." He liked to breed from the "old Welsh blood" of Jones of Cwmbreath, and would let no one have a dip into it. The dog hounds were not very large, but those who stood on the hills and heard them come up the valley

like a peal of Lancashire bell-ringers, cared for no other music. Some of his long and low bitches went a better pace and said much less about it. He kept them under very little control, and they were so eager that when they came near a cover they would break away and throw tongue as if they were on a drag. Luther always waited for the body of the pack, and generally seemed to drop on them at the first check, and he did not speak in D minor if any one was meddling with them and getting up their heads. Letting them make it out for themselves was his maxim. He always fed his hounds himself from "the offal of the farm and tail ends" as he expressed it; but whatever that comprehensive mixture might be, he generally had them in bloom, and if his temper was at "set-fair" he would draw on till dark. He dearly loved a meet at Pilleth or Monaughty Gorse in the Knighton district. "*I like the country, and I like the buoys in it,*" was the phrase through which he invariably denoted his preference. Although it was in his country, he never went to Breidden Rocks till within three seasons of his death, and then he had five or six brace of foxes on foot round the Rodney Monument.

He hated to have a red coat in the field; and when he saw a fresh one coming he would sidle up to some of his green brigade, whom he could depend upon, and say "*Mind that man, he'll be sure to show you the way along!*" If he couldn't have a cut at them himself he liked to have it done by deputy. Still he knew the country so well that he was generally close up at the finish. Top boots were quite as much under his ban as a red coat, and it was only during his last eight seasons that he appeared in a velvet cap. A green swallow tail with light metal buttons, jack boots, and white cords, which he made a point of smudging well with blood at each Whaw Whoop! were his chosen apparel. His voice in cover was a very

melodious one, and his horn shake when he did find was worthy of Herr Kœnig. He jumped nothing; and "*Get the hurdle up, or I'll have to get down*" came over and over again in a run. "*I never jumped a hurdle in my life: Yes, I did do it once; I saw two ladies jump a flight in the Stratton country, so I was obliged to follow,*" was a great saying of his. He never omitted the sequel: "*I put my arms round my horse's neck, and saved myself when he knocked the hurdle down.*" For his weight, he had good wind and action to the last, and generally led his horse down hill but never up. Rheumatic twinges made it rather hard for him to get into his saddle again, but when he was down and warmed to his work he ran well.

Latterly he was rather short of heavy weight carriers, but the rat-tail mare, the big bay horse Forester, and old brown Boxer did him good service. Boxer carried him well to the last, and went the same pace all the way, and crept through the most unlikely places. It was "*Now Boxer, come along!*" and Boxer would crawl a bit and then "pick himself over" like a very Leotard. The Herefordshire men once sent and asked him to come and have a turn at some foxes which had beaten them at Shelford Bridge, and Luther said it was "*like asking advice of an old doctor,*" but his horses were knocked up at the time and he had to frame an excuse.

For nearly thirty seasons he never missed a meet save twice, and on one of those days he was obliged to attend a funeral. Some said that he was unwell on the other day, but very few believed them. Heat, wet, and cold seemed to have no effect on him; and his fine constitution and abstemious habits made him proof against his habit of rough-drying. He would come home from hunting or farm work wet to the skin, and stand and dry himself before the fire till you could hardly see him for vapour. He lived in an

odd, old place, but he kept a good table, and sat at ease with his coat off, his shirt collar and waistcoat wide open, knee breeches, short boots, and generally pipe in hand. "Robert is an immortal" said the United men although his hair grew greyer beneath the rusty velvet, but they reckoned him up wrongly. Inflammation settled upon his lungs in August, 1862, and he kept trifling on with it, in defiance of his doctor, and so the strong man bowed his head at last. An hour or two before he died he sent for Bumper and two or three more of his best hounds to his bed-side, and they were almost the last objects on which his eye rested. The pack reverted on his death to Mr. Frank Beddows; and Mr. John Harris, who had acted with Mr. Amiss as amateur whip to them, took poor "Robert's" horn.

CHAPTER XVI.

Flush with the pond the livid furnace burned
At eve, while smoke and vapour filled the yard;
The gloomy winter-sky was dimly starred;
The fly-wheel with a mellow murmur turned;
While, ever rising on its mystic stair
In the dim light, from secret chambers borne,
The straw of harvest, severed from the corn,
Climbed, and fell over, in the murky air.
I thought of mind and matter, will and law,
And then of him who set his stately seal
In Roman words on all the forms he saw
Of old-world husbandry: I could but feel
With what a rich precision *he* would draw
The endless ladder and the booming wheel!

Did any seer of ancient time forebode
This mighty engine, which we daily see
Accepting our full harvests, like a god
With clouds about his shoulders—it might be,
Some poet-husbandman, some lord of verse,
Old Hesiod, or the wizard Mantuan
Who catalogued in rich hexameters
The Rake, the Roller, and the mystic Van;
Or else some priest of Ceres, it might seem,
Who witnessed, as he trod the silent fane,
The notes and auguries of coming change,
Of other ministrants in shrine and grange,
The sweating statue, and her sacred wain
Loud-booming with the prophecy of steam!

Charles T. Turner.

Clayton and Shuttleworth's Works at Lincoln—Lincoln Flocks—Tom Brooks and John Thompson—Aylesby Manor—Tuxford and Sons' Works at Boston.

No one who has been in Lincoln can fail to have heard of Clayton and Shuttleworth's works "down hill." The twelve acres on which the present premises stand were once a complete morass, and

there was nothing for it but to drive down piles wherever a foundation was to be made. A walk of rather more than half a mile from the High-street and down the Witham-side brings you to the door of the works, the mess-room of which is approached from the outside. It is furnished with rows of ovens at each end, and about 300 of the outlying workmen take their meals there every day—a fact to which the heap of milk-cans, each with its curious "hall-mark," bear ample testimony. Just inside the gate grows a vine, facing the south, the only bit of nature that we see in that great workshop of art. Both water and rail are most handy. A canal, running by the centre of the main yard, opens up communication with the river Witham, the Foss Dyke, the Trent, and Humber, for the conveyance of pig-iron from Scotland, deals from the Baltic, &c.; and a branch line communicating with the various railways is laid down throughout the works, and is furnished with an hydraulic-lift and cranes for hoisting the engines and machines on to the trucks.*

* This firm had its origin in 1842, when the brothers-in-law, who had been in a different line of business on opposite sides of the present Stamp End Dock, began to make thrashers and portable engines on a small scale. The nucleus of the manufactory was a row of workshops on the side of the Witham, with offices above them. The treacherous nature of the soil is proved by the crumbling state of some small walls which are not built on piles; but all those difficulties were overcome, and gradually six acres have been covered with buildings, while the other six are devoted to yards and the stacking of timber. Much of the earlier business was confined to the casting of water-pipes (including those for the many miles of water-service from Miningsby brook to Boston), and general railway work, as instanced by a bridge across the Trent for the Nottingham and Grantham Railway; but in 1849, when the firm commenced exhibiting their portable engines and thrashers, and were awarded a prize by the Royal Agricultural Society at the Norwich meeting, they determined to take up this branch of agricultural engineering as their speciality, and devote their whole energies to its development. The result was that the plain thrashing-machine gradually received the addition of shakers, riddles, blowers, elevators, and screens, and stood forth as the complete finishing machine of 1854. Gradually the firm has lengthened and strength-

It would take a jury of mechanics two good days to compass the twelve acres and report upon the things which they had seen and heard. To us the task seems about equivalent to describing Niagara. The first shop we enter is the turning, fitting, and erecting department, filled with lathes and slotting and drilling machines in great variety. Three cranes traverse the top of the erecting-shop, and lift all the heavier engine-fittings on to the boilers. Here we counted twenty-eight portable and two fixed engines in process of erection, and three old ones in for repairs. A side-door leads into the stores, where a large number of connecting-rods, cylinders, chimneys

ened its stakes until above 1,200 workpeople are employed at Lincoln, and about 400 more at the branch workshops at Vienna and Pesth.

The first catalogue was published in 1850. In 1855 it was translated into German and French for the Paris International Exhibition, and gradually into nearly all the European languages. It had to record no common triumph, the firm having taken a leading position at all the international exhibitions—namely, the prize medal in London, 1851; first-class medal at Paris, 1855; two prize medals in London, 1862; and a gold medal at Paris, 1867, for portable engines and thrashing-machines. At the Royal Bury meeting, in 1867, every first prize for steam-engines (against twenty-five competitors), as well as £15 for a finishing thrashing machine, and a silver medal for special improvements, fell to their lot. Besides these, a great number of medals and money prizes have been gained by them at Royal and local shows in England and on the Continent. Up to the present time the firm has sent out over 9,700 engines and 8,600 thrashing-machines. The great corn-growing districts on the Danube have been one of its principal foreign spheres, and for more than ten years past it has supplied Hungary, Wallachia, Bessarabia, South Russia, Australia, Chili, &c. Besides the branches at Vienna and Pesth already referred to, the firm has established agencies in all parts of the world. Their finishing machines and their engines are to be found, as a writer in the *Mechanic's Magazine* puts it, "not merely in the happy homesteads of England, but also in the steppes of Russia, the pusztas of Hungary, the Canadian prairies, and in the Australian bush." In short, by the system of complete division of labour which has been adopted, and the introduction of special machine tools classified according to the variety of work to be done, a degree of perfection in the workmanship is reached which can be attained by no other means.

like huge inverted hats, governors which regulate the pace by their ball-laden arms, and all the other component parts of engines, are held ready for the erector's use. Each set of fittings is ticketed with the name of the man who put them together, so that he is at once responsible for his judgment if anything goes wrong. So completely is this system carried out that each engine, as it leaves the shop, receives a number, and is registered in a book, with the position of the tubes and every particular. Hence if repairs are needed, there is no difficulty in identifying and sending off what is wanted to any part of the world. We glance at the brass-casting house and its clay cores and boxes full of red Mansfield sand, and carry away with us from another place the recollection of some open sand-castings on the floor, which look like a gridiron of fire, sacred to the departed Beefsteak Club.

Now we are out in the open once more, with three graceful chimney-stalks, each 100 ft. above us, and winding our way among the engines in the test-shed. They are tested to double the working pressure by means of cold water through a force-pump; and, as it has not the same expansive power as hot, all danger of explosion is avoided. The great forge-house, of some 180 ft. long by 80 ft. wide and 20 ft. in height, was our delight. Its white walls and chimneys, under each of which a couple of the fifty-two furnaces stand, give the whole a cool and pleasant look, while the smiths, with their white nightcaps, are busy at their anvils, and six steam-hammers do their wondrous and remorseless part. The most beautiful process is fixing the tires on wheels. A tire is taken red-hot out of the furnace, and fitted on to the wheel, above a sort of tank. In an instant the whole edge of the wheel is one mass of flames, and then it sinks suddenly beneath the water. For a minute or more the surface is covered with graceful

wreaths of white smoke, and the union of wood and iron is made; and some rivets complete the work. There is one little smith's shop under the roof of the turning department in which merely the tools are made; and its neatness is such that we seem to fancy that we have some picture-catalogue in our hands, and have just arrived at "Interior of a Dutch Smithy." We also marked the mode in which the pattern is withdrawn from the mould by machinery, without any of the risk which attends the handling of even the most experienced and skilful workman. The boiler-shop is a most spacious apartment, 255 ft. long by 190 ft. broad, where punching and shearing machines are doing their work with a gusto which seems almost human. After a little more experience of the clatter of hammers and the deep, dull thud of the steam rivetters, we are glad to change to the "lagging" house, and witness the casing of engines with felt, wood, and iron; and then we quit the birthplace of these green-with-chocolate wheeled monsters for the painting-shop, where the thrashing-machines are receiving their drab-and-red facings. Four are there, radiant with paint, and destined for England, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and Bohemia. Their framework, when intended for use in Europe, is composed of oak, and when in Egypt, India, &c., of teakwood. In the lighter departments hard by the workmen are busy with tin cups for corn-elevators, and wire riddles; and anon we are among huge barrels of raw linseed-oil and other delights of the kind, which would no doubt make a Russian or a Laplander desire a tasting-order on the spot.

One side of the works is pretty nearly devoted to shops for wood-drying, when it has come in from its weather probation in the yard; and upon each stack of wood, oak, ash, elm, and pine in the yard, the

date of stacking, the quantity, and the thickness are marked.* The oak which is intended for the spokes of wheels is all split, so as to get it along the grain. This wood, which principally comes from Herefordshire, Warwickshire, and Northamptonshire, is also exclusively used for the frames of thrashing-machines. The axle-beds are made of ash, and so are the felloes of the wheels, as no wood, save the old witch-elm, which is hard to get, can rival it in elasticity. Mahogany is also required for the riddles, but it is of the Bay-wood kind, and perfectly free from knots, which is not the case with the Honduras. We might have lingered for hours as a silent watcher in the wood machine-shop, where the steel arm and that of thew and muscle combine in planing, and finishing, and drilling holes, and other curious arts; but it was Saturday, and the dinner-bell was sounding the close of the labours of the week.

About fifty thousand Lincoln wethers are generally brought out at Lincoln Fair, which is held on the Friday after the last Tuesday in April. It is just the time when the marshes and the rich lands of Boston and Spalding want the hoggs from the turnip fields of the wold and heath. The Silver Cup given

* Situated in the centre of the wood-yard is the wood-shop, where are vertical, circular, and band saws; tenoning, mortising, and planing machines, for preparing the frame timbers and boards of the thrashing-machines before they are laid in the above-mentioned seasoning-sheds. Here, also, all the wood wheels required for the engines, thrashing-machines, and straw-elevators (from 100 to 160 per week) are made. Amongst the special tools in this department we noticed a clever spoke-lathe, which is prepared to turn any shape, whether round, square, or oval, according to the pattern given to copy from. The refuse timber, sawdust, and shavings made by the machinery in this shop drop through holes in the floor, and are used for heating the steam-boilers. There is still the "case-hardening" to notice, by which process a surface as hard as steel is produced on such of the working parts of the engines and machines as are subject to wear. This consists in heating them for a number of hours in a furnace surrounded by a composition, and plunging them, while hot, into cold water.

of the Lincolnshire Bank for the best five-score of hoggs, has fallen into disuse, as the flockmasters learn the strength of their neighbour's hand, and will not try. The late Mr. Greetham won it for several years, and he has made £4 18s. for a hundred.*

* The Biscathorpe letting was not so successful as usual in 1869, but Mr. Dudding of Panton took an aged sheep for £66, and the plum of the shearlings went to Mr. Going of Ireland for £65. The joint average for the 60 shearlings, 32 two-shears, and 28 three-shears was £12 2s. 6d. Mr. Kirkham's letting average in 1864 was £22 12s. 4d. for 150 rams. The ram which headed the lettings at £160 was let for £137 in '65. Very few breeders like to lack a Chaplin sheep, as the flock is about the oldest in the county. In 1869, the ten shearlings and four aged sheep let at Panton averaged £19 2s. 1½d. Two of the former made £31 and £30. Sixty-six shearlings and old sheep were sold at an average of £17 14s. 2d., three of them making £40 each, and another £36. The Panton flock has been bred on the Panton farm for ninety years. Old Panton, who has done yeoman service in improving the breed, was bred by Mr. Dudding, sen., about twelve years ago, and sold to Mr. Kirkham when four years old at 70 gs. His produce may be safely averred to have made more money than any sheep in England. The Messrs. Dudding (who sold fifty rams at an average of £20 9s. 3d. this year, and made the best average in Lincolnshire) lamb 800 ewes, and clip, with hoggs, over 1,200. The other leading ram breeders in the county of Lincolnshire are Messrs. Morris, Clarke, Kirkham, Chaplin, Vessey, Casswell, Davy, and Gilliat; the old flock is now reduced and in the hands of Mr. Walker of Durham; and the largest flock-masters are Messrs. Sowerby, Bramley, Ealand, Fieldsand, Chatterton, Welsh, Tharpley, and Martin, who lamb from 1,000 to 500 each. In 1866, the late Mr. Greetham sold 220 hoggs off his Riseholme Farm at the Lincoln April Fair at £5 each.

We read in the *Farmers' Magazine*: "In 1826, Mr. Dawson, of Withcall, killed a three-shear sheep, weighing 96½lbs. per quarter; a two-shear, weighing 91lbs. per quarter; and a shearling, 71lbs. per quarter. Mr. Robert Smith, in his report of Lincoln sheep at the Warwick Show, states that 'he has known 14-months-old lamb-hoggs slaughtered at Lincoln April Fair, thirty together averaging 35lbs. per quarter, and one hundred together clipping 14lbs. of washed wool each.' It is not the common practice for breeders of Lincolns to have them fit for the butcher at 14 or 15 months old; but they are generally kept until they are 22 to 28 months old, when their weight will be from 30 to 40lbs. per quarter, and they cut a second fleece, weighing from 10 to 14lbs. The weight of wool of an entire flock, under fair average management, is about 8½lbs. each; in some cases, especially on good layer, this weight no doubt is exceeded. Mr. John Clarke's

Some few put Lincolns on Leicesters, but it is the more common practice to use the Leicester tup, and Mr. Greetham had a strong dash of Aylesby blood on his fine Lincoln foundation. Manchester, Wakefield, and the manufacturing districts are the largest consumers of Lincoln mutton. There is plenty of it to spare, as Lincolnshire has but one large town in it, and being thinly populated throughout, it is a larger exporter of farm produce than any other county in England. The Lincoln tup hoggets will regularly cut half-a-tod of wool (14lbs.) on turnips. Mr. Walesby has dangled in vain before the breeders' eyes for years a prize for a tod (28lbs.) tup-fleece, but none of them have taken it. The wool goes principally to Bradford to make bombazines, or to be worked up with Continental short wools. Some of the manufacturers are buying the best lustre that they can to replace alpaca. The finest lustre wool is at once the produce of the strong chalk and the marsh land. It flourishes on the east side of the county, beginning from the Barton marshes on the Humber side, and so by Caistor and Louth to Spilsby. It also follows the rich land from Lincoln to Peterborough, by Market Deeping, and over the marsh-land tract of Spalding, Holbeach, and Long Sutton, to the very borders of Norfolk.

Lincolnshire lost a fine old sportsman in Mr. Thomas Brooks, or "Tom Brooks" of Croxby, as he was familiarly called. For many years past Tom had officiated as judge at the Royal and other great shows. He liked being among the hunter or the blood-horse classes; and his stalwart figure, with his

Lincoln prize ram clipped 51¾lbs. of wool in three years, an average of 17¼lbs. each year; while a neighbour of his, in 1859, clipped 327 hogget fleeces, which weighed altogether 130 tods, an average of over 11lbs. per fleece. The Lincoln breeders consider the mutton of admirable quality, having less fat, and a greater portion of fine-grained lean flesh, than the Leicester. The ewes are good breeders, but like the Cotswolds and Leicesters they are not good sucklers."

rather high broad shoulders, thinnish legs, and somewhat small, weather-beaten head, made him a man of mark in the centre of the ring. He knew his work thoroughly, and would not brook "veterinary dictation;" and his rejoinder when one of them raised his hat, and remarked "It seems then that I may retire—I am not wanted here," caused many a laugh among those who "could see Tom saying it." To the last he could go a burster in the hunting field for a short distance, and no one loved the sport better, or remembered more accurately the work of every great Brocklesby hound. Old William Smith's name brought up many a racy story, told in a dry, quiet way. He bought a large number of hunters for Baron Rothschild; and although he did not bother about breeding blood stock, he liked a race dearly. We well remember meeting him in the paddock on Caractacus's Derby-day, and his telling us that he "didn't quite see the winner," but he had his eye on Lord Clifden, as a regular clinker for the next Derby, and that he should never see such a two-year-old again. He was also a capital judge of cart-horses (although he hated the job), and a grey he met at the Worcester Royal was the apple of his eye.

A few weeks before his death he had the misfortune to have one of his little fingers chopped off in a circular sawing-machine. It did not heal well, and at last he applied some salve, which cured it, perhaps too quickly. After that, he burnt the back of one of his hands severely. Both of these accidents told on him; and then he got very wet over a farm valuation. On reaching home he took to his bed, and lay there from the Tuesday to the next Monday, when he died. Lincolnshire will long think of her fine old hunting "worthy."

Mr. John Thompson, on the other side of the Humber, died not many weeks before him. For some time past he had been complaining slightly of

illness, and Mr. Teale, the celebrated surgeon, of Leeds, had warned him that his heart was affected, and that he must beware of all excitement. However, Sir Clifford Constable's staghounds came to look for an outlying deer, and to uncart a fresh one of they failed to find it. He came out on a horse which his son had purchased from Captain Percy Williams, and was delighted with his mount, as he did not previously think that it was up to his weight. His friends were surprised at his wonderful spirits; and there is no doubt he over-exerted himself in clambering up the side of one of the Holderness drains. He chaffed an old friend who followed, and required some help from a hunting whip. Five minutes after that he must have felt dizzy and dismounted for a minute. Only one person, a girl, saw him; and she said that he stood for a minute or two holding his horse's rein, and then sank down as his hand slackened its hold. He must, in fact, have died as he stood. There were few men more beloved and honoured, and the Royal lost a very useful shorthorn and sheep judge by his death.

Hull was plenteously placarded by its four expectant M.P.'s, to prove that "Codlin, not Short, 's your friend" in Downing Street; and we were glad to be over the Humber, and among the sixty-eight big and thick-fleeced rams at Aylesby Manor—Quid, Patron, Rifleman, Romulus, and Co. These Leicesters are from the flock of eighty years' standing, which the Philip Skipworths made with Garrick, Granby, and Aylesby A (for whom the Leicestershire Society made a £300 offer in vain), and which Mr. Torr has kept up by constant resort to head quarters at Normanton, Barrow, and Holmpierrepont. It was the ram-letting day, but some familiar faces—John Booth, Nainby, Frank Iles, Gibbons, and Tom Brooks—were lacking when we sat down in the old barn,

Those rafters once rang with their merry jokes and speeches, and we could only drink to their memories. The old kennel yard below is full of yearling Booth bulls. Few could recognise in it now any traces of its original mission; but even before the days of the Pretender, the combined packs of Pelham and Tyrwhitt sallied forth from it at dawn, to try the furzes for fox or hare, and had miles upon miles of unenclosed breezy wolds for their hunting grounds.

Aylesby Manor is pretty nearly the centre of the 2,300 acres which Mr. Torr has in hand, principally under Mr. Drake and Colonel Tomline, M.P. He has also 300 acres of grass and 250 of marsh on the Humber side near Immingham and Stallingboro', and an outlying farm at Rothwell, where three sycamores mark the highest point of the Lincolnshire wolds. However, when behind "the iron horse," or flying over the grass by the road-side on the "woldsman's pony," he makes very little account of time and space; and what with home—to wit, calling his orders out of his bed-room window at 5 a.m.—and county and Royal Agricultural business, few men have thrown such an intense earnestness into life, or worked so hard for others. At home, if you see a distant and ever-moving figure in the park, and not unfrequently in shirt-sleeves for coolness, among the heifers or the ewes, there is no mistaking "Torr of Riby," although he is not exactly "composed" after his presentation portrait by Knight, R.A., a 340-guinea tribute from his friends. Inventing a prize gate, or sketching out a new set of farm buildings, or planning a model cottage, or giving evidence on cattle transit before the Privy Council, or making an after-dinner speech, or rising on a point of finance or a change in the prize-sheet at the Smithfield Club and Hanover-square, come equally natural to one "with the concentrated energy of half-a-score of men." Riding-horses he does not

keep; but the old black pony by Highflyer has thirteen Primo foals, all black, with white ticks seven colts and six fillies, and averaging fourteen three. Dr. Beevor's Bobby was used on these fillies, and from them the present riding-stud had its origin. Everything must be unique and pure of its kind. At Aylesby the cats are all black, and the game-cocks and hens black-breasted reds; Captain Barclay's Dorkings flourish at Riby and the Dales; Rouen ducks at Rothwell and Riby; and in the long sedgy lake at the head of Irby Dales Glen scores of black Buenos Ayres ducks, with their burnished green heads, are disporting themselves along with the water-hens.

The grand array of Vanguard cows—Gloamin, Gleamy, Glittering Star, Golden Gem, Glisten, Genuine Gem, and Gauntlet—have died out, and in the Church pasture we looked on the massive white Bracelet 4th, the last of the old cow's descendants in female tail, and ripening to go off on grass at about 90st. Guide Post and Genoa, with the fine old head, were "up" for Christmas; Lady Zillah and Warrior's Plume were the North Lincolnshire prize heifers of the year; but still the buxom Cherry Queen 4th, with second Royal honours awaiting her, was the dainty queue of the cow yards. There too was Blink Bonny, the good, thick matron with the short tail. She was once put up for fat, and honourably earned her reprieve by being in calf. Weal Royal with the true Booth loin, Fair Dane, the pale red Flower of Denmark, Clarence Flower, Mountain Flower, and Bright Queen were among the beauties in the park, and Weal Bliss was ripening for future shows in Canada.*

* Mr. Torr commenced hiring bulls from Killerby and Warlaby in 1844, and began with Leonard for two seasons. Since then he has had Baron Warlaby, Vanguard (for six seasons, and again to help Hopewell), Sir Leonard, Crown Prince, Hopewell, British Prince, Fitz-

From Aylesby Manor, its claims of long descent from Burgess and from Booth in field and fold, and the sum-total of its other agricultural activities, we pass to Boston, or the metropolis of the fens. Time was when we thought nothing of getting out of the train at Louth and walking ten miles west, for an hour

clarence, Prince of Warlaby, Royal Bridegroom, British Crown, and Governor General, with Helmsman, Roseberry, Thornberry, Leonidas, Brideman, Clarence, Monk, Lord Blithe, and Mountain Chief in aid. Dr. M'Hale and The Druid were hired from Mr. Barnes in Ireland; and Booth Royal, Breast Plate, Killerby Monk, and Blinkhoolie have been the home-bred Booth bulls in use. Vanguard got no show bulls but Grey Gauntlet. His cows, of which we have mentioned the finest, had great size, fine hair, and deep flesh. Several of the above were amongst the 16 cows and one bull which died of splenetic apoplexy a few years since. Water Nymph is the last of them; and, one with another, Vanguard left full 200 head of stock on the place. During the year that Vanguard was exchanged for Crown Prince, he got Bride Elect at Warlaby. Fitzclarence left grand cows, and British Prince good substance and ribs on his stock. At one time there were 26 heifers by him, all very light roans with cherry necks. Baron Warlaby and Royal Bridegroom both got good bulls. Dr. M'Hale's stock had a fine outline, but were a little too high on the leg. Mr. Torr has sold upwards of two hundred yearling bulls, at an average of more than £50, to all parts of the world, not excepting Bessarabia and South Russia.

The herd has sprung from nine tribes. (1) The *Sylphide*, which represents Killerby, became extinct with Bracelet 4th. (2) The *Rose* dates back to Rennet and Blanche 2nd, and represents Studley. Rennet by Fanatic was bought for 40 gs. at Mr. Marjoribanks' sale, and bred three bulls, which were sold for £440. Her heifer Riby Rose by Vanguard brought the tribe out. Blanche 2nd by Zadig came from the Greys, and there was only a cross or so difference between hers and Sylphide's pedigree. Blanches are all "Brights;" and Bright Queen and Bright Dew by Fitzclarence are the best of the sort. (3) The *Barmpton* herd has descendants through Sweetbriar, or rather Flora of Farnsfield, a daughter of a very good cow Formosa by Sir Thomas. From her sprang the Flower tribe, a particularly favourite one with Mr. Torr. Of these Flower Girl by Londesboro' was the chief; and there were three good Vanguard sisters — Flower Nymph, Flower Maid, and Flower Lady. (4) The *Woodford* is composed entirely of descendants of Sylph through Lady of the Manor and Lady Mary Bountiful, daughter of Belinda by Ranunculus. They are another branch of the Milcote Charmer or Sweetheart tribe. (5) *Fawsley* was only represented by the Garland tribe, but they are all gone. They sadly lacked hair and style. (6) There are only three Telluria females to represent the once leading cow at *Wiseton*.

with Jack Morgan on the Southwold flags; but we have no such mission now, and leaving Spilsby, a little red-roofed town on a hill, to our right, we cross the Witham, whose pike have "none like," hard by the big sluice gates and the glorious lantern tower of St. Botolph's. It looks down on a diocese of countless towers and spires. They stand in serried rank like martello outposts all along the Wash, from Sutton to Fishtoft, where John Conington of Boston, one of the very foremost classical scholars of the century, has just been laid to rest at only 44. It has needed cunning chartsmen to map out

(7) The *Hartforth* goes back through Cherry Duchess 3rd by Second Grand Duke to Old Cherry. Cherry Queen 4th by Royal Bridegroom is one of the most promising heifers in the herd, to which this tribe has principally contributed females. (8) *Kirklevington* is represented by the Water Witches, whose dam Water Witch by Fourth Duke of Northumberland was bought at Rev. T. Cator's sale. She had seven females, which have swelled to forty. Baron Warlaby crossed best with this Waterloo tribe, as Vanguard was too big for them. Warrior's Plume by Breast Plate is quite a crack amongst them. (9) Mr. Robson of *Cadeby*, near Louth, furnished a tribe from Moon Beam and Gold Beam. They are all G's and M's, but the G's are the best of the two.

The flock consists of 1,200 breeding ewes, of which 500 are pure Leicesters, kept entirely at Aylesby. No lean stock is sent to market, the whole of the lambs being fed on the farms, as well as some lean ones in addition, which are bought in the autumn to make up for losses, &c. At Riby the proportion of gimmers annually introduced into the flock is fully one-third; but at Aylesby it is less, as fine breeding ewes are kept on to an indefinite age. The crop of lambs is about 10 per cent. in excess of the number of ewes put to the ram.

In 1848 Mr. Torr succeeded the younger Philip Skipworth (whose father gave 600 guineas for a ram from Leicestershire) in the occupation of Aylesby, and bought the pure Leicestershire flock of 400 ewes for £1,500. Since then the tups used have been almost entirely hired from Burgess and Sanday; one or two others, however, have been obtained from Buckley and Stone. All the new blood has, therefore, been obtained from the purest flocks of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire.

The letting-books of the last 20 years show how much, and how widely, Aylesby blood is appreciated. A very large number of rams have gone to Ireland, some to France, Australia, and California, and a few even to Jamaica and St. Helena; while Mr. Torr numbers amongst his home customers residents in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and most of the English counties.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 26 June, 2018

the shifting channels amid all that treacherous sand; and we marvel as we read the sea lore, which tells how "if it be night, you should keep Lynn Well Light E.N.E. until Hunstanton Light appears a deep red, and then anchor in 7 or 8 fathoms," *et cetera*. Drains and sluices have done a wondrous work on that once-dreary level, and made it a land of rich farms and pleasantly-shaded gardens instead of a home for the wild duck and the hern. Its inhabitants, contrary to the old belief, are not web-footed, and ague is unknown. Oats have long since lost their monopoly of the soil. The carrot yield has been thirty tons to the acre; and wheat on warp land has touched nine quarters. Woad with its seven-inch leaves, springing from a carrot-like root, yields its triple harvest for three years, and when pulled and dried on wicker flakes is packed off to Leeds as a mordent for blues and blacks. It lays no tax on the wheat-feeding properties of the soil, and hence wheat can be taken after it for three years in succession.

The warrens on the wolds above Alford have been enclosed and cultivated within the last thirty years. At "Hairby Hill" thousands of rabbits were slaughtered yearly for the sake of their silver-grey pelts, which were forwarded to St. Petersburg, and their carcases disposed of for 4d. to 8d. a couple at Louth, Alford, Spilsby, and Boston. Between Burgh or "Boro" (as many term it) and the sea is a portion of a tract of marsh land extending from Grimsby to Boston, which is considered the finest grazing land in England. It is truly the land of "twenty thorpes," and a tale still lingers among those parishes of a parson who resided at a distance from his cure, and was called to account by his bishop for having omitted to hold service for several Sundays. He replied to his lordship after this fashion, "The roads are so bad, my lord, that I defy the devil himself to

00098387